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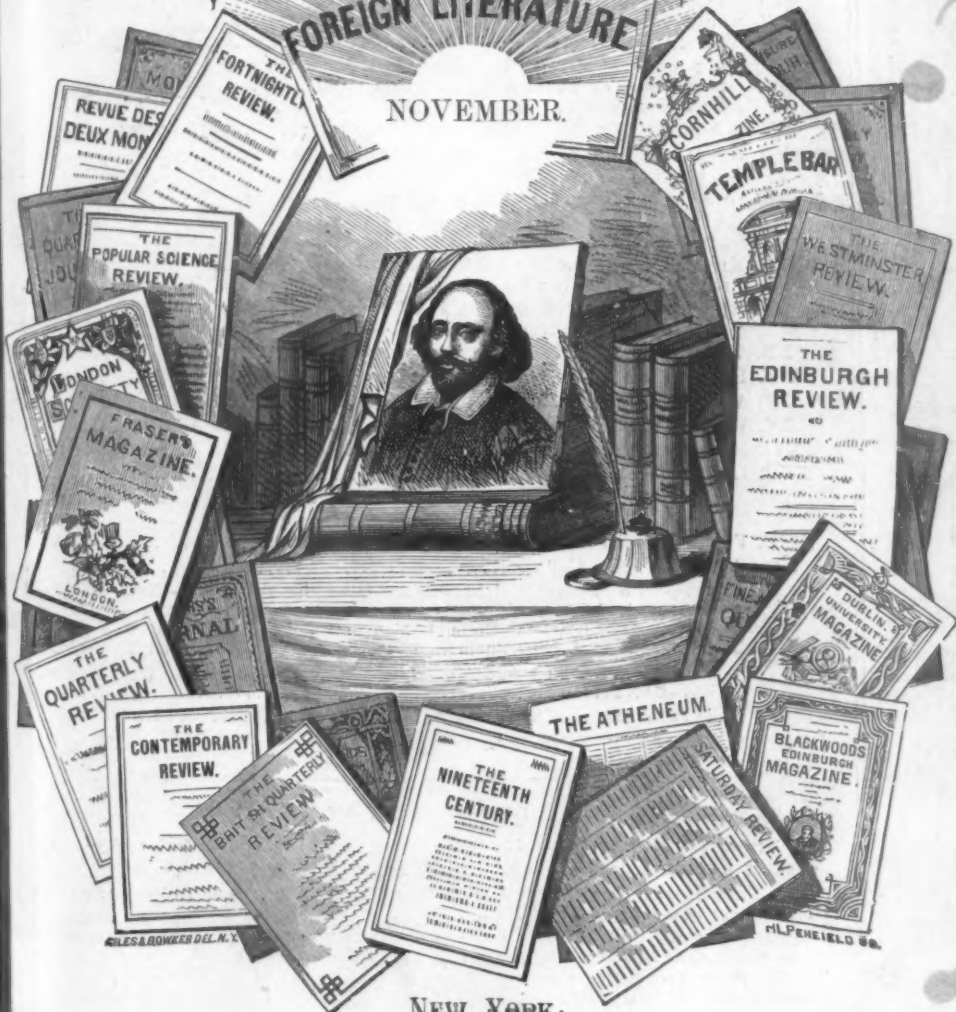
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

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THE PLACE OF REVELATION IN EVOLUTION.

BY REV. T. W. FOWLE.

THE question suggested by the title of this paper is certainly the most important and interesting of the many new subjects with which the intelligence of the present and succeeding generations will have to concern itself. What, men are asking all around us, will be the effect of the philosophy of evolution upon the Christian religion? Some points are indeed already determined, or nearly so. It is clear, for instance, to those who are the most capable of judging correctly, that there is no necessary incompatibility between the two—that is to say, that the influence of the former upon the latter, however overwhelming and perhaps destructive it may ultimately turn out to be, can, by the nature of the case, be indirect only. Evolution may be true, and revelation may be true also; the facts from which Christianity derives its existence are, *if they occurred*, as much facts of the universe

as those of which science claims to give an exhaustive account. But the question remains: What will be the indirect effect of the one upon the other? What may we reasonably anticipate will be the precise form into which the relations between these two mighty powers will ultimately be cast? Will the predominance of the new philosophy leave room for the existence of the old religion? Will not the need of faith in the unseen be quenched in knowledge of the visible so complete as to be capable of satisfying all the aspirations of man after life and happiness?

The time has, in my judgment, fully arrived when we may reasonably attempt to find some preliminary answer to these questions, and may with fair promise of success trace the action of positive philosophy upon the fortunes of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, if I am the first to make the attempt, it is

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only because I am one of the few—so few, indeed, that I know not for certain whether there be another besides myself—to whom both are alike precious and indispensable, so that to seek to find a *modus vivendi* between the two is a kind of pressing intellectual necessity. And this being so, it follows that I approach the subject as one to whom evolution is a more certain and necessary truth than revelation; and I am afraid it also follows that, in thus attempting to obtain from an examination of the indications of what I may call the intellectual weather a forecast favorable to the prosperity and perpetuity of the Christian creed, I am exposing myself to hostile influences from two very different quarters. The conservative instinct will teach many to distrust a new argument for religion, even while they admit in terms that new developments of thought require new treatment, and also that no one is at present very well satisfied with the old. In the opinion of others, I am well aware that I expose myself to the suspicion of partiality and to that most serious of intellectual vices, unconscious unfairness. But whether I have succeeded or not in stating the case fairly, that I have tried my best to do so will be, I hope, apparent to every reader whose kindly judgment it is at all worth one's while to secure.

We must begin by framing some conception of evolution so stated as to set out as distinctly as possible its relations toward religion, and for this purpose hypothesis is admissible. I suppose, then, that our world was formed by an aggregation of molecular atoms cast off by the sun, or in some way connected with it, and that from these have grown up by natural causation all the varied phenomena of that which we call nature—matter, life, thought, and civilization itself. In this case it will be clear that, from the time of its "creation" until now, nothing has been, so to speak, put into the earth from without save the heat, light, and attracting power of the sun (perhaps "solar system" might be more verbally accurate) from which it was in the first instance originated. If it be answered to this that the hypothesis is very far from being verified, I reply that the precise form in which the evolutionary philosophy will ultimately emerge

is purely a question for science, and that for our purpose it is incumbent to deal with evolution in its most rigid, uncompromising, and, to my mind, satisfactory shape. If once more it be asserted that the idealistic statement, "Matter is but the organization of mind," is just as true an account of things as the materialistic, "Mind is the product of matter," I reply once more that this does not affect the present discussion and that the latter has at least the twofold advantage of being the more intelligible in itself, and also of being selected by those who have the best title to speak in the name of evolution.

Now upon this state of things there are certain more superficial aspects of the relationship between evolution and revelation that force themselves upon our attention at once. These I shall state and dismiss in as few words as possible, not because they are not of much importance, but partly because I have touched upon them in my book on the Divine Legation of Christ, and partly because they do not affect the vital points of the subject we have in hand. Still it is essential to our purpose that they should be cleared out of the way.

The first and prominent thought suggested by this statement of the modern scientific creed is that which is most unfavorable to the prospects of the Christian faith. It is at any rate well to know the worst at once; and the worst is summed up in the natural question: How can such a system as this leave room for, or even tolerate the existence of, those events upon which Christianity professes to found its origin and its claims to our allegiance? It must indeed be a case-hardened faith that does not appreciate, at least sometimes, the tremendous force of this overpowering difficulty; assuredly the writer of this would be very insufficiently equipped for his task if he had not felt it in the very inmost depths of his moral being. But then a robust and resolute nature will, if from nothing else, at least from sheer dogged power of contradiction, find within itself an impulse to resist the first blast of such a storm, the first rush of this flood of new thought down ancient channels. It will be apt to remember that the first results of new discoveries are always the most over-

whelming, and it will resolve not to yield, at least until the full extent and true direction of the movement be discerned. Blind and foolish resistance to new truths is by no means the same thing as the refusal to surrender old ones at the first blast of the invader's trumpet, and I suspect that the easy readiness of much Christian thought to throw overboard this or that fact that seems to occasion trouble or inconvenience does not, in the long-run, win much respect from scientific minds. Be this as it may, if, remembering that we are at the beginning and not the end of the discovery of evolution, we strive to peer through the driving mist and blinding rain, we may chance to find some gleams of sunshine behind the storm, and may at least comfort ourselves with the reflection that no hurricane lasts forever. Let us then proceed to mention four points in which the tendency of evolution will be favorable to the Christian religion.

1. It compels us, whether we like it or no (and a great many excellent Christians apparently do not like it at all), to identify religion with revelation. And this it effects by enabling the mind to form a clear and intelligible conception of what is meant by nature, and its consequent incapacity to afford a basis for religion. Nature is the sum total of all that has been derived from the original agglomeration of atoms. It may be described, in the words of one eminent thinker,* as a "realm governed by uni-

form laws, and based upon impenetrable darkness and eternal silence." In the language of another it is that which can be known as contrasted with the unknowable. If so—and I heartily concur in the definition—then religion, to have any meaning at all for a consistent evolutionist, must be a voice out of that silence, a revelation of that which otherwise must remain unknown. It is of course open to Christian apologists to place the essential foundation of their religion in conscience, or free will, or morality touched with emotion, or in the existence of a spiritual substance called a soul. But it is not possible for them to convince the scientific mind that this deserves the special name of religion, or can lead us up to God, or can satisfy the instinct of worship. Whatever else these, *e.g.*, conscience, may be, they are the products of the original atoms, part of that system of things that falls within

that which is; the sum of phenomena presented to experience; the totality of events, past, present, and to come. Every event, therefore, must be taken to be a part of nature, until proof to the contrary is supplied."

Now, if this use of the word were exact or even common, I think the case for so-called "miracles" would be stronger than it really is. But, putting this aside, let us try and give to nature a rigidly scientific meaning. It is, first of all, the sum total of phenomena that have existed or occurred within the sphere, both as to their causes and their results, of this present world—in other words, of that which can be made the subject of knowledge. To this might be added, but doubtfully, all phenomena belonging to other worlds which can be ascertained by astronomical inquiry; it is possible, but hardly "natural," to say that the position of a certain star in the heavens, or of a given line in its spectrum, is according to nature. But to extend the use to all events including "miracles" (if they happen), is sure to mislead. Miracles—using a bad word for the present under protest—are phenomena presented, indeed, to experience, but proclaiming themselves to be caused by powers of which nature knows nothing; they may be natural, but the nature is not ours, nor that by which our intelligences are conditioned. In the mind of science they are extra-natural, in that of religion, supernatural, because they point back to powers not only other, but also higher, than any which obtain in nature as we know it; hence, to speak of miracles as violating the laws of nature is, as Professor Huxley points out, absurd, but not absurd to speak of them as transcending those laws. The full meaning of all this will appear further on; for the present I am merely indicating in what sense I use these words, which has the double advantage of being both popular and exact.

* The reference is to Professor Huxley's "Life of Hume," p. 44, which I take as the latest statement of the case from the scientific point of view. I agree with nearly everything in it, and I cannot help but think that, from the sheer desire of being fair and clear, he has stated the Christian position much more strongly than most Christian advocates would do it for themselves. But upon one point, which, though merely verbal, is of great importance in the right understanding of the subject, I am at issue with him. I mean his use of the word "nature." No doubt every thinker is entitled to use words like this in his own sense, provided, of course, he adheres strictly to it. But one must needs sigh for what I may call an international, or rather inter-individual, coinage of words in the language of philosophy; it is, for one thing, often so very difficult to find the proper amount of small change for big words. Professor Huxley's definition of nature is as follows (p. 131): "For nature means neither more nor less than

the region of the knowable, totally inadequate, therefore, to extend our information or to prolong our destinies beyond nature itself. Better confess the plain truth at once. Without the aid of revelation we look up through nature to . . . the original atoms.

It must, in short, be confessed that a great disservice was done to Christianity by those eminent and earnest thinkers who defended it as a republication of natural religion. But they were, like us all, creatures of their day, and did what work they had to do with such materials as lay ready to hand. And the same discernment which taught them then how, upon certain given premises, Christianity could be perfectly well defended, would teach them now to abandon a line of argument which the simple march of thought and discovery has outflanked and turned. For the short and sufficient answer is that if a religion of nature were possible, a religion of revelation would be quite unnecessary and impertinent; and it is satisfactory to perceive that in the grasp of evolution the idea of a natural religion is dying like Rousseau's dream of a primitive natural society. Christianity must at least gain something from a philosophy which pronounces, in the matter of religion, "either revelation or nothing."

2. In the light of evolution we are enabled to obtain a clear and consistent definition of revelation, together with an insight into the part which it plays in the economy of the universe. Let us define it somewhat as follows. It is the exhibition, within the limits of nature and to sensible experience, of phenomena which, being the productions of super-evolutional causes, attest the existence of supernatural forces, and also convey some useful information about them. Once more, it is the "eternal silence" that must speak, a voice out of the unknowable that must make itself known. And the Christian instinct, which may surely, in so vital a matter as this, be trusted to go right and to know the ground of its own beliefs, has never ceased to proclaim the occurrence of such phenomena as are above described. For the purposes of this argument I expressly confine revelation within the limits of the life, death, and resurrec-

tion of Christ, or rather, following the example of the early Church, to the facts of the Apostles' Creed. Now I have already admitted that Christian thinkers must be at liberty, if they prefer it, to place the basis of their faith elsewhere than in a revelation (as just defined), even while I profess my own inability to comprehend their position. But there is a state of mind increasingly prevalent, and fraught with growing danger to the future fortunes of the Christian religion, from which the progress of evolution is even now beginning to set us free. It is that tone of thought which regards the occurrence of super-evolutional phenomena as being, on the whole, a matter of comparatively slight importance; and with this tone the genius of evolution, with its intense and vivid appreciation of the meaning and potency of facts, will tend more and more to make it impossible for the mind of man to be contented. Parenthetically it must be observed that this temper of mind must not be confounded with another which is content to say: "Whether the facts occurred in this way may be uncertain, but if they did this is what they mean."

The time is then, I think, rapidly drawing on when modern thought will demand of theology, and that with some excusable peremptoriness of tone, to state once for all upon which footing it elects to stand. At present the tone of many scientific minds seems to be somewhat as follows: "We really cannot occupy ourselves in serious discussion, because we never quite know where we have you. You always seem to us to assume a supernatural standpoint, and then, when confronted with the obvious difficulties involved in this, to fly elsewhere for refuge. Adopt the alternative that the Christian history is true in fact, and we will argue the question. Adopt the alternative that it is only a framework for moral ideas and spiritual truths, and that too we can make shift to estimate. But to halt uneasily between the two, to say that so tremendous an event as the resurrection of a dead man may have happened or may not, but that on the whole it does not much matter, is to interpose a fatal barrier to sincere discussion with minds that have been trained to estimate the nature and con-

sequences of fact.* If this story be true, then every conception that man can form of himself and his surroundings must be profoundly modified; if it be false, then it should not be allowed to intrude itself upon a religion which, as you more than half seem to assure us, having first succeeded in convincing yourselves, was not founded upon it, does not need it, and would be all the better without it."

3. In the very act of intensifying the desire to find a natural explanation for phenomena, evolution will serve to bring out into stronger relief those aspects of the Christian revelation which, up to the present, remain unaccounted for by natural means. It must be remembered that every unsuccessful attack leaves the thing attacked stronger or more difficult of explanation than it was before. The Jewish commonwealth and the Christian Church, the Old and New Testaments, the history of Christ, and the effects of this upon the destinies of mankind, have not, I think it must in fairness be confessed, been so far explained, or their origin traced out, as to convince the minds of ordinary persons that no more remains behind, or that there has been no exhibition of other than human power; every person who attempts the task has his own theory, but no two theories agree together, or secure anything like general approval. And so long as this continues, so long will man be disposed to entertain feelings of reverence and even of worship toward a display of wisdom, power, and goodness, which, so far, resists explanation by any effort of human industry or ingenuity. I do not of course for one moment think of denying that the time may come when the minds of men will be as fully satisfied concerning these points as they are now concerning, say, the origin and progress of the English constitution; but I am insisting that, until that very serious intellectual revolution takes place, the natural tendency of evolution will be to find a place for revelation in the domain not of the unknowable, but of the inexplicable. By its power to clear things up, to limit the scope of human faculties, to draw out the neces-

sities of rational human life, evolution will serve to emphasize the truths, if they be truths, upon which Christianity reposes. Hardy trees may be cut down to the very root by the sharp frost of unsparing criticism without being killed.

4. And this thought leads naturally to another. The more clearly and definitely evolution teaches men to think, the more will it enable them to disentangle the primitive Christian faith from the mass of dogmas and traditions by which, in the long course of ages, it has been encrusted. Even to mention these would be to wander into the field of theology proper, where I have no mind to be caught straying. Suffice it to say that if the essence of Christianity consists in all that may be fairly gathered from the history and doctrine of Jesus Christ, then the religion of the present day has collected round that kernel of the faith a prodigious quantity of husk and shell. The true test of vitality is the power to undergo searching reformation. And it is, to say the least, more than possible that the new science of the nineteenth century may affect Christianity as did the new learning of the fifteenth or sixteenth. There is certainly a large margin left for reform between the existence of things as they are now and entire destruction.

But all this, I must repeat, lies comparatively on the surface, and belongs, moreover, more to the future course than to the present aspect of the question. What we really want to know, and what it is the special purpose of this paper to discover, is the effect likely to be produced upon men's capacity and inclination to accept the Christian revelation. And, to get at the root of the matter, the only way is to seek for, as well as we can, the essential sources of that persistent and consistent opposition to its claims which was never more vigorous or unaffected than at the present moment. It is really high time that modern Christian advocates sought to understand the real meaning and true drift of the arguments they have to deal with, and above all to realize the seriousness of the situation to which mere force of numbers, the silent acquiescence of the multitude, outward profession, and external triumphs are but too likely to blind them. We are told that more was

* Dean Stanley's commentary on 1 Cor. 15 has some good remarks on St. Paul's reliance upon the resurrection of Christ as a fact.

done in respect of building and restoring churches just before the Reformation and the revolt against the Church than at any other period of her history. Those who comfort themselves concerning the stability of the faith by parading religious statistics would do well to accept a timely warning.

The method of inquiry I propose to myself is to trace our difficulties to three of the chief fathers of modern scepticism—Hume, Spinoza, and Lessing—and then to see what, if any, answer evolution enables us to discover. It is right to add that our plan does not include the argument, much relied upon in these days, that the belief in supernatural events is a necessary product of superstition under given circumstances—that is to say, that there are no "miracles on record, the evidence for which fulfils the plain and simple requirements of elementary logic and of elementary morality." For myself I attach little importance to this argument taken by itself, and apart from those preliminary and deep-lying objections that prepare the mind for its reception. But anyhow it is a question of evidence that does not come within our present subject, nor will the philosophy of evolution be likely to influence it one way or the other. It will still be open for one man to say: "I cannot see how such a narrative as the Gospel could be framed by victims of delusion or accomplices in fraud;" and for another equally candid to reply: "Having regard to the facts of history in general, I think this to be by no means an impossible alternative." Indirectly, however, the course of our discussion may deal with this difficulty also.

Let us now epitomize, in the simplest and baldest language, the position of the three above-named thinkers.

Says Hume, no evidence is sufficient to prove a supernatural event against a uniform experience derived from nature to the contrary. And if, adds Spinoza, such an event could be believed, it would convey no useful information to you about God and divine things; for it is only the natural and the orderly that reveal God. "Ostendam nihil contra naturam contingere, sed ipsam æternum fixum et immutabilem ordinem servare; . . . nos ex miraculis nec

essentiam nec existentiam et consequenter nec providentiam Dei posse cognoscere."* Nor further, chimes in Lessing, even if the miracle were provable and religiously useful, would it be fair to erect it into a permanent standard or criterion of belief. But this objection, the root and justification, as it seems to me, of all modern scepticism, he does not of course formulate at length in so many words. He does but tap the spring from which, gathering strength and volume as they flow, the waters of moral and even religious doubt have since his time taken their course. He suggests, for instance, that the New Testament is a second better primer in which religious truths have been provisionally revealed until reason could, in the fulness of time, discover them for herself. And then he lets fall such pregnant hints as these:

Whether we can still prove this resurrection, these miracles, I put aside, as I leave on one side who the person of Christ was. All that may have been at that time of great weight for the reception of his doctrine, but is now no longer of the same importance for the recognition of the TRUTH of his doctrine.†

And why should not we too, by means of a religion whose historical truth, if you will, looks dubious, be conducted in a similar way to closer and better conceptions of the Divine Being, our own nature, our relation to God, truths at which the human reason would never have arrived of itself?‡

So much for these fundamental statements of modern religious scepticism. If the natural remark be made that it is absurd to think of answering them in a single paper, I reply that I occupy the position of the junior counsel who opens the pleadings in great cases, and then sits down to make way for his betters.

In dealing with the position of Hume and Spinoza the argument upon which I rely is this: that the spheres of nature and of experience are not coextensive. But the full effect of this proposition can only be understood in the light which the fact of evolution throws upon it. Let us state it thus: "*By strictly defining the limits and potencies of what we call nature, evolution forces upon us the existence of the supernatural.*" Compare this argument, founded as it is upon rigid experience, with its metaphysical

* "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," ch. v.

† "Education of the Human Race," sect. 59.

‡ *Ibid.*, sect. 77.

travesty ; that the finite *ex vi terminorum* suggests the infinite. No amount of human ingenuity will ever succeed in lending cogency to propositions of this kind, at any rate among the mass of men. They have, however, their value in keeping the mind upon the alert to discover and receive the testimonies of experience and common sense, in the light of which we see what is meant by them. If evolution be true, then is nature the original atoms with the sum total of their results, material, mental, and human—this and nothing more. Everything that lies outside—to be precise, let us say the solar system—is supernatural, the result of causes that have no known or intelligible connection with our atoms, made up it may be of forces, guided it may be by intelligences, concerning which no experience or inquiry of ours can give any but the faintest guess. In the present stage of our knowledge the conclusion seems a fair one that there must be in other worlds a good deal that resembles our own "nature," but that, even within the limits of our own vision, there must be also illimitable room for the display of other forces, or of the same forces in totally different proportions and issues. And anyhow there is no traceable, or indeed conceivable, connection in the way of causation between our world and those thousand worlds that glitter at distances so remote as to be immeasurable by everything save figures. And figures have always a tendency to become merely the counters of a baffled imagination.

There is thus an order or region or universe of the supernatural in which our tiny orb of nature floats like an islet in the midst of a boundless ocean ; and if from out that ocean there should chance to be wafted, upon the breast of one of its myriad waves, but one speck of sand, that single speck would be itself supernatural, and would produce extraordinary effects upon the course of what we call nature. This may or may not have happened ; but of the existence of such a possibility as I have described, and of the consequent presumption in favor of supernatural occurrences, who can feel a doubt ? And this is the answer, first of all, to Hume. Things being what they are, the argument against "miracles" derived from expe-

rience is reduced to a minimum. The more we study what nature is and can accomplish, the more readily shall we admit that there are more things than are dreamt of in her philosophy or in ours. If there could be irrefutable evidence to show that no intervention with our natural order had up to this moment taken place, the negative induction thus collected would have but little weight against the possibility of future intervention in minds surrounded and conditioned as ours are ; it would be a bare enumeration of particulars. To be plain, the wonder is not that the supernatural has happened at all, but that it has happened so seldom. A wandering meteor (this is no supposition of mine), a germ of some new form of life, an atom that did not belong to the solar system, a particle impelled by some unknown material, or a thought discharged by some invisible spiritual power, would realize the possibility of supernatural interposition. Let any reflecting mind gaze upward at the heavens when they are set with stars, and it will be fain to exclaim : "How strange that no voice comes, how much stranger if no voice ever came, out of all the universe to connect us with it, to give some idea of the mystery of unity and love and order, toward the discovery of which our inmost nature yearns, and yearns almost in vain ! It is not—need I add ?—that these thoughts are new, but that evolution gives them a meaning and a stress they never had before. For it is a philosophy that consecrates what is old, as well as discovers the new.

Let me illustrate the argument by a supposition that requires no very extraordinary effort of the imagination. If there landed upon this earth of ours an inhabitant of another world, what should we think about it ? In origin, in essence, in history, in character, he would be of course wholly supernatural, even if he resembled us in all that pertains to humanity. Be this, however, as it may, after the first surprise would it seem to us that anything very wonderful had taken place ? There would be nothing to shock our sense of law and order, nothing to overthrow our trust in the uniformity of nature, or in the veracity of the deliverances of our own consciousness. No doubt phenomena quite

outside the order of nature would be experienced, but then these would have their own appropriate, though strictly supernatural, causes. We should be introduced to new scenes, be instructed in fresh experiences, acquire new information about the unknown and, in the ordinary way of knowledge, the unknowable, and yet suffer no evil consequences that we think of, unless indeed the news were bad. And, by the way, if the popular doctrine of the future life be really part of a supernatural revelation, then is the news about as bad as it could be, and more than sufficient to justify the attitude of doubt and hesitation so commonly assumed toward it.

But let us regard the Christian revelation simply as the history of Jesus Christ, and then transfer our supposition, as above stated, to it. We have a Person entering from without into the sphere of nature and the region of experience, and that by methods in themselves so natural that the least possible change is wrought in the course of nature, and no disturbance whatever to our intellectual life. In all things that Person is made like unto us, and yet represents the mind and character and intentions of the Being whose existence both nature and supernatural conspire to announce; and the news that, still with the same divine economy of force, He has to tell us is emphatically good news, something that we desire to know, wonderfully adapted to sustain our spirits under their natural and temporal conditions. Still it is not what Jesus Christ teaches, but what He is in Himself, that constitutes the essence of the Christian religion. If His life were what the history represents it to be, then does He succeed in linking our world with that vast supernatural universe of which, without Him, it forms, for all moral and religious purposes, but an isolated and disjointed fragment. The fatherly love of God proclaimed in the life of Christ, sealed in His death, and attested by His resurrection, does for the moral what gravitation does for the physical world; it brings this earth and its inhabitants within the scope of the universal law of His beneficent operations.

But while engaged in confronting Hume's attack, and, in the light of evolution, emptying it of practical signifi-

cance, the course of our argument has placed us upon the flank of Spinoza's position, which thereby becomes, in a philosophico-military sense, untenable, though the illustrious thinker himself marches out with all the honors of war. Against the discovery of new facts, or the onward march of thought, or the mere change in our mental attitude, occasioned by ever-changing events, even men of the genius of Spinoza must fight in vain. We see at once that, had they lived now, they would in certain points have expressed themselves differently, and we pay them the highest compliment in our power by saying so. And it seems to me clear, beyond all possibility of doubt, that Spinoza's view concerning miracles is vitally affected, or at any rate profoundly modified, by the growth of the philosophy of evolution, in two different ways.

In the first place, in his day, owing perhaps to the stress of recent astronomical discoveries, nature was regarded as equivalent to the sum total of all the phenomena of the universe, and the so-called laws of nature were supposed to extend into infinity, and to be the same in all possible worlds and at all conceivable times. What could be more natural than this for a generation that had inherited or shared the discoveries of Galileo and Newton? And in this sense of the word it was an entirely religious and deeply reverential thought that only nature can reveal the divine. But evolution has changed all this. The idea of rigid unalterable semi-divine laws ruling all the universe as by an inexorable necessity is, if not yielding to, at least being supplemented by, the notion of a succession of phenomena derived from some unknown source, and following each other in that invariable sequence which we call causation. We feel that the laws of nature, as known to us, carry us a very little way indeed toward the knowledge of the laws of the universe. And thus the pith is taken out of Spinoza's argument. Nature, as we think of it, cannot, as we have already pointed out, transcend, or enable us to transcend, the sources of its own origin—that is, its own origin in time and space. It conducts us at last to the primitive atoms, with perhaps a reasonable suggestion, but no more, of an organizing

mind either behind them or latent in them. Astronomy, especially in later developments, may perhaps accomplish a little more; but how infinitesimally little must astronomy ever appear in comparison with the field in which her labors are cast! And thus it follows, what men have always more or less suspected, that the God of Spinoza's philosophy is only the idea of the unknowable with a religious title affixed to it.

But, in the second place, a still more disintegrating influence is brought to bear upon Spinoza's philosophy of religion owing to the inevitable change of standpoint from which the supernatural must now be viewed. We have seen that so far from *universal* nature being opposed to so-called miracles, it is rather the region out of which they come. Spinoza could not, of course, escape from the commonly received conception of the miraculous, though it is mere justice to him to say that he described it with a conspicuous fairness and studious absence of exaggeration that always distinguished his writings. But to him they were still events or actions ascribed to a special divine volition, proving the existence of divine power and the fact of a divine providence by their own irregularity—that is, by their power to override natural law and order. Thus he writes of them in one aspect as that "which knows no other cause save God or the will of God," and then he goes on to show that, as natural causes are plainly the expression of the divine will, it is from them, and not from things *per se* unknowable, that our knowledge of His existence and attributes must be derived. But the argument vanishes if we substitute for this idea of miracle a theory of the supernatural (discarding the word "miracle" altogether) which simply represents it as an order to us transcendental and unknowable, but perfectly natural to the beings to whom it belongs, and the intelligences by whom it is administered, which, by touching one particular system—i.e., our world—of the universe, does most clearly and positively reveal something or other about the sources of its own origin. Only nature can reveal the divine. Most true; but then our nature is not the only natural, and what Professor Huxley calls the eternal silence is only a higher or a dif-

ferent region of universal nature which may at any moment become vocal to us at the will of God. Spinoza's examples of miracles were, as they could not but be, the marvels of the Old Testament; but it must surely in all fairness be admitted that to say of such an event as the resurrection of Christ, if true, that it does not reveal the existence or the providence of God, is one of those palpable paradoxes from which no philosophy is exempt, more especially in the field of religion.

How far the conception of miracles as portents, designed first of all to arrest our attention, and then to prove, by ways that I have never been able to understand, some religious truth to the mind, still survives among us, I do not exactly know. When Mr. Matthew Arnold had occasion to deal with what he called the proof from miracles, he thought well to select, as a fair example of the thing meant (so far as the mere word goes, the illustration is apt enough), the power to turn a pen into a pen-wiper. So regarded, it is certainly not difficult to make short work of them. It may, however, be necessary to remind ourselves that the word even for actions done by men, such as our Lord's healing works, is, in the New Testament, "signs," and not "portents," and that their special use is to attract trust and favor for the person who does them as representative of God's benevolence toward His creatures. But it is even more to our purpose to remember that the supernatural events, such as the resurrection of Christ, which we have regarded as the essential basis of revelation, belong to a different class of phenomena altogether. Such events are neither miracles, nor signs, nor "powers," nor proofs of anything at all. Can anything be more perverse than to imagine that Jesus Christ rose from the dead to convince the disciples that He was the Messiah? As well maintain that the object of the sun in shining is to show us that it exists! Our Lord rose from the dead by virtue of an inherent power natural to Him, supernatural to us, so that, just as the sun cannot be prevented from shining, it was not possible that He could be holden of death. His resurrection is not a proof of the revelation, but the revelation itself; the life of Christ in

history is the religion to be believed, not the reason why we believe it. And, if accepted, these supernatural events do not convince us, and were never intended to convince us, that Christianity is true; they were intended to make Christians of us, and this, as it was the special glory of St. Paul to show they would do, they are emphatically, as a mere matter of common experience, effecting in the midst of mankind nearly two thousand years after they occurred.

The answer above given to Hume and Spinoza cannot be called altogether new, and has itself been answered more or less plausibly many times; but the novelty lies in the fresh life and redoubled strength which it derives from the doctrine of evolution. So reinforced and so elucidated, it is seen to possess a cogency so considerable as to suggest the question whether the difficulties formulated by these two thinkers are really those which at bottom determine the human mind against the Christian religion. For my own part I firmly believe that neither Hume's argument, nor Spinoza's, nor the popular argument derived from the facility with which the "vulgar" (the word is not mine) lend themselves to superstitious beliefs, would, either separately or combined, be capable of creating so strong an aversion from the revelation of God in Christ as we find not only prevailing but increasing. If this were all, then would some of the best minds the world has known—say rather the very genius of philosophy itself in alliance with that natural human feeling which, from the mere experience of life, craves for a religion—never have been content to abandon the Christian religion, often without real inquiry, sometimes with a light heart. Nor would men now—by far the unkindest cut of all—leave it, after eighteen hundred years of a splendid and yet precarious history, a prey to authorities and dogmas which I dare not give rein for indignation to describe. It is, in fact, doing but simple justice to the sceptical spirit to seek for a moral as well as an intellectual basis for all its difficulties, and to discern—and, if we can, answer—that spiritual, nay that religious, scrupulousness, which gives to purely philosophical objections their vitality and persistency.

This brings us, then, to the difficulty which I have connected with Lessing's few and suggestive hints quoted above. Like all statements of that which is a current of moral feeling rather than a principle of intellectual truth, these hints were merely germs of thoughts that time would ripen and confirm, and in the light of later experience we see plainly what they mean and whither they tend. "NO FACT CAN, AS SUCH, BE A PROPER FOUNDATION FOR RELIGIOUS BELIEF"—this is what men are saying, still more are thinking without saying, all around us. This, too, is what liberal theology—more remarkable for depth of feeling than for lucidity of thinking—has discerned and tried to meet too often by surrendering or minimising the facts. Let us try and put it into words.

"I assume," we may imagine the sceptical spirit to say, "that you regard the Christian religion as a revelation based upon the life of Jesus Christ in history, and we will agree to consider His resurrection as the corner-stone of the Christian creed. Now this particular event may be true, or it may not; it may possibly be more likely to be true than not; I am willing even to admit that it would be a good thing for us all if it could be proved to have occurred. But what I say is that any decision about it appeals in no way to our moral sense, is independent of moral considerations, does not of necessity make us better or worse, above all affords no criterion whether we are morally right or wrong. We are told that it is a matter of evidence, that we should weigh the evidence on both sides, and that if fairly done, we shall be sure to embrace the Christian faith. Be it so. But when all this is done, what of spiritual or moral religion is there in such an operation? What is there more than a fairly honest man does every day of his life when, say as a jurymen, he decides in one way, his equally conscientious neighbor in another, and neither is the worse man for it?" (Hence all the not uncommon taunts about trying the truth of the Christian religion before an Old Bailey jury.) "In a matter of this sort one man, trained under one set of influences, is nearly sure to come to one conclusion; another, differently trained, to the opposite; while the same man may

pass at a leap from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of faith, or *vice versa*, without undergoing any very serious moral alteration that we can discern. Hence the test is, by the nature of the case, an unfair one—a conclusion to which we should hold whatever might be our own personal decision. And thus we arrive at the root of the dilemma which embarrasses all attempts at deciding upon the claims of the Christian religion. To be of any positive value in the eyes of science, religion must rest upon fact. But fact can never have the moral value or significance necessary for recommending religion to the aspirations of mankind, who certainly have a right to demand of any system of religious belief that it should contribute directly, and in its essential meaning, to their improvement in morals. Hence our attitude not so much of disbelief as of indifference. We do not think that your facts are true. We hardly take the trouble to assert that they are false, because, true or false, they do not fulfil the conditions required of that which claims to afford a moral criterion of human belief."

That this account of the matter is the true one may be proved by this one fact. It explains the otherwise almost inexplicable mystery why modern scientific thought remains so strangely indifferent as to whether men continue to receive or not the Christian revelation—an indifference to truth that upon any other supposition would appear, in my judgment, absolutely shameless. But fortunately I have other proof as well. Since writing the above I have had sent to me by a friend a discourse on faith printed anonymously and for private circulation, but written evidently by some master hand, from which, at the risk of setting up a comparison by no means favorable to myself, I extract the following beautifully written passage :

On the one hand we are called upon to regard faith as the condition of our attaining the highest spiritual life—as that which makes the difference between the man who is as God would have him to be and the man who is not. But, on the other hand, the object of faith is declared to be the work of Christ, consisting specially in the incarnation by which He took on Him our nature, in the death by which He purchased the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection by which He opened unto us the gate

of everlasting life. Faith accordingly, as having the work of Christ for its object, is regarded as necessarily involving the belief that propositions asserting the actual occurrence of these events are true.

The faith, then, which is supposed to be demanded of us as Christians, involves two elements which, to say the least, are wholly different—on the one side, a certain intellectual assent of a kind which, if the propositions assented to concerned any other events than those purporting to convey a divine revelation, we should say, could make no difference to the heart, or spirit, or character (call it what we will), which is alone of absolute value in a man ; on the other side, a certain aptitude or disposition which belongs distinctively to this "inner man," and gives us our worth as moral or spiritual beings. The deepening of the conception of faith in the Lutheran theology only brings this discrepancy into clearer relief. The more strongly we insist that faith is a personal and conscious relation of the man to God, forming the principle of a new life, not perhaps observable by others, but which the man's own conscience recognizes, the more awkward becomes its dependence on events believed to have happened in the past. The evidence for their having happened may be exceedingly cogent, but at any rate the appreciation of it depends on processes of reasoning which it would be a moral paradox to deny that a man may perform correctly without being the better, or incorrectly without being the worse. . . . It is not on any estimate of evidence, correct or incorrect, that our true holiness can depend. Neither, if we believe certain documents to be genuine and authentic, can we be the better, nor, if we believe it not, the worse. There is thus an inner contradiction in that conception of faith which makes it a state of mind involving peace with God and love toward all men, and at the same time makes its object that historical work of Christ, of which our knowledge depends on evidence of uncertain origin and value.

I cannot transcribe this description of the bases of modern doubt without congratulating myself that I had succeeded in doing justice to the difficulty I am now to deal with. No doubt it would be easy to find answers of a certain sort. We might, for instance, from the standpoint of positive thought, take serious, if not fatal, objection to the alternative position which the author is compelled to adopt, or we might not unreasonably ask whether it does not savor of paradox to deny that the inner man is changed, whether for better or worse, according as we believe that, say, the Gospel of St. John is a faithful record of works and discourses, or an elaborate forgery by one of those Asiatic Gnostics whom Mr. J. S. Mill thought capable of writing it. But it is not thus that seri-

ous objections can be usefully answered. Let me then summon once more the good genius of evolution to my aid for one final grapple with an objection, to which if no better answer be made than is made, the fortunes of the Christian religion will, so far as philosophy is concerned, continue to languish in weakness and sore peril.

At the outset I desire to avail myself of the truth that all right belief is accompanied by a feeling of profound inward satisfaction. Different schools of thought would regard this feeling from very different points of view, but of its existence no one doubts. The utilitarian would call it the pleasure which recommends or even dictates our beliefs. The idealist would see in it a spiritual happiness contributed by the mind itself, and necessarily associated with truth by the divine will. To a moralist it is the satisfaction of thinking that we have hit the mark; to the Christian it is the "joy and peace in believing." I use it in any sense the reader pleases, and not even then as an integral part of the argument, but as a convenient means of stating it more concisely and yet distinctly.

The two forms common to all human thought are space and time, and in gravitation and evolution respectively we have the last and most complete generalization that science pronounces concerning them. By the former every atom in nature is correlated with every other atom in space; thus the stone that is at this moment rolling down a gorge in the Rocky Mountains is related by an interminable series of gravitations to the wave that is beating upon the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. By the latter every atom in the world is correlated with every other atom in time; the nebulous matter of the præ-chaotic ages with the—shall I call it?—nebulous thought now proceeding from the mind of the present writer. But, nebulous or not, I know how great an effort of the scientific imagination it requires to take in the thought that, in space and time, by gravitation and evolution everything is correlated with everything else, and makes up a cosmic whole, a unit, an individuality, whose animating principle we may term the will of God.

But, once grasped or even dimly imagined, we begin to discern the effects

of this overwhelming truth upon the question we are considering. Truth (objective) is the facts as they have occurred or are existing. Truth (subjective) is the inward personal recognition of the outward facts. And because of this infinite (in space) and eternal (in time) correlation there is a natural tendency in the real facts to produce real pleasure in the mind of the recipient. We must have a desire to discover and an inclination to believe the truth, because we are, so to speak, part of it; it has entered into us and gone to make us what we are. Knowledge, or progress, or civilization, by whatever name we call the march of human history, is the successful attempt to readjust the self-conscious personality to the realities of the universe from which it has sprung. To be of a truthful disposition, in religious language to be of God, is to have a mind tuned to recognize the true correlation of external things with ourselves—to feel, that is, true pleasure in believing. Religion and science may both claim to perform the office of so tuning the character as to enable it to give back an accurate note when propositions are presented to it. And finally all knowledge is ultimately self-knowledge in a sense of which he never dreamed who wrote: "Ε καὶ ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καταβήσκει ἡ χάρις καὶ ἡ δόξα τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ."

Before proceeding to apply this general principle to the special case before us, it may be well to give an illustration of its operation in a field of truth as far remote as possible from the religious. Why, for instance, does a child accept geometrical truths when they are presented to him? Why does he recognize them with a pleasurable alacrity proportionate to the strength and clearness of his understanding? It can only be because the essential elements of geometrical truth exist in him; they are forms of his intelligence; they were the conditions under which nature was constituted before he himself was evolved from it. It is simply a case of the old saying, so quaintly and unexpectedly true, that "like loves like." His pleasure in accepting the formulas that express the laws of space is analogous to his pleasure in accepting bodily nourishment. To understand their meaning is practically to learn something about oneself, and

the pleasure of self-knowledge is inherent in the very nature of a self-conscious personality—that is, of a spiritual being.

Now let us see what light this throws upon the nature of faith in an historical revelation. At the present moment two theories are striving for the mastery, and man is pronounced to be the product of one of two causes. The world, of which he forms the last result in the process of evolution, is the work either of a power which is unable or unwilling to enter into personal relations with him, or of a Creator who wills that men should regard him as the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. And it is his only, his real, his specific happiness (to say nothing of duty) to know the truth about himself. Nothing can be more unfortunate than to appeal, as is so commonly done, to the necessities of human suffering, or the cravings of the heart after consolation, as a proof that the Christian view of things is the right one. This may be a strong and useful argument to confirm a belief already formed, but it is no answer at all to the non-believer. For in the light of evolution we perceive that that alone confers true happiness which is part of the facts of the case, with which the spirit of man is correlated, out of which it sprang into being. If it be true that the author or cause of the world be a being or a power that does not hold, and never has held, personal relations with man, then the sooner metaphysical theologians discover that to be the case, the better for their own happiness and the improvement of mankind. Once the true state of the case was ascertained, men would contrive to adjust their moral and social ideas so as to make the best of it. And, on the other hand, if the contrary be true, the sooner the scientific and non-believing world discovers it, the better for them and for the truths which they have most at heart. The latter alternative must be particularly insisted on. If the Christian history be true, then am I part of an evolution in which God is revealed by the most decisive personal actions as a personal Creator (not that the word "person" describes His essential being, but that it represents that aspect of His being by virtue of which He enters into relations with His creature man), as the Father of Jesus Christ, as sustaining,

enlightening, guiding, from eternity to eternity, the course of nature, and the direction of history. And in particular if the life of Jesus Christ be true, then do I belong to an evolution which has part of its source in His human life. For that life, more especially in its origin, then belongs to that part of God's created universe which is what I have defined as supernatural—that is, independent of natural causation, prior to any development of evolution in time, lying beyond the limits of the knowable, and yet an original source of fresh power to the world to which it was given. And I am what I am because Christ has lived—it is surely a truism to say that there would have been no such person as I, if there had been no such person as He. We must remember that, since the dawn of self-conscious life, evolution implies the reflex action of spirit upon matter as much as of matter upon spirit; hence it is that I, my body and history, my muscles, bones, and sinews, the very hand that traces these words—in short, that agglomerate of atoms and faculties that makes up myself—am due to causes over which the life of Christ has exercised a profound and decisive influence. And therefore to know this (upon the hypothesis of its being true) constitutes my most real and lasting pleasure; or—to put the same idea in another form—to believe this is natural to me, and morally is my duty. Moreover, to learn to accept this is what the minds of men must be gradually brought to do, as the process of evolution sweeps on in majestic slowness up to the point where the spirit of man is more and more harmonized with the universe from which it came, more and more perceives the real facts with which it is correlated, more and more drinks of the divine joy of that eternal life which is described by our Lord himself as "knowing Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

In order to be rigidly fair, let us state the other alternative also. "You are, on the contrary," it will be replied, "part of an evolution in which an honest though mistaken belief in the human manifestation of the Son of God has created immense and far-reaching effects which are reproduced in you. You believe, therefore, against your own best

interests, a history that is fundamentally false." What, upon the hypothesis, can be answered to this, save the simple and frank confession, not only that we are mistaken now, but that the mistake will very probably survive for long in ourselves and others; for error, especially when allied with some of the most beautiful parts of human nature, has a powerful hold upon minds that are not yet strong enough to emancipate themselves from its attractiveness. But though this may be true of individuals, of generations, of whole peoples, nay of vast intellectual epochs, yet ultimately, by the necessity of the case, the mind of man must learn to find its true duty and pleasure in accepting the real facts, whatever they may be. If it is not true of any single person, it certainly is true of the world of persons, that "we needs must love the highest when we see it—not Lancelot nor another." And thus we arrive at the central point of all faith and all thought, where evolution bids religion, science, morality, utilitarianism, and philanthropy agree together—our undying hope in the growing perfectibility of the human race.

This, then, is my answer to Lessing's objection as developed in modern thought. Essentially it may be stated thus: that no fact—much less such a series of events as that which constitutes the revelation of God in Christ—can ever lose its moral significance for beings created and conditioned as we have been. That significance we may briefly indicate in connection with three great words of religion—truth, faith, and judgment—somewhat as follows.

1. The standard to which the Christian religion appeals is that of absolute truth.

2. The faith by which truth is apprehended is a fundamental faculty of our nature, exercising a decisive moral influence upon character and conduct.

3. The judgment, or discrimination between that which is right and that which is wrong, thence ensuing, is of vital practical importance in the moral progress of mankind.

1. I think it is difficult to overestimate the effect upon a fair and critical mind of the proposition that the criterion of truth to which Christianity appeals turns out to be the most searching and au-

thoritative that we can discover or even imagine. It confers upon revelation a kind of intellectual dignity, without which an emotional religion is but sorry stuff, and its morality like a fair house built upon shifting sand. There is in nature something that underlies all moral and mental effort, existing prior to the conscience, the will, the intelligence itself; and we call this something plain fact. And therefore, in religion as in science, in grace as in law, facts are, in the truest sense of the word, divine; they are at once the ultimate embodiment of the will of God, and also the veil through which we strain our eyes, not indeed, as St. Paul with excusable ardor affirmed, to "see clearly," but to catch some far-off vision of the eternal power and Godhead. And even natural facts speak to us not as mere dead things, not by virtue of a mere material existence, but as living powers that maintain a subtle all-pervading communion with the spirits to which they have given birth. This is the testimony of Pantheism, most true as far as it goes, and vindicated in its truth by the philosophy of evolution. A spirit of truth, conveying the will of God, speaks out to us from the universe of phenomena, and is acknowledged by us sometimes as the perception of beauty, then as the consciousness of right, yet once more as the recognition of divine working. In this view is not the spirit of truth the counterpart of the power of evolution? And have we not arrived, in the very heart of nature herself, at that ultimate correlation of mind and matter which we discern in each one of her multitudinous offspring?

But, however this may be, it remains true that it is to plain fact that the Bible appeals. Let us select for illustration the fourth, or that which is commonly termed the most spiritual, gospel, and see how our theory of absolute truth is just what is wanted to give plain and consistent meaning to assertions that otherwise carry with them to scientific minds an inevitable suspicion of mysticism and obscurity. Our Lord's intellectual method, if so we may speak of it, is contained in the last seven verses of the 12th chapter, in which He summarized the effect of His public teaching, then drawing to a close in rejection and

apparent failure. In these He speaks of himself as a light, which those who saw would not remain in darkness, whereas those who would not see would be judged by the words which He had spoken. Now for an illustration of this principle in actual operation we may turn to His interview with Pilate, and inquire what was the meaning of this declaration: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Now can any reasonable man be satisfied with the supposition that this "being of the truth" had a merely moral significance—in other words, that every man then living in Jerusalem who was of a candid, truth-loving disposition, must necessarily accept His claims? It would I think, be difficult, upon this hypothesis, to clear His teaching of a somewhat heartless egotism. There must have been honest and even inquiring Jews, who, with the best intentions to act up to the truth, could not discern their long-promised national Messiah in the despised Jesus of Nazareth. What, therefore, He was appealing to was that divinely ordained correspondence between fact and thought of which the Son of God, who came to do the Father's will, must have had an intense intuition, and what He relied upon was the conviction that there was a profound essential truth lying at the root of all things, which must in the long run vindicate itself. And therefore He bids all honest men to bend their utmost endeavor to ascertain absolute truth, emptying themselves of self-love and its deceptive dogmatism, sometimes succeeding, often failing, yet never forsaken by God so long as they remain true to themselves. And thus will "wisdom be justified of her children."

2. This leads us naturally to faith, or "being of the truth." It is simply the faculty of believing that things are as they are without positive proof, or even against the apparent weight of evidence. As applied to things secular or things religious, the only difference that I can see is that verification by positive proof is much more common in the former than the latter. The faith of religion is that which catches at truth and holds fast by it, simply because the man's

spiritual being corresponds accurately with the facts with which it is correlated, because his self-consciousness returns an accurate note when questions concerning truth are presented to it. Hence faith is pre-eminently the deciding virtue of religion, that which makes a man to be a Christian or not. Let us state the moral results of right belief (that is faith) or wrong belief (that is superstition) in unmistakable language. If the revelation of Christ be founded on facts, then is the humblest Christian peasant true in the inmost recesses of his moral being in a sense in which the most brilliant sceptical philosopher is false. And if, on the other hand, it is not so founded, then is the shallowest unbeliever that ever aired his doubts true in the inmost recesses of his being in a sense in which the most holy and devoted saint is false. A thousand other influences may conspire to make the mistaken man a better man than the other; nor need it be said is there a ghost of an idea that men will suffer a retributive penalty hereafter for mistakes that have cost them dear enough here. All questions as to the future are as far outside the matter before us as they are beyond the moral perception or mental faculties of the writer of this paper. All we can safely say is, that, other things being supposed equal, the man who believes or disbelieves rightly is in a better moral position, and betrays a better moral character SO FAR, than he who disbelieves or believes wrongly. The whole set of his nature is in a right direction; he sees things in a clearer light; he is gifted with an inner harmony and power of self-adjustment, which issues in a higher and more complete moral activity. I desire to keep the alternative of right or wrong belief steadily in view, because I am arguing, not that Christianity is founded upon a true belief, but that it is morally justified in appealing to historical events, a correct belief as to which begins by placing men in the right track as regards religion, and so goes on to make them better and wiser than they would otherwise have been. It is the vindication of the Christian method that is so sorely needed, and not the mere proof of the Christian creed.

3. And thus we glide imperceptibly to the consideration of what is meant by

judgment. It is an eternal discrimination between rightness and wrongness, which divides what is true in each man from what is false, and also the man who is correct from his brother who is mistaken. And at this point we arrive at some solution of a very painful moral problem. All history declares that, at times of great revolutions in religion or science, there are numbers of good men who, with however small an amount of moral culpability, take the side of error, who resist the truth, and not only remain in darkness themselves, but strive with infatuated energy to bind the chains of falsehood upon the souls of all the world besides. The fanatical temper asserts that it is purely their own fault, to be punished hereafter by an appropriate penalty; the cynical, that it makes little matter what men believe so long as their heart is in the right. A wiser philosophy, while deploring, will not deny, the plain fact that much of human virtue and honesty has been too often enlisted in the ranks of error and ignorance, and, while refusing to award moral censure for honest mistakes, will never cease to stimulate men's minds toward the ascertainment of truth by insisting on the evils and even miseries which those who remain in darkness bring upon themselves and upon their fellows. It is the word of truth that judges communities at the last day of an epoch, individuals at the last day of their mortal existence.

And yet, while thus acquiescing in inevitable sadness, and while admitting that there must be a multitude of well-meaning persons who are either believing wrongly or disbelieving wrongly in the Christian revelation, the philosophy of absolute truth, as expounded by evolution, affords a magnificent prospect of ultimate triumph for the cause of right. I venture to think that the most determined opponent of Christianity or its most vigorous defender would in his secret heart prefer the victory of his antagonist to that one other worse alternative—that men should go on doubting and disputing for ever. Is it conceivable, or, if conceivable, would the thought be endurable, that many centuries hence the minds of men should be in the same state of opinion as to the veracity of the Christian history (that

they should be in the same state as to the meaning and nature of Christianity is too absurd to suppose possible) as that which is revealed to us in the current literature of the present year of grace? Terrible enough to have to realize that the 1881st year of the Christian epoch should find us no nearer agreement, our minds no more definitely made up than they are! But if what we have advanced be true, there is the certainty of escape held out to us. Men cannot be mistaken forever; there must be an end of doubt as of all things else; sooner or later the truth of things must appear in the minds that are the offspring of the universe, and are continually being trained to recognize the sources of their own origin. And I cannot refrain from claiming once more for Christianity that most powerful and impressive argument legitimately accruing to it from the simple fact that it makes its appeal to fixed and certain truth, absolute in its own nature, and sure to prevail by its own innate force. Can we say as much for science in its attitude toward religion? Might it not rather be plausibly urged that from not taking up the challenge face to face, from not endeavoring to drive from the field of man's beliefs a religion which, if not true in fact, soon becomes a mistaken and enfeebling superstition, modern scientific thought runs in some danger of committing that capital crime against truth and progress which contributed so powerfully to the decay and ruin of ancient civilizations. Once let philosophers acquire and propagate, or even sanction, the idea that it does not much matter what the "vulgar" believe, and that a little graceful superstition may be useful and becoming in the minds of the "common people," so long as their own are untainted by it, and not all the victories of positive science, nor all the engines of modern civilization, will save the society which connives at this high treason in its bosom from destruction, first moral, then intellectual, and finally, as the judgment of God or nature, whichever we please to call it, material also.

In taking what, so far as I can see, will be a final leave of this subject, I desire to be permitted to adduce one more closing argument, and that is—myself. I am a country clergyman, discharging

the daily routine of professional duties proper to that office in the sphere for which the Church of England has pronounced me competent. There is not a day in which those duties are not made easier and pleasanter to me by my acquiescence in the teaching of modern science, and especially in the doctrine of evolution. As to feeling any incompatibility between the two, I should consider it an insult to both of them even to imagine it. But if this be the case with me, why may it not be also the case with thousands like myself, more especially of those who occupy a similar position? And I must warn the genius of doubt that it will never get rid of Chris-

tianity until it has disposed of the country parsons, and that we are a stubborn and positive race to deal with. I can imagine a thousand reasons why our brethren in towns should be able to derive their religion from their inner consciousness or some other transcendental source; but for us—why, we must get ours, as our neighbors get their living, FROM THE GROUND. And if, in the attempt to do this for myself, I may have assisted a stray soul here and there in the struggle to obtain a firm footing, it as much as circumstances allow me to hope for, and I shall be more than satisfied.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE materials for the life of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley have been left entirely in the hands of literary executors, who, for the present, can allow no reference to them. But I have been asked to tell from recollection, and from the scanty materials at my own disposal, what I remember of a cousin who was the most intimate friend of my childhood and boyhood, and whose life was long interwoven with my own.

There are few country places in England which possess such a singular charm as Alderley. All who have lived in it have loved it, and to the Stanley family it has ever presented the ideal of that which is most interesting and beautiful. There the usually flat pasture lands of Cheshire rise suddenly into the rocky ridge of Alderley Edge, with its Holy Well under an overhanging cliff, its gnarled pine trees, and its storm-beaten beacon tower ready to give notice of an invasion, looking far over the green plain to the smoke of Stockport and Macclesfield, which indicates the presence of great towns on the horizon. Beautiful are the beech woods which clothe the western side of the Edge, and feather over mossy lawns to the mere, which receives a reflection of their gorgeous autumnal tints, softened by a blue haze on its still waters.

Beyond the mere and Lord Stanley's park, on the edge of the pasture-lands,

are the church and its surroundings—a wonderfully harmonious group, encircled by trees, with the old timbered inn of "The Eagle and Child" at the corner of the lane which turns up to them. In later times the church itself has undergone a certain amount of "restoration," but sixty years ago it was marvellously picturesque, its chancel mantled in ivy of massy folds, which, while they concealed the rather indifferent architecture, had a glory of their own very different to the clipped, ill-used ivy which we generally see on such buildings; but the old clock-tower, the outside stone staircase leading to the Park pew, the crowded groups of large, square, lichen-stained gravestones, the disused font in the church-yard overhung by a yew tree, and the gable-ended schoolhouse at the gate, built of red sandstone, with gray copings and mullioned windows, were the same.

Close by was the rectory, with its garden—the "Dutch Garden," of many labyrinthine flower beds—joining the churchyard. A low house, with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper story, where bird-cages hung among the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and the old carved oak furniture, usually little sought or valued in those days, but which the rector delighted to pick up among his cottages.

This rector, Edward Stanley, younger brother of the Sir John who was living at the Park, was a little man, active in figure and in movement, with dark, piercing eyes, rendered more remarkable by the snow-white hair which was his characteristic even when very young. With the liveliest interest on all subjects—political, philosophical, scientific, theological; with inexhaustible plans for the good of the human race in general, but especially for the benefit of his parishioners and the amusement of his seven nieces at the Park, he was the most popular character in the country side. To children he was indescribably delightful. There was nothing that he was not supposed to know—and indeed who was there who knew more?—of insect life, of the ways and habits of birds, of fossils and where to find them, of drawing, of etching on wood and lithographing on stone, of plants and gardens, of the construction of ships and boats, and of the thousand home manufactures of which he was a complete master.

In his thirty-first year Edward Stanley had married Catherine, eldest daughter of Oswald Leycester, afterward rector of Stoke-upon-Terne, of an old Cheshire family, which, through many generations, had been linked with that of the Stanleys in the intimacy of friendship and neighborhood, for Toft, the old seat of the Leycesters and the pleasantest of family homes, was only a few miles from Alderley.

At the time of her engagement Catherine Leycester was only sixteen, and eighteen at the time of her marriage, but from childhood she had been accustomed to form her own character by thinking, reading, and digesting what she read. Owing to her mother's ill health she had very early in life had the responsibility of educating and training her sister, who was much younger than herself. She was the best of listeners, fixing her eyes upon the speaker, but saying little herself, so that her old uncle, Hugh Leycester, used to assert of her, "Kitty has much sterling gold, but gives no ready change." To the frivolity of an ordinary acquaintance, her mental superiority and absolute self-possession of manner must always have made her somewhat alarming; but those who had the

opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface were no less astonished at her originality and freshness of ideas, and her keen, though quiet, enjoyment of life, its pursuits and friendships, than by the calm wisdom of her advice, and her power of penetration into the characters, and consequently the temptations and difficulties, of others.

In the happy home of Alderley Rectory her five children were brought up. Her eldest son, Owen, had from the first shown that interest in all things relating to ships and naval affairs which had been his father's natural inclination in early life; and the youngest, Charles, from an early age had turned his hopes to the profession of a Royal Engineer, in which he afterward became distinguished. Arthur, the second boy, born December 13, 1815, was always delicate, so delicate that it was scarcely hoped at first he would live to grow up. From his earliest childhood, his passion for poetry, and historical studies of every kind, gave promise of a literary career, and engaged his mother's unwearied interest in the formation of his mind and character. A pleasant glimpse of the home life at Alderley, in May, 1818, is given in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, Maria Leycester:

"How I have enjoyed these fine days—and one's pleasure is doubled, or rather I should say trebled, in the enjoyment of the three little children basking in the sunshine on the lawns and picking up daisies and finding new flowers every day, and in seeing Arthur expand like one of the flowers in the fine weather. Owen trots away to school at nine o'clock every morning, with his Latin grammar under his arm, leaving Mary with a strict charge to unfurl his flag, which he leaves carefully furled, through the little Gothic gate, as soon as the clock strikes twelve. So Mary unfurls the flag and then watches till Owen comes in sight, and as soon as he spies her signal, he sets off full gallop toward it, and Mary creeps through the gate to meet him, and then comes with as much joy to announce Owen's being come back, as if he was returned from the North Pole. Meanwhile I am sitting with the doors open into the trellice, so that I can see and hear all that passes."

In the same year, after an absence, Mrs. Stanley wrote:

"ALDERLEY, Sept. 14, 1818.—What happy work it was getting home! The little things were as happy to see us as we could desire. They all came dancing out, and clung round me, and kissed me by turns, and were certainly more delighted than they had ever been

before to see us again. They had not only not forgot us, but not forgot a bit about us. Everything that we had done and said and written was quite fresh and present to their minds, and I should be assured in vain that all my trouble in writing to them was thrown away. Arthur is grown so interesting, and so entertaining too, he talks incessantly, runs about, and amuses himself, and is full of pretty speeches, repartees, and intelligence : the dear little creature would not leave me, or stir without holding my hand, and he knew all that had been going on quite as much as the others. He is more like Owen than ever, only softer, more affectionate, and not what you call 'so fine a boy.'"

When he was four years old, we find his mother writing to her sister :

"January 30, 1820.—As for the children, my Arthur is sweeter than ever. His drawing fever goes on, and his passion for pictures and birds, and he will talk sentiment to Mademoiselle about *le printemps, les oiseaux* and *les fleurs*, when he walks out. When we went to Highlake, he asked—quite gravely—whether it would not be good for his little wooden horse to have some sea-bathing!"

And again, in the following summer :

"ALDERLEY, July 6, 1820.—I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony to Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur stayed with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said coloring, he would go, he thought : "Bnt, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?" Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, etc., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading 'Paul and Virginia' to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I.

"You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful color, and such soft animation in his blue eyes."

It was often remarked that Mrs. Stanley's children were different from those of any one else ; but this was not to be wondered at. Their mother not only taught them their lessons, she learnt all their lessons with them. While other children were plodding through dull histories of disconnected countries and ages, of which they were unutterably weary at the time, and of which they remembered nothing afterward, Mrs. Stanley's system was to take a particular era, and, upon the basis of its general history,

to pick out for her children from different books, whether memoirs, chronicles, or poetry, all that bore upon it, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them, and talking it over with them in a way which encouraged them to form their own opinion upon it, to have theories as to how such and such evils might have been forestalled or amended, and so to fix it in their recollection.

To an imaginative child, Alderley was the most delightful place possible, and while Owen Stanley delighted in the clear brook which dashes through the rectory garden for the ships of his own manufacture—then as engrossing as the fitting out of the *Ariel* upon the mere in later boyhood—little Arthur revelled in the legends of the neighborhood—of its wizard of Alderley Edge, with a hundred horses sleeping in an enchanted cavern, and of the church bell which fell down a steep hill into Rostherne Mere, and which is tolled by a mermaid when any member of a great neighboring family is going to die.

Being the poet of the little family, Arthur Stanley generally put his ideas into verse, and there are lines of his written at eleven years old, on seeing the sunrise from the top of Alderley church tower, and at twelve years old, on witnessing the departure of the Ganges, hearing his brother Owen, from Spithead, which give evidence of poetical power, more fully evinced two years later in his longer poems on "The Druids" and on "The Maniac of Betharan." When he was old enough to go to school, his mother wrote an amusing account of the turn-out of his pockets and desk before leaving home, and the extraordinary collection of crumpled scraps of poetry which were found there. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley wrote :

"Arthur is in great spirits and looks, well prepared to do honor to the jacket and trousers preparing for him. He is just now opposite to me, lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' to himself (his lesson being concluded) most eagerly. I must tell you his moral deductions from 'Frank.' The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie, and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I

heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang froid*, 'Yes, but you know Frank's mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank.' I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entrée* after dinner, Arthur came in first, in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look, saying the instant the door opened, 'Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget.' I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *vide* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be hypercritical."

After he was eight years old, Mrs. Stanley, who knew the interest and capacity of her little Arthur about everything, was much troubled by his becoming so increasingly shy, that he never would speak if he could help it, even when he was alone with her, and she dreaded that the companionship of other boys at school, instead of drawing him out, would only make him shut himself up more in himself. Still, in the frequent visits which his parents paid to the seaside at Highlake, he always recovered his lost liveliness of manner and movement, climbed merrily up the sandhills, and was never tired in mind or body. It was therefore a special source of rejoicing when it was found that Mr. Rawson, the vicar of Seaforth (a place five miles from Liverpool, and only half a mile from the sea), had a school for nine little boys, and thither in 1824 it was decided that Arthur should be sent. In August, his young aunt wrote:

"Arthur liked the idea of going to school as making him approach nearer to Owen. We took him last Sunday evening from Crosby, and he kept up very well till we were to part, but when he was to separate from us to join his new companions he clung to us in a piteous manner, and burst into tears. Mr. Rawson very good-naturedly offered to walk with us a little way, and walk back with Arthur, which he liked better, and he returned with Mr. R. very manfully. On Monday evening we went to have a look at him before leaving the neighborhood, and found the little fellow as happy as possible, much amused with the novelty of the situation, and talking of the boys' proceedings with as much importance as if he had been there for months. He wished us good-bye in a very firm tone, and we have

heard since from his Uncle Penrhyn that he had been spending some hours with him, in which he laughed and talked incessantly of all that he did at school. He is very proud of being called 'Stanley,' and seems to like it altogether very much. The satisfaction to mamma and auntie is not to be told of having disposed of this little sylph in so excellent a manner. Every medical man has always said that a few years of constant sea-air would make him quite strong, and to find this united to so desirable a master as Mr. R. and so careful and kind a protectress as Mrs. R., is being very fortunate."

In the following summer the same pen writes from Alderley to one of the family:

"July, 1825.—You know how dearly I love all these children, and it has been such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. Owen, the hero upon whom all their little eyes were fixed, and the delicate Arthur able to take his own share of boyish amusements with them, and telling out his little store of literary wonders to Charlie and Catherine. School has not transformed him into a rough boy yet. He is a little less shy, but not much. He brought back from school a beautiful prize book for history, of which he is not a little proud; and Mr. Rawson has told several people, unconnected with the Stanleys, that he never had a more amiable, attentive, or clever boy than Arthur Stanley, and that he never has had to find fault with him since he came. My sister finds, in examining him, that he not only knows what he has learned himself, but that he picks up all the knowledge gained by the other boys in their lessons, and can tell what each boy in the school has read, etc. His delight in reading 'Madoc' and 'Thalaba' is excessive."

In the following year, Miss Leycester writes:

"Stoke, August 26, 1826.—My Alderley children are more interesting than ever. Arthur is giving Mary quite a literary taste, and is the greatest advantage to her possible, for they are now quite inseparable companions, reading, drawing, and writing together. Arthur has written a poem on the Life of a peacock-butterfly in the Spenserian stanza, with all the old words, with references to Chaucer, etc., at the bottom of the page! To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advantages they have where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. . . . I never saw anything equal to Arthur's memory and quickness in picking up knowledge; seeming to have just that sort of intuitive sense of every thing relating to books that Owen had in ships, and then there is such affection and sweetness of disposition in him. . . . You will not be tired of all this detail of those so near my heart. It is always such a pleasure to me to write of the rectory, and I can always do it better when I am away from it and it rises before my mental vision."

The summer of 1826 was marked for the Stanleys by the news of the death of their beloved friend Reginald Héber, and by the marriage of Isabella Stanley to Captain Farry, the Arctic voyager, an event at which "his mother could not resist sending for her little Arthur to be present." Meantime he was happy at school and wrote long histories home of all that took place there, especially amused with his drilling sergeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish." But each time of his return to Alderley, he seemed shyer than ever, and his mother became increasingly concerned at his want of boyishness.

"January 27, 1828.—Oh, it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing, so terribly to heart, and enacts Prince Pitiful; and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading because I try to draw him *also* to other things, and so he reads by stealth and lays down his book when he hears people coming; and having no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look, and I am sure he is very often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than boy."

In January, 1828, Mrs. Stanley wrote to Augustus W. Hare, long an intimate friend of the family, and soon about to marry her sister:

"I have Arthur at home, and I have rather a puzzling card to play with him—how not to encourage too much his poetical tastes, and to spoil him, in short—and yet how not to discourage what in reality one wishes to grow, and what he, being timid and shy to a degree, would easily be led to shut up entirely to himself; and then he suffers so much from a laudable desire to be with other boys, and yet when with them, finds his incapacity to enter into their pleasures of shooting, hunting, horses, and theirs for his. He will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys."

In the following month she wrote:

"ALDERLEY, February 8, 1828.—Now I am going to ask your opinion and advice, and perhaps your assistance, on my own account. We are beginning to consider what is to be done with Arthur, and it will be time for him to be moved from his small school in another year, when he will be thirteen. We have given up all thoughts of Eton for him from the many objections, combined with the great expense. Now I want to ask your opinion about Shrewsbury, Rugby, and Winchester; do you think, from what you know of Arthur's character and capabilities that Winchester would suit him, and *vice versa*?"

In answer to this Augustus Hare wrote from Naples:

"March 26, 1828.—Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is a Wykehamist and Fellow of Oriel, and a particular friend of mine—a man calculated beyond all others to engraft modern scholarship and modern improvements on the old fashioned stem of a public education. Winchester under him would be the best school in Europe; what Rugby may turn out I cannot say, for I know not the materials he has there to work on."

A few weeks later he added:

"FLORENCE, April 19, 1828.—I am so little satisfied with what I said about Arthur in my last letter, that I am determined to begin with him and do him more justice. What you describe him now to be, I once was; and I have myself suffered too much and too often from my inferiority in strength and activity to boys who were superior to me in nothing else, not to feel very deeply for any one in a similar state of school-forwardness and bodily weakness. Parents in general are too anxious to push their children on in school and other learning. If a boy happens not to be robust, it is laying up for him a great deal of pain and mortification. For a boy must naturally associate with others in the same class; and consequently, if he happens to be forward beyond his years, he is thrown at twelve (with perhaps the strength of only eleven or ten) into the company of boys two years older and probably three or four years stronger (for boobies are always stout of limb). You may conceive what wretchedness this is likely to lead to, in a state of society like a school, where might almost necessarily makes right. But it is not only at school that such things lead to mortification. There are a certain number of manly exercises which every gentleman, at some time or other of his life, is likely to be called on to perform, and many a man who is deficient in these, would gladly purchase dexterity in them, if he could, at the price of those mental accomplishments which have cost him in boyhood the most pains to acquire. Who would not rather ride well at twenty-five, than write the prettiest Latin verses? I am perfectly impartial in this respect, being able to do neither, and therefore my judgment is likely enough to be correct. So pray during the holidays make Arthur ride hard and shoot often, and, in short, gymnasticize in every possible manner. I have said thus much to relieve my own mind and convey to you how earnestly I feel on the subject. Otherwise I know Alderley and its inhabitants too well to suspect any one of them of being, what Wordsworth calls 'an intellectual all-in-all.' About his school, were Rugby under any other master, I certainly should not advise your thinking of it for Arthur for an instant; as it is, the decision will be more difficult. When Arnold has been there ten years, he will have made it a good school, perhaps in some respects the very best in the island; but a transition state is always one of

doubt and delicacy. Winchester is admirable for those it succeeds with, but is not adapted for all sorts and conditions of boys, and sometimes fails. However, when I come to England, I will make a point of seeing Arthur, when I shall be a little better able perhaps to judge."

In the summer of 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, with her sister Maria and her niece Lucy Stanley, from the Park, went by sea to Bordeaux and for a tour in the Pyrenees, taking little Arthur and his sister Mary with them. It was his first experience of foreign travel, and most intense was his enjoyment of it. All was new then, and Mr. Stanley wrote of the children as being almost as much intoxicated with delight on first landing at Bordeaux as their faithful maid, Sarah Burgess, who "thinks life's fitful dream is past, and that she has, by course of transmigration, passed into a higher sphere." It is recollected how, when he first saw the majestic summit of the Pic du Midi rising above a mass of cloud, Arthur Stanley, in his great ecstasy, could say nothing but "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

In the following October Mrs. Stanley described her boy's peculiarities to Dr. Arnold, and asked his candid advice as to how far Rugby was likely to suit him. After receiving his answer she wrote to her sister:

"October 10, 1828.—Dr. Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another school master in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to."

It was just as his mother had foreseen. Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in the following January, and was immediately captivated by his new master. His parents visited him two months afterward as they were returning from Cheshire to London. Mrs. Stanley wrote to her sister:

"March, 1829.—We arrived at Rugby exactly at twelve, waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He colored up and came in, looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly I think from nervousness. The only complaint he had to make was that of having no friend, and the feeling of loneliness belonging to that want, and this, considering what he is and what boys of his age usually are, would and must be the case anywhere. We went to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, and they are

of the same opinion, that he was as well off and as happy as he could be at a public school, and on the whole I am satisfied—quite satisfied considering all things, for Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are indeed delightful. She was ill, but still animated and lively. He has a very remarkable countenance, something in forehead, and again in manner, which puts me in mind of Reginald Heber, and there is a mixture of zeal, energy, and determination tempered with wisdom, candor, and benevolence, both in manner and in everything he says. He had examined Arthur's class, and said Arthur had done very well, and the class generally. He said he was gradually reforming, but that it was like pasting down a piece of paper—as fast as one corner was put down another started up. 'Yes,' said Mrs. A., 'but Dr. Arnold always thinks the corner will not start again.' And it is that happy sanguine temperament which is so particularly calculated to do well in this or, indeed, any situation."

Arthur Stanley soon became very happy at Rugby. His want of a friend was speedily supplied, and many of the friends of his whole after life dated from his early school-days, especially Charles Vaughan, afterward his intimate companion, eventually his brother-in-law. His rapid removal into the shell at Easter, and into the fifth form at Midsummer, brought him nearer to the head master, at the same time freeing him from the terrors of preceptors and fagging, and giving him entrance to the library. So he returned to Alderley in the summer holidays well and prosperous, speaking out, and full of peace and happiness, ready to enjoy "striding about upon the lawn on stilts" with his brother and sisters. On his return to school his mother continued to hear of his progress in learning, but derived even more pleasure from his accounts of football, and of a hare-and-hounds hunt in which he "got left behind with a clumsy boy and a silly one" at a brook, which, after some deliberation, he leapt, and "nothing happened."

In September, 1829, his mother writes:

"I have had such a ridiculous account from Arthur of his sitting up, with three others, all night, to see what it was like! They heartily wished themselves in bed before morning. He also writes of an English copy of verses given to the fifth form—Brownsover, a village near Rugby, with the Avon flowing through it and the Swift flowing into the Avon, into which Wickliffe's ashes were thrown. So Arthur and some others instantly made a pilgrimage to Brownsover to make discoveries. They were allowed four days, and Arthur's was the best

of the thirty in the fifth form, greatly to his astonishment, but he says, 'Nothing happened except that I get called Poet now and then, and my study, Poet's Corner.' The master of the form gave another subject for them to write upon in an hour to see if they had each made their own, and Arthur was again head. What good sense there is in giving these kind of subjects to excite interest and inquiry, though few would be so supremely happy as Arthur in making the voyage of discovery. I ought to mention that Arthur was detected with the other boys in an unlawful letting off of squibs, and had 100 lines of Horace to translate!"

The following gleanings from his mother's letters give, in the absence of other material, glimpses of Arthur Stanley's life during the next few years:

"February 22, 1830.—Arthur writes me word he has begun mathematics, and does not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he is."

"June 1, 1830.—We got to Rugby at eight, fetched Arthur, to his great delight and surprise, and had two most comfortable hours with him. There is just a shade more of confidence in his manners which is very becoming. He talked freely and fluently, looked well and happy, and came the next morning at six o'clock with his Greek book and his notebook under his arm."

"June 22, 1830.—There was a letter from Arthur on Monday saying that his verses on Malta had failed in getting the prize. There had been a hard contest between him and another. His poem was the longest and contained the best ideas, but he says 'that is matter of opinion'; the other was the most accurate. There were three masters on each side, and it was some time in being decided. The letter expresses his disappointment (for he had thought he should have it), his vexation (knowing that another hour would have enabled him to look over and probably to correct the fatal faults) so naturally, and then the struggle of his amiable feeling that it would be unkind to the other boy, who had been very much disappointed not to get the Essay, to make any excuses. Altogether it is just as I should wish, and much better than if he had got it."

"July 20, 1830.—Arthur came yesterday. He begins to look like a young man."

"December, 1830.—Arthur has brought home a letter from Mrs. Arnold to say that she could not resist sending me her congratulations on his having received the remarkable distinction of not being examined at all except in extra subjects. Dr. Arnold called him up before masters and school, and said he had done so perfectly well it was useless."

"December 30, 1830.—I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of my two boys. Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, etc. Arthur's of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil; it piques him to be

more alert. Charlie profits by both brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking with the most profound deference in his face for exposition of Virgil."

"February, 1831.—Charlie writes word from school: 'I am very miserable, not that I want anything, except to be at home.' Arthur does not mind going half so much. He says he does not know why, but all the boys seem fond of him, and he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroke, his books undisturbed. Charlie is so fond of him and deservedly so. You would have been so pleased one night, when Charlie all of a sudden burst into violent distress at not having finished his French task for the holidays, by Arthur's judicious good nature in showing him how to help himself, entirely leaving what he was about of his own employment."

"July, 1831.—I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows. Charlie is fishing mad and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything so à l'Arnold."

"July 17, 1831.—I have been busy teaching Arthur to drive, row, and gymnasticize, and he finds himself making progress in the latter; that he can do more as he goes on—a great encouragement always. Imagine Dr. Arnold and one of the other masters gymnasticizing in the garden, and sometimes going out leaping—as much a sign of the times as the Chancellor appearing without a wig, and the king with half a coronation."

"ALDERLEY, November 11.—We slept at Rugby on Monday night, had a comfortable evening with Arthur, and next morning breakfasted with Dr. Arnold. What a man he is! He struck me more than before even, with the impression of power, energy, and singleness of heart, aim, and purpose. He was very indignant at the *Quarterly Review* article on cholera—the surpassing selfishness of it, and spoke so nobly—was busy writing a paper to state what cholera is, and what it is not. . . . Arthur's veneration for him is beautiful; what good it must do to grow up under such a tree."

"December 22, 1831.—I brought Arthur home on Wednesday from Knutsford. He was classed first in everything but composition, in which he was second, and mathematics, in which he did not do well enough to be classed, nor ill enough to prevent his having the reward of the rest of his works. I can trace the improvement from his having been so much under Dr. Arnold's influence; so many inquiries and ideas are started in his mind which will be the groundwork of future study. . . . Charlie is very happy now in the thought of going to Rugby and being with Arthur, and Arthur has

settled all the study and room concerns very well for him. I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnasticize, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his notebooks, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting out what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything."

"May 22, 1832.—We got such a treat on Friday evening in Arthur's parcel of prizes. One copy he had illustrated in answer to my questions, with all his authorities, to show how he came by the various bits of information. In this parcel he sent 'An Ancient Ballad, showing how Harold the King died at Chester,' the result of a diligent collation of old chronicles he and Mary had made together in the winter. Arthur put all the facts together from memory."

"Dec. 26, 1832.—Arthur and Charlie came home on Wednesday. Arthur has not shaken off his first fit of shyness yet. I think he colors more than ever, and hesitates more in bringing out what he has to say. I am at my usual work of teaching him to use his body, and Charlie his mind."

"April 13, 1833.—I never found Arthur more blooming than when we saw him at Rugby on Monday. Mrs. Arnold said she always felt that Arthur had more sympathy with her than any one else, that he understood and appreciated Dr. Arnold's character, and the union of strength and tenderness in it, that Dr. A. said he always felt that Arthur took in his ideas, received all he wished to put into him more in the true spirit and meaning than any boy he had ever met with, and that she always delighted in watching his countenance when Dr. Arnold was preaching."

"July, 1833.—At eight o'clock last night the Arnolds arrived. Dr. Arnold and Arthur behind the carriage, Mrs. Arnold and two children inside, two more with the servant in front, having left the other chaise at Congleton. Arthur was delighted with his journey—said Dr. Arnold was just like a boy—jumped up, delighted to be set free, had talked all the way of the geology of the country, knowing every step of it by heart, so pleased to see a common, thinking it might do for the people to expatiate on. We talked of the Cambridge philosophers—why he did not go there—he dared not trust himself with its excitement or with society in London. Edward said something of the humility of finding yourself with people so much your superior, and at the same time the elevation of feeling yourself of the same species. He shook his head—"I should feel that in the company of legislators, but not of abstract philosophers." Then Mrs. Arnold went on to say how De Ville had pronounced

on his head that he was fond of *facts*, but not of abstractions, and he allowed it was most true; he liked geology, botany, philosophy, only as they are connected with the history and well being of the human race. . . . The other chaise came after breakfast. He ordered all into their places with such a gentle decision, and they were all off by ten, having ascertained, I hope, that it was quite worth while to halt here even for so short a time."

It was in November, 1833, that Arthur Stanley went to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship, and gained the first scholarship against thirty competitors. The examination was one especially calculated to show the wide range of Arnold's education. Stanley wrote from Oxford to his family:

"November 26, 1833.—On Monday our examination began at 10 A.M. and lasted to 4 P.M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisions could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P.M. till 10 and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses which I did not do well. On Tuesday from 10 to 1 we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from 2 to 4—midding, and we are to go in again to-night at 9. I cannot the least say if I am likely to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton."

"Friday November 29, 7½ P.M.—I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at 2 o'clock. At 8 to-night the decision takes place, so that my next ½ of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success can depend upon nothing, except that I think I have done pretty well, better perhaps from comparing notes than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh, the joy if I do get it! and the disappointment if I do not. And from two of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day—Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. Last night I dined at Magdalen, which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down, so very magnificent. . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened, my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long preamble—that they were well satisfied with all, and that those who were disappointed were many in comparison with those who were successful, etc. All this time every one was listening with the most

intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off till—"The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half shout among the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where the master and all the fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, 'nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus.' I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and four for the glory of it. You may think of my joy, the honor of Rugby is saved, and I am a scholar of Balliol!"

Dr. Arnold wrote to Mrs. Stanley:

"I do heartily congratulate you and heartily thank Arthur for the credit and real benefit he has conferred on us. There was a feeling abroad that we could not compete with Eton or the other great schools in the contest for university honors, and I think there was something of this even in the minds of my own pupils, however much they might value my instruction in other respects; and those who wish the school ill for my sake were ready to say that the boys were taught politics and not taught to be scholars. Already has the effect of Arthur's success been felt here in the encouragement which it has given to others to work hard in the hope of treading in his steps, and in the confidence it has given them in my system. And yet, to say the truth, though I do think that with God's blessing I have been useful to your son, yet his success on this occasion is all his own, and a hundred times more gratifying than if it had been gained by my examining. For I have no doubt that he gained his scholarship chiefly by the talent and good sense of his compositions, which are, as you know, very remarkable."

Arthur Stanley remained at Rugby till the following summer, gaining more now, he considered, from Dr. Arnold than at any other time, though his uncle, Augustus Hare, who had been applied to, discouraged his being left at school so long, because "though most boys learn most during their last year, it is when they are all shooting up together, but Arthur must be left a high tree among shrubs." Of this time are the following letters from Mrs. Stanley:

"February 3, 1834.—I have just lost Arthur, and a great loss he is to me. The latter part of his time at home is always so much the most agreeable, he gets over his reserve so much more. He has been translating and retranslating Cicero for his improvement, and has been deep in Guizot's essay on the Civilization of Europe, besides being chiefly engaged in a grand work, at present a secret, but of which you may perhaps hear more in the course of the spring. I have generally sat with him or

he with me, to be ready with criticisms when wanted, and it is delightful to be so immediately and entirely understood—the why and wherefore of an objection seen before it is said. And the mind is so logical, so clear, the taste so pure in all senses, and so accurate. He goes on so quietly and perseveringly as to get through all he intends to get through without the least appearance of bustle or business. He finished his studies at home, I think, with an analysis of the Peninsular battles, trying to understand thereby the *pro* and *con* of a battle."

"May 21, 1834.—I have taken the opportunity of spending Sunday at Rugby. Arthur met us two miles on the road, and almost his first words were how disappointed he was that Dr. Arnold had influenza and would not be able to preach! However I had the compensation of more of his company than under any other circumstances. There were only he and Mrs. Arnold, so that I became more acquainted with both, and altogether it was most interesting. We had the Sunday evening chapter and hymn, and it was very beautiful to see his manner to the little ones, indeed to all. Arthur was quite as happy as I was to have such an uninterrupted bit of Dr. Arnold—he talks more freely to him a great deal than he does at home."

The spring of 1834 had been saddened to the Stanleys by the death of Augustus Hare at Rome; and the decision of his widow—the beloved "Auntie" of Arthur Stanley's childhood—to make Hurstmonceaux her home, led to his being sent, before going to Oxford, for a few months as a pupil to Julius Hare, who was then rector of Hurstmonceaux. Those who remember the enthusiastic character of Julius Hare, his energy in what he undertook, and his vigorous though lengthy elucidation of what he wished to explain, will imagine how he delighted in reopening for Arthur Stanley the stores of classical learning which had seemed laid aside for ever in the solitude of his Sussex living. "I cannot speak of the blessing it has been to have Arthur so long with you," his mother wrote afterward, "He says he feels his mind's horizon so enlarged, and that a foundation is laid of interest and affection for Hurstmonceaux, which he will always henceforward consider as 'one of his homes, one of the many places in the world he has to be happy in.' He writes happily from Oxford, but the lectures and sermons there do not go down after the food he has been living on at Hurstmonceaux and Rugby."

In this brief sketch we do not dwell

upon Arthur Stanley's happy and successful career at college, upon his many prizes, his honors of every kind,* even upon his Newdigate poem of "The Gipsies," which his father heard him deliver in the Sheldonian Theatre, and burst into tears amid the tumult of applause which followed. It may truly be said of him that he "applied his heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom."

In the autumn of 1839, Arthur Stanley was ordained, though full of mental difficulties as to subscription. He was decided by a letter from Arnold, who urged that his own difficulties of the same kind had gradually decreased in importance; that he had long been persuaded that subscription to the letter to any amount of human propositions was impossible, and that the door of ordination was never meant to be closed against all but those whose "dull minds and dull consciences" could see no difficulty. In deciding to remain at Oxford as a tutor at University College, where he had obtained a fellowship, Stanley believed that his ordination vows might be as effectually carried out by making the most of his vocation at college, and endeavoring to influence all who came within his sphere, as by undertaking any parochial cure. To his aunt, who remonstrated, he wrote:

"February 15, 1840.—I have never properly thanked you for your letters about my ordination, which I assure you however that I have not the less valued, and shall be no less anxious to try, as far as in me lies, to observe. It is perhaps an unfortunate thing for me, though as far as I see unavoidable, that the overwhelming considerations, immediately at the time of Ordination, were not difficulties of practice, but of subscription, and the effect has been that I would always rather look back to what I felt to be my duty before that cloud came on, than to the time itself. Practically, however, I think it will in the end make no difference. The real thing which long ago moved me to wish to go into Orders, and which, had I not gone into Orders, I should have acted on as well as I could without Orders, was the fact that God seemed to have given me gifts more fitting me for Orders, and for that particular line of clerical duty which I have chosen, than for any other. It is perhaps as well to say that until I see a calling to other clerical work, as distinct as that by which I feel called to my present work, I should not

think it right to engage in any other; but I hope I shall always feel, though I am afraid I cannot be too constantly reminded, that in whatever work I am engaged now, or hereafter, my great end ought always to be the good of the souls of others, and my great support the good which God will give to my own soul."

Two years before this, in 1837, the Rector of Alderley had been appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich, and had left Cheshire amid an uncontrollable outburst of grief from the people among whom he had lived as a friend and a father for thirty-two years. Henceforward, the scientific pursuits, which had occupied his leisure hours at Alderley, were laid aside in the no-leisure of his devotion to the See with whose interests he now identified his existence. His one object seemed to be to fit himself more completely for dealing with ecclesiastical subjects, by gaining a clearer insight into clerical duties and difficulties, and, though he long found his diocese a bed of thorns, his kindly spirit, his broad liberality, and all-embracing fatherly sympathy, never failed to leave peace behind them. His employments were changed, but his characteristics were the same; the geniality and simplicity shown in dealing with his clergy, and his candidates for ordination, had the same power of winning hearts which was evinced in his relation to the cottagers at Alderley; and the same dauntless courage which would have been such an advantage in commanding the ship he longed for in his youth, enabled him to face Chartist mobs with composure, and to read unmoved the many party censures which followed such acts as his public recognition in Norwich Cathedral of the worth of Joseph Gurney, the Quaker philanthropist; his appearance on a platform, side by side with the Irish priest, Father Matthew, advocating the same cause; and his enthusiastic friendship for Jenny Lind, who on his invitation made the palace her home during her stay in Norwich.

Most delightful, and very different from the modern building which has partially replaced it, was the old Palace at Norwich. Approached through a stately gateway, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, amid which stood a beautiful ruin—the old house with its broad old-fashioned staircase and vault-

* The Ireland Scholarship and a First Class in Classics, 1837; the Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, 1839; the English Essay, 1840, etc.

ed kitchen, its beautiful library looking out to Mousehold and Kett's Castle, its great dining-room hung with pictures of the Nine Muses, its picturesque and curious corners, and its quaint and intricate passages, was indescribably charming. In a little side-garden under the Cathedral, pet pee-wits and a raven were kept, which always came to the dining-room window at breakfast to be fed out of the Bishop's own hand—the only relic of his once beloved ornithological, as occasional happy excursions with a little nephew to Bramerton in search of fossils, were the only trace left of his former geological pursuits.

"I live for my children and for them alone I wish to live, unless in God's Providence I can live to His glory," were Bishop Stanley's own words not many months before his death. He followed with longing interest the voyages of his son Owen as Commander in the *Britomart*, and Captain of the *Rattlesnake*, and rejoiced in the successful career of his youngest son Charles. These were perhaps the most naturally congenial to their father, and more of companions to him when at home than any of his other children. But in the last years of his life he was even prouder of his second son Arthur. The wonderful descriptive power and classical knowledge of his (unpublished) letters from Greece, had given his family a foretaste of what the world received twelve years later in "*Sinai and Palestine*," and, in 1844, was published that *Life of Dr. Arnold* (whose funeral sermon he had been selected to preach in 1842), which has translated his character to the world, and given him a wider influence since his death than he ever attained in his life. Perhaps, of all Stanley's books, *Arnold's Life* is still the one by which he is best known, and this, in his reverent love for his master, to whom he owed the building up of his mind, is as he would have wished it to be.

For twelve years Arthur Stanley resided at University College, as Fellow and Tutor, undertaking also, in the latter part of the time, the laborious duties of secretary to the University Commission, into which he threw himself with characteristic ardor. In 1845 he was appointed Select Preacher to the University, an office resulting in the publi-

cation of those "*Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age*," in which he especially endeavored to exhibit the individual human character of the different apostles.

The year 1849 was marked by the death of Bishop Stanley, which occurred during a visit to Brahan Castle in Scotland. Arthur was with him in his last hours, and brought his mother and sisters back to the desolate Norwich home, where a vast multitude attended the burial of the bishop in the cathedral. "I can give you the facts," wrote one who was present, "but I can give you no notion of how impressive it was, nor how affecting. There was such sobs and tears from the school children and from the clergy who so loved their dear bishop. A beautiful sunshine lit up everything, shining into the cathedral just at the time. Arthur was quite calm, and looked like an angel, with a sister on each side."

From the time of his father's death, from the time when he first took his seat at family prayers in the purple chair where the venerable white head was accustomed to be seen, Arthur Stanley seemed utterly to throw off all the shyness and embarrassment which had formerly oppressed him, to rouse himself by a great effort, and henceforward to forget his own personality altogether in his position and his work. His social and conversational powers, afterward so great, increased perceptibly from this time.

It was two days after Mrs. Stanley left Norwich that she received the news of the death of her youngest son Charles in Van Diemen's Land; and a very few months only elapsed before she learnt that her eldest son Owen had only lived to hear of the loss of his father. Henceforward his mother, saddened though not crushed by her triple grief, was more than ever Arthur Stanley's care; he made her the sharer of all his thoughts, the confidante of all his difficulties, all that he wrote was read to her before its publication, and her advice was not only sought but taken. In her new home in London, he made her feel that she had still as much to interest her and give a zest to life as in the happiest days at Alderley and Norwich; most of all, he pleased her by showing in the

publication of the "Memoir of Bishop Stanley," in 1850, his thorough inward appreciation of the father with whom his outward intercourse had been of a less intimate kind than with herself.

In 1851 Arthur Stanley was presented to a canonry at Canterbury, which, though he accepted it with reluctance, proved to be an appointment entirely after his own heart, giving him leisure to write "Sinai and Palestine," and to complete his "Commentary on the Corinthians," and leading naturally to the "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," which, of all his books, was perhaps the one which it gave him most pleasure to write. At Canterbury he not only lived among the illustrious dead, but he made them rise into new life by the way in which he spoke and wrote of them. Often on the anniversary of Becket's murder, as the fatal hour—five o'clock on a winter's afternoon—drew near, Stanley would marshal his family and friends round the scenes of the event, stopping with thrilling effect at each spot connected with it—"Here the knights came into the cloister—here the monks knocked furiously for refuge in the church"—till, when at length the chapel of the martyrdom was reached, as the last shades of twilight gathered amid the arches, the whole scene became so real, that, with almost more than a thrill of horror, one saw the last moments through one's ears—the struggle between Fitzurse and the Archbishop, the blow of Tracy, the solemn dignity of the actual death.

Stanley had a real pride in Canterbury. In his own words, he "rejoiced that he was the servant and minister, not of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares beyond his narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." In his inaugural lectures as professor at Oxford, in speaking of the august trophies of Ecclesiastical History in England, he said, "I need name but one, the most striking and obvious instance, the cradle of English Christianity, the seat of the English Primacy, *my own proud cathedral*, the metropolitan church of Canterbury."

Those who remember Stanley's happy intercourse with his mother at Canter-

bury; his friendships in the place, especially with Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who lived next door, and with whom he had many daily meetings and communications on all subjects; his pleasure in the preparation and publication of his "Canterbury Sermons;" his delightful home under the shadow of the cathedral, connected by the Brick Walk with the cloisters; and his constant work of a most congenial kind, will hardly doubt that in many respects the years spent at Canterbury were the most prosperous of his life. Vividly does the recollection of those who were frequently his guests go back to the afternoons when, his cathedral duties and writing being over, he would rush out to Harbledown, to Patricbourne, or along the dreary Dover road (which he always insisted upon thinking most delightful) to visit his friend Mrs. Gregory, going faster and faster as he talked more enthusiastically, calling up fresh topics out of the wealthy past. Or there were longer excursions to Bozendeane Wood, with its memories of the strange story of the so-called Sir William Court-enay, its blood-stained dingle amid the hazels, its trees riddled with shot, and its wide view over the forest of Blean to the sea, with the Isle of Sheppey breaking the blue waters.

Close behind Stanley's house was the Deanery and its garden, where the venerable Dean Lyall used daily at that time to be seen walking up and down in the sun. Here grew the marvellous old mulberry, to preserve the life of which, when failing, a bullock was effectually killed that the tree might drink in new life from its blood. A huge bough, which had been torn off from this tree, had taken root and had become far more flourishing than its parent. Arthur Stanley called them the Church of Rome and the Church of Engand, and gave a lecture about it in the town.

His power of calling up past scenes of history, painting them in words, and throwing his whole heart into them, often enacting them, made travelling with Arthur Stanley delightful. His mother, his sister Mary, his cousin Miss Penrhyn, and his friend Hugh Pearson usually made up the summer party. For several years their tours were confined to France and Germany, Switzerland

and Northern Italy. But in 1852 the family went for several months to Italy, seeing its northern and eastern provinces, in those happy days of *vetturino* travelling, as they will never be seen again; studying the story of its old towns, and eventually reaching Rome, which Mrs. Stanley had never seen and which her son had the greatest delight in showing her. It had been decided that when the rest of the party returned to England, he should go on to Egypt, but this plan was changed by circumstances which fortunately enabled him to witness the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. By travelling day and night, he arrived in London the night before the ceremony. Almost immediately afterward he returned to take leave of his mother at Avignon, before starting with his friend Theodore Walrond and two others on that long and happy tour of which the results have appeared in "*Sinai and Palestine*"—a book, which without any compromise of its own freedom of thought, has turned all the knowledge of previous travellers to most admirable account.

In 1854 the attention of the family was concentrated on the East, as Mary Stanley escorted a body of nurses to Constantinople, and took charge of the Hospital of Koulalee during the war in the Crimea, gaining much experience at this time, which was afterward useful in her self-denying labors for the poor in London. In 1858 Arthur Stanley gave up his happy home at Canterbury, for a canonry at Christ Church, Oxford, attached to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History to which he had been appointed two years before. His three "*Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History*," delivered before his residence, had attracted such audiences as have seldom been seen in the University Theatre, and aroused an enthusiasm which was the greatest encouragement to him in entering upon a course of life so different from that he had left; for he saw how a set of lectures, usually wearisome, could be rendered interesting to all his hearers, how he could make the dry bones live.

Henceforward, for some years, the greater portion of Stanley's days was spent in his pleasant study on the ground floor (in the first house on the left after

entering Peckwater from Tom quad); looking upon his little walled garden, with its miniature lawn and apple-trees, between which he was delighted to find that he could make a fountain; attended to by his faithful married butler and housekeeper, concerning whom, when some one remarked disparagingly upon their increasing family, he is recollected characteristically to have exclaimed, "I do not know if they will have many children, but I do know one thing, that, if they have a hundred, I shall never part with Mr. and Mrs. Waters."

Here he was always to be found standing at his desk, tossing off sheet after sheet, the whole floor covered with scraps of papers written or letters received, which, by a habit that nothing could change, he generally tore up and scattered around him. Here were composed those Lectures on the Eastern and afterward on the Jewish Church, which Stanley's "picturesque sensibility," as Lord Beaconsfield called it, so exactly fitted him to do justice to—Lectures which have done more than anything ever written to make the Bible history a living reality instead of a dead letter, which, while with the freedom which excited such an outcry against Dean Milman, they do not scruple to describe Abraham as a Chaldean Sheykh of the desert, Rachel as a Bedouin chief's daughter, and Joseph as the royal officers are exhibited in the Theban sculptures, open such a blaze of sunshine upon those venerable histories, that those who look upon them by the new light, feel as if they had never seen them before.

It was a great pleasure to Stanley in the years of his Oxford life to take up the threads of many old friendships which years of separation had relaxed. He also took advantage of introductions from Rugby, and of the acquaintances made in college by a young cousin residing in his house, to invite many Undergraduates to his canonry, by seeing them again and again to become intimate with them, and in many cases to gain a permanent influence over them. Those he was really at home with, will always retain a delightful recollection of the homelike evenings in his pleasant drawing-room, of his sometimes reading aloud, of his fun and playfulness, and of his

talking over his future lectures and getting his younger companions to help him with drawings and plans for them. The Prince of Wales, then an Undergraduate, was frequently at the Canonry, and Stanley had many more visitors from the outside world at Oxford than at Canterbury—Germans, Americans, and the friends he had made during a tour in Russia.

In the early spring of 1862, in fulfilment of a wish which had been expressed by the Prince Consort, Arthur Stanley was desired to accompany the Prince of Wales in his projected tour to the East. In looking forward to this journey he chiefly considered with joy how he might turn the travel to the best account for his royal companion, and how he might open for his service the stores of information which he had laid up during his former Eastern tour. But he combined the duties of cicerone with those of chaplain, and his sermons preached before the Prince of Wales at Tiberias, Nazareth, and other holy sites of sacred history, were afterward published in a small volume. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," was his constant teaching in Palestine. "It is by thinking of what has been here, by making the most of things we see in order to bring before our minds the things we do not see, that a visit to the Holy Land becomes a really religious lesson." To Stanley's delight, one great event marked the royal tour in the East; the Mosque of Hebron, hitherto inexorably closed, was thrown open to the travellers.

It had not been without many sad and anxious misgivings that Stanley had consented to obey the desire, not command, of his Queen, in being a second time separated from his mother for so long a time and by so great a distance. He never saw her again, yet he was the only one of her children who received her farewell words, and embrace, and blessings. A few days after he was gone she became ill, and on the morning of the 5th of March, in painless unconsciousness, she died. It was as well, perhaps, that the dear absent brother was not there, that he had the interest of a constant duty to rouse him. He returned in June. Terrible indeed is the recollection of the piteous glance he cast

toward his mother's vacant corner, and mournfully, to those who were present, did the thought occur, *what* it would have been if she had been there then, especially then, with the thousand things there were to tell her.

Sad indeed were the months which followed, till, in the autumn of 1863, Arthur Stanley was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and soon afterward, sunshine again flowed in upon his life with his marriage, in Westminster Abbey, to Lady Augusta Bruce, fifth daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin.

Of all that his marriage was to Dean Stanley, it is too soon to speak now—of the absolute completeness with which Lady Augusta filled the position of his wife, of mistress of the Deanery, of leader of every good work in Westminster. "By her supporting love he was comforted for his mother's death, and her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of earthly experience."

Congenial, as all Stanley's other homes, were the surroundings of the residence under the walls of the Abbey, decorated by much of the old oak furniture, inanimate friends, which had already travelled from Alderley to Norwich, Canterbury, and Oxford. Most delightful was the library at the Deanery, a long room surrounded by book-cases, with a great Gothic window at the end, and a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth let in above the fireplace. Here, all through the mornings, in which visitors, with very rare exceptions, were never admitted, the Dean stood at his desk, and scattered his papers as of old, while Lady Augusta employed herself at her writing-table close by. The second and third volume of his "Jewish Church," his "Address on the Three Irish Churches," his "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," his "Addresses" as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, and many articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Nineteenth Century*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, flowed from his pen in this room; and lastly his "Christian Institutions," which seem written chiefly to disabuse people of the fancy of Roman Catholic and High Church divines, that they can discover

in the Early Church their own theories concerning the papacy, the hierarchy, and the administration of the sacraments. It was a necessity to Stanley to be always writing something. He often, latterly, returned to the pursuit of his earliest days, and expressed himself in verse, much of which has appeared in this magazine.

More than ever did friends gather around Stanley during his life at the Deanery, as much as ever was he able to enjoy the pleasures of society, growing every year more full of anecdote, of animation, of interesting recollections. And the visitors whom the Dean and Lady Augusta delighted to receive comprised every class of society, from their royal mistress and her children to great bands of working men, whom it was an especial pleasure to Arthur Stanley to escort over the Abbey himself, picking out and explaining the monuments most interesting to them. Every phase of opinion, every variety of religious belief, above all those who most widely differed from their host, were cordially welcomed in the hospitalities of the Deanery; and the circle which gathered in its drawing-rooms, especially on Sunday evenings after the service in the Abbey, was singularly characteristic and unique. At the same time the spare rooms of the house were ceaselessly filled with a succession of guests, to meet whom the most appropriate parties were always invited, or who were urged by the Dean unrestrainedly to invite their own friends, especially the now aged aunt, his mother's sister, long the survivor, as he expressed it, "of a blessed brotherhood and sisterhood."

Greater, too, than the interest of all his other homes, was that which Stanley found in the Abbey of Westminster—"the royal and national sanctuary which has for centuries enshrined the manifold glories of the kingdom"—of which he was now the natural guardian and caretaker. There are those who have smiled at the eagerness he occasionally displayed to obtain the burial of an illustrious person in the Abbey against all opposition. There are those who have been incapable of understanding his anxiety to guard and keep the Abbey as it had been delivered to him; wisely objecting even to give uniformity to a

rudely patched pavement, on account of the picturesqueness and the human interest attached to its variations of color and surface; delighting in the characteristics of his choir projecting into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish cathedral; * carefully, even fiercely, repelling any attempt to show more deference to the existing monuments of one age than of another, each being a portion of history in itself, and each, when once placed there, having become a portion of the history of the Abbey, never to be displaced. The careful collecting and replacing of the fragments of the reredos of St. Michael's altar, the curious bringing together of tiny fragments of lost screens and altars in the Chapter House, are marks of his tender care for the minutest details of the Abbey, which it was his great object to preserve, to enrich, but never under any false pretext of "restoration" or improvement, to change. How enraptured he was to discover the monogram of Izaak Walton scratched by the angler himself upon the tomb of Isaac Casaubon; how delighted to describe the funeral of Henry V., in which his three chargers were led up to the altar as mourners behind his waxen effigy; how enchanted to make any smallest discovery with regard to those to whom the more obscure monuments are erected; to trace out the whole history of "Jane Lister, dear child," who is buried in the cloisters, and upon whom he preached in one of his sermons to children; how pleased to answer some one who cavilled at the space allotted to the monument of Mrs. Grace Gethin, with the quotations referring to her in Congreve and D'Israeli. One of his last thoughts connected with outside life was the erection of a monument to mark the "common pit" into which the

* It was painful to those who knew the Dean well to see a letter in the *Times* a few days after his death, urging that the destruction of the choir—the thing of all others he most deprecated—should be carried out as a memorial of him! Those who wish to know what he really desired for his Abbey have only to read the preface to his "Memorials of Westminster," expressing his anxious suggestion of a cloister for the reception of future monuments, inclosing the Jewel Tower, on the present site of Abingdon Street, to face the Palace of Westminster on one side, and the College Garden on the other.

remains of the family and friends of the great Protector were thrown at the Restoration.

At Westminster Stanley preached more often than he had ever done before; but two classes of his sermons there will be especially remembered—those on Innocents' Day to children, so particularly congenial to one whose character had always been so essentially that of the "pure in heart," and those on the deaths of illustrious Englishmen, often preached in the Abbey, even when those commemorated were not to repose there. "Charity, Liberality, Toleration," these became more than ever the watchwords of his teaching, of his efforts to inculcate the spirit that would treat all who follow Christ as brothers, by whatever path they might be approaching Him, and by whatever hedges they might be divided. His last utterance in the Abbey, on Saturday, July 9th, was on the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." One of his course of sermons on the Beatitudes. In everything his precept was that of the aged St. John—"Little children, love one another."

The thought of the Abbey recalls the Jerusalem Chamber and the meetings within its walls of the Lower House of Convocation, in which the dean so frequently spoke, often perhaps in too vehement defence of a cause or a person he thought to be unjustly oppressed, often perhaps incurring the silent censure of many a remote country parsonage by the expression of his opinions, but ever with kindly feelings toward those from whom he differed the most, and who, when they knew him well, seldom failed to love and appreciate him. Through life the exemplification of Christian catholicity in his own person, Stanley could hardly help taking part with those who were attacked, whenever he saw that religious animosity was excited. "Charity suffereth long and is kind" was never absent from his thoughts, and led him to be ever the champion of the persecuted, of Tractarians in early life, as afterward of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," and of Bishop Colenso.

Next to the immediate concerns of his

Abbey was Stanley occupied by the welfare of the poor around him, whom he tried without ceasing to raise, cheer, and enliven, sending many a mental sunbeam into a dismal home by the thought of his annual flower show and its prizes, and taking great personal interest in the neighboring hospital and its work. In all his efforts for the people of Westminster, the dean was ably seconded by Lady Augusta. His desire to benefit the working classes was also shared by his elder sister Mary, who, in a direction quite independent of his own, was unceasingly employed in trying to find employment for the poor, to teach them provident habits, and to improve their homes. At one time she undertook the anxiety of a large contract to supply the army with shirts in order to give employment to a great number of poor women. Latterly her wonderful powers of organization always enabled her to deal with vast numbers, but it had taken long years of personal work among the people to acquire her experience, as well as the respect and confidence which contributed so much to the success of her schemes for their good. Of all these, the most important was the Penny Bank, opened once a week in a little court at the back of a house in York Street, Westminster, and managed personally by Miss Stanley for more than twenty-five years; having as many as 1000 depositors at a time. The undertaking was indescribably laborious, especially during the annual audit week in December, when every single account had to be compared with that in the ledger. In itself, this ledger was a study—the dates for the whole half year on one page (to save turning over), the blotting paper stitched in between each leaf (to save blotting), for in dealing with such large numbers every instant of time saved was of importance. No less remarkable was the simple but ingenious device by which the visits of her numerous clients were distributed equally over the three hours that she sat at the receipt of custom, so that each should be speedily served, and that there should be no undue crowding at one time. Mary Stanley would invite four or five ladies, before the people arrived, to come and tie up flowers for them in bunches. Many hundreds of nosegays were thus prepared, and it is

remembered how anxious she was that they should be *prettily* arranged, for "I want to give my people what is beautiful, and what is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*." Her invariable patience, quickness, and good-humor with the people rendered what would have been impossible to many, comparatively easy to Mary Stanley; but a brave heart was also required, and a friend who thought of starting a similar bank in another part of London, and came to her with all its dangers and difficulties, recalls the energy with which she closed the discussion: "My dear, if you stand counting the difficulties when there is a good work before you, you will never do anything that is worth doing all your life! Only begin, begin, begin, and the difficulties will all disappear." Under other superintendence and in another house the Penny Bank founded by Mary Stanley still flourishes in Westminster, a memorial of her energy, kindness, and wisdom.

Dean Stanley's marriage with the devoted attendant of the Duchess of Kent, whom the Queen honored with unvaried kindness and friendship, had brought him into constant communication with the court, to which the outward tie had been drawn closer by his appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Closet, Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. He was summoned every year to take part in the services which commemorate at Frogmore the death of the beloved Prince Consort. It was after representing her royal mistress at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the bitter Russian cold of January, 1874, that Lady Augusta Stanley received the chill from which she never recovered. A long interval of hopes and fears, another year of sad forebodings and farewells, and, on Ash Wednesday, 1876, one of the happiest of earthly unions was severed by her death at Westminster.

"The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light."

For five years Arthur Stanley was left to fulfil his appointed task alone. After a time he was full of interest still, his

mental activity was as great as ever, and he was always full of work. Sometimes when he was in the society of those whose thoughts met his, some of his old animation and cheerfulness returned; for a few months the kindly welcome and friendship shown to him during a visit to the United States almost seemed to make him happy; and he ever gratefully recognized and reciprocated the loving attention with which his home was cared for by his wife's sister and her cousin, who had been more than a sister. But his friends saw him change more and more every year—his hair became gray, his figure became bent, his voice became feeble; and after the death of his dear sister Mary, in the spring of 1880, had loosened another of his closest ties to earth, he seemed to be only waiting for a summons which could not be very far off. In speaking of what he would do in the future, he now always said, "If I am still here," and he looked at places as if for the last time.

On Good Friday he preached upon the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He said he had preached the sermon in the same pulpit at that season ten years before, and he would like to preach it once again. The way in which he said, "once again" sent a thrill of sadness through all who heard it.

On Saturday, July 9th, during one of his sermons on the Beatitudes, he was taken ill in the Abbey, and though there were few who believed in danger till within some hours of the end, all through the week which followed he was being led gently and painlessly to the entrance of the dark valley, and, on July 18th, just before the Abbey clock struck the hour of midnight, surrounded by almost all those he most loved on earth, his spirit passed away.

In speaking of his dear Westminster, the sense of his last words was, "I have labored amid many frailties and with much weakness to make this institution more and more the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

This was the characteristic of his existence; thus, in most loving reverence should he be remembered.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.—No. III. THE ESSAYISTS.

ONE of our national characteristics, we are told, is a love of sermons of all varieties, from sermons in stone to sermons in rhyme. We have no reason, that I can see, to be ashamed of our taste. We make an awkward figure when we disavow or disguise it. The spectacle of a solid John Bull trying to give himself the airs of a graceful, sensitive, pleasure-loving creature, indifferent to the duties of life and content with the spontaneous utterance of emotion, is always ridiculous. We cannot do it—whether it be worth doing or not. We try desperately to be æsthetic, but we can't help laughing at ourselves in the very act; and the only result is that we sometimes substitute painfully immoral for painfully moral sermons. We are just as clumsy as before, and a good deal less natural. I accept the fact without seeking to justify it, and I hold that every Englishman loves a sermon in his heart. We grumble dreadfully, it is true, over the quality of the sermons provided by the official representatives of the art. In this, as in many previous long vacations, there will probably be a lively discussion in the papers as to the causes of the dulness of modern pulpits. I always wonder, for my part, that our hard-worked clergy can turn out so many entertaining and impressive discourses as they actually do.

At present I have nothing to say to the sermon properly so called. There is another kind of sermon, the demand for which is conclusively established by the exuberance of the supply. Few books, I fancy, have been more popular in modern times than certain lay-sermons, composed, as it seems to scoffers, of the very quintessence of commonplace. If such popularity were an adequate test of merit, we should have to reckon among the highest intellectual qualities the power of pouring forth a gentle and continuous maundering about things in general. We swallow with unfailing appetite a feeble dilution of harmless philanthropy mixed with a little stingless satirizing of anything that interrupts the current of complacent optimism. We like to hear a thoroughly comfortable person purring contentedly in his arm-

chair, and declaring that everything must be for the best in a world which has provided him so liberally with buttered rolls and a blazing fire. He hums out a satisfactory little string of platitudes as soothing as the voice of his own kettle singing on the hob. If a man of sterner nature or more daring intellect breaks in with a harsh declaration that there are evils too deep to be remedied by a letter to the *Times*, mocks at our ideal of petty domestic comfort, and even swears that some of our heroes are charlatans and our pet nostrums mere quackery, we are inexpressibly shocked, and unite to hoot him down as a malevolent cynic. He professes, in sober earnest, to disbelieve in us. Obviously he must be a disbeliever in all human virtue; and so, having settled his business, we return to our comfortable philosopher, and lap ourselves in his gentle eulogies of our established conventions. I do not know, indeed, that we change very decidedly for the better when we turn up our noses at a diet of mere milk and water, and stimulate our jaded palate with an infusion of literary bitters. The cynic and the sentimentalist who preach to us by turns in the social essay, often differ very slightly in the intrinsic merit, or even in the substance of their discourses. Respondent and opponent are really on the same side in these little disputations, though they make a great show of deadly antagonism. I have often felt it to be a melancholy reflection that some of the most famous witticisms ever struck out—the saying about the use of language or the definition of gratitude—have been made by what seems to be almost a mechanical device—the inversion of a truism. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the limited range of the human intellect. In fact, it seems that the essay writer has to make his choice between the platitude and the paradox. If he wishes for immediate success he will probably do best by choosing the platitude. One of the great secrets of popularity—though it requires a discreet application—is not to be too much afraid of boring your audience. The most popular of modern writers have acted upon the

principle. You may learn from Dickens that you cannot make your jokes too obvious or repeat them too often; and from Macaulay that you should grudge no labor spent in proving that two and two make four. The public should be treated as a judicious barrister treats a common jury. It applauds most lustily the archer who is quite certain of hitting a haystack at ten paces; not the one who can sometimes split a willow wand at a hundred. Even the hardened essayist feels a little compunction at times. He is conscious that he has been anticipated in the remark that life is uncertain, and doubts whether he can season it with wit enough to get rid of the insipidity. "Of all the vices which degrade the human character," said the youthful Osborne in the essay which Amelia produced to Dobbin, "selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An undue love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes both to States and families." Young Osborne succeeded in staggering through two or three sentences more, though he ends, it is true, by dropping into something like tautology. But really, when I consider the difficulty of saying anything, I am half inclined to agree with his tutor's opinion that there was no office in the Bar or the Senate to which the lad might not aspire. How many sermons would reduce themselves to repeating this statement over and over again for the prescribed twenty minutes! And yet some skilful essayists have succeeded in giving a great charm to such remarks; and I rather wonder that among the various selections now so fashionable, some one has not thought of a selection of our best periodical essays. Between the days of Bacon and our own, a sufficient number have been produced to furnish some very interesting volumes.

The essay writer is the lay preacher upon that vague mass of doctrine which we dignify by the name of knowledge of life or of human nature. He has to do with the science in which we all graduate as we grow old, when we try to pack our personal observations into a few sententious aphorisms not quite identical with the old formulæ. It is a strange experience which happens to some peo-

ple to grow old in a day, and to find that some good old saying—"vanity of vanities," for example—which you have been repeating ever since you first left college and gave yourself the airs of a man of the world, has suddenly become a vivid and striking impression of a novel truth, and has all the force of a sudden discovery. In one of Poe's stories, a clever man hides an important document by placing it exactly in the most obvious and conspicuous place in the room. That is the principle, it would sometimes seem, which accounts for the preservation of certain important secrets of life. They are hidden from the uninitiated just because the phrases in which they are couched are so familiar. We fancy, in our youth, that our elders must either be humbugs—which is the pleasantest and most obvious theory—or that they must have some little store of esoteric wisdom which they keep carefully to themselves. The initiated become aware that neither hypothesis is true. Experience teaches some real lessons; but they are taught in the old words. The change required is in the mind of the thinker, not in the symbols of his thought. Worldly wisdom is summed up in the familiar currency which has passed from hand to hand through the centuries; and we find on some catastrophe, or by the gradual process of advancing years, that mystic properties lurk unsuspected in the domestic halfpenny.

The essayist should be able, more or less, to anticipate this change, and make us see what is before our eyes. It is easy enough for the mere hawker of sterile platitudes to imitate his procedure, and to put on airs of superhuman wisdom when retailing the barren *exuvie* of other men's thought. But there are some rare books, in reading which we slowly become aware that we have to do with the man who has done all that can be done in this direction—that is, rediscovered the old discoveries for himself. Chief, beyond rivalry, among all such performances, in our own language at least, is Bacon's "Essays." Like Montaigne, he represents, of course, the mood in which the great aim of the ablest thinkers was precisely to see facts for themselves instead of taking them on trust. And though Bacon has not the delightfu-

egotism or the shrewd humor of his predecessors, and substitutes the tersest method of presenting his thought for the discursive rambling characteristic of the prince of all essayists, the charm of his writing is almost equally due to his unconscious revelation of character. One can imagine a careless reader, indeed, skimming the book in a hurry, and setting down the author as a kind of Polonius—a venerable old person with a plentiful lack of wit and nothing on his tongue but “words, words, words.” In spite of the weighty style, surcharged, as it seems, with thought and experience, we might quote maxim after maxim from its pages with a most suspicious air of Polonius wisdom; and though Polonius, doubtless, had been a wise man in his day, Hamlet clearly took him for an old bore, and dealt with him as we could all wish at moments to deal with bores. “He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay.” Does it require a “large-browed Verulam,” one of the first “of those that know,” to give us that valuable bit of information? Or—to dip into his pages at random—could we not have guessed for ourselves that if a man “easily pardons and remits offences, it shows”—what?—“that his mind is planted above injuries;” or, again, that “good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in act;” or even that a man “should be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.” “Here be truths,” and set forth as solemnly as if they were calculated to throw a new light upon things in general. But it would be hard to demand even of a Bacon that he should refrain from all that has been said before. And the impression—if it ever crosses the mind of a perverse critic—that Bacon was a bit of a windbag, very rapidly disappears. It would be far less difficult to find pages free from platitude than to find one in which there is not some condensed saying which makes us acknowledge that the mark has been hit, and the definitive form imposed upon some hazy notion which has been vaguely hovering about the mind, and eluding all our attempts to grasp it. We have not thought just that, but something which clearly ought to have been that. Occasionally, of course, this is

due to the singular power in which Bacon, whatever his other merits or defects, excels all other philosophic writers; the power which springs from a unique combination of the imaginative and speculative faculties, of finding some vivid concrete image to symbolize abstract truths. It is exhibited again in the perverted, but often delightful, ingenuity with which he reads philosophical meanings into old mythological legends, entirely innocent, as a matter of fact, of any such matter; which often makes us fancy that he was a new incarnation of Æsop, able to construct the most felicitous parables at a moment's notice, to illustrate any conceivable combination of ideas; a power, too, which is connected with his weakness, and helps to explain how he could be at once an almost inspired prophet of a coming scientific era, and yet curiously wanting in genuine aptitude for scientific inquiry. It is, perhaps, the more one-sided and colorless intellect which is best fitted for achievement, though incapable of clothing its ambition in the resplendent hues of Bacon's imagination.

In the “Essays” the compression of the style keeps this power in subordination. Analogies are suggested in a pregnant sentence, not elaborated and brought forward in the pomp of stately rhetoric. Only, as we become familiar with the book, we become more aware of the richness and versatility of intellect which it implies, and conscious of the extreme difficulty of characterizing it or its author in any compendious phrase. That has hardly been done; or, what is worse, it has been misdone. Readers who do not shrink from Mr. Spedding's* seven solid volumes may learn to know Bacon; and will admit at least that the picture drawn by that loving hand differs as much from Macaulay's slapdash blacks and whites as a portrait by a master from the audacious caricature of a contemporary satirist. But Mr. Spedding was characteristically anxious that his readers should draw their own conclusions. He left it to a successor, who has not hitherto appeared, to sum up the total impressions of the

* They may learn as much from the admirable “Evenings with a Reviewer,” which unfortunately remains a privately-printed book, not easy to get sight of.

amazingly versatile and complex character, and to show how inadequately it is represented by simply heaping together a mass of contradictions, and calling them a judgment. Perhaps a thorough study of the "Essays" would be enough by itself to make us really intimate with their author. For we see as we read that Bacon is a typical example of one of the two great races between whom our allegiance is generally divided. He would be despised by the Puritan as worldly, and would retort by equal contempt for the narrow bigotry of Puritanism. You cannot admire him heartily if the objects of your hero-worship are men of the Cromwell or Luther type. The stern imperious man of action, who aims straight at the heart, who is efficient in proportion as he is one-sided, to whom the world presents itself as an internecine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, who can see nothing but eternal truths on one side and damnable lies on the other, who would reform by crushing his opponents to the dust, and regards all scruples that might trammel his energies as so much hollow cant, is undoubtedly an impressive phenomenon. But it is also plain that he must have suppressed half his nature; he has lost in breadth what he has gained in immensity; and the merits of a Bacon depend precisely upon the richness of his mind and the width of his culture. He cannot help sympathizing with all the contemporary currents of thought. He is tempted to injustice only in regard to the systems which seem to imply the stagnation of thought. He hates bigotry, and bigotry alone, but bigotry in every possible phase, even when it is accidentally upon his own side. His sympathies are so wide that he cannot help taking all knowledge for his province. The one lesson which he cannot learn is Goethe's lesson of "renouncing." The whole universe is so interesting that every avenue for thought must be kept open. He is at once a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, and an omnivorous student of literature. The widest theorizing and the minutest experiment are equally welcome; he is as much interested in arranging a masque or laying out a garden, as in a political intrigue or a legal reform or a logical

speculation. The weakness of such a man in political life is grossly misinterpreted when it is confounded with the baseness of a servile courtier. It is not that he is without aims, and lofty aims, but that they are complex, far-reaching, and too wide for vulgar comprehension. He cannot join the party of revolution or the party of obstruction, for he desires the equable development of the whole organization. The danger is not that he will defy reason, but that he will succeed in finding reasons for any conceivable course. The world's business, as he well knows, has to be carried on with the help of the stupid and the vile; and he naturally errs on the side of indulgence and compliance, hoping to work men to the furtherance of views of which they are unable to grasp the importance. His tolerance is apt to slide into worldliness, and his sensibility to all manner of impulses makes him vulnerable upon many points, and often takes the form of timidity. The time-serving of the profligate means a desire for personal gratification; the time-serving of a Bacon means too great a readiness to take the world as it is, and to use questionable tools in the pursuit of vast and elevated designs.

The "Essays" reflect these characteristics. They are the thoughts of a philosopher who is not content to accept any commonplace without independent examination; but who is as little disposed to reject an opinion summarily because it has a slightly immoral aspect as to reject a scientific experiment because it contradicts an established theory. We must hear what the vicious man has to say for himself, as well as listen to the virtuous. He shows his tendency in the opening essay. The dearest of all virtues to the philosophic mind is truth, and there is no sincerer lover of such truth than Bacon. But he will not overlook the claims of falsehood. "Truth may, perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." That famous sentence is just one of the sayings which the decorous moralist is apt to denounce or to hide away in dexterous verbiage. Bacon's calm recognition of

the fact is more impressive, and, perhaps, not really less moral. The essay upon "Simulation and Dissimulation" may suggest more qualms to the rigorous. Dissimulation, it is true, is condemned as a "faint kind of policy and wisdom;" it is the "weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers." But this denunciation has to be refined and shaded away. For, in the first place, a habit of secrecy is both "moral and politic." But secrecy implies more; for, "no man can be secret except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy." But if secrecy leads to dissimulation, will not dissimulation imply downright simulation—in plain English, lying? "That," replies Bacon, "I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in rare and great matters." He enumerates their advantages, and their counterbalancing disadvantages; and the summing-up is one of his characteristic sentences. "The best composition and temperature is to love openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

How skilfully the claims of morality and policy are blended! How delicately we slide from the virtue of holding our tongues to the advisability of occasional lying! "You old rogue!" exclaims the severe moralist, "your advice is simply—don't lie, unless you can lie to your advantage, and without loss of credit." And yet it really seems, if we follow Mr. Spedding's elaborate investigations, that Bacon lied remarkably little for a statesman—especially for a timid statesman—in an age of elaborate intrigues. I fancy that the student of recent history would admit that the art of dexterous equivocation had not fallen entirely out of use, and is not judged with great severity when an opponent asks an awkward question in Parliament. A cynic might even declare the chief difference to be that we now disavow the principles upon which we really act, and so lie to ourselves as well as to others; whereas Bacon was at least true to himself, and, if forced to adopt a theory of expediency, would not blink the fact. It is this kind of sincerity to which the "Essays" owe part of their charm to

every thoughtful reader. We must not go to them for lofty or romantic morality—for sayings satisfactory to the purist or the enthusiast. We have a morality, rather, which has been refracted through a mind thoroughly imbued with worldly wisdom, and ready to accept the compromises which a man who mixes with his fellows on equal terms must often make with his conscience. He is no hermit to renounce the world, for the world is, after all, a great fact; nor to retire to a desert because the air of cities is tainted by the lungs of his fellows. He accepts the code which is workable, not that which is ideally pure. He loves in all things the true *via media*. He objects to atheism, for religion is politically useful; but he is quite as severe upon superstition, which is apt to generate a more dangerous fanaticism. He considers love to be a kind of excusable weakness, so long as men "sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life;" but he is eloquent and forcible in exalting friendship, without which a man may as well "quit the stage." In this, indeed, Bacon (we will take Mr. Spedding's view of that little affair about Essex) seems to have spoken from his own experience; and in spite of the taint of worldliness, the feeling that there is something tepid in their author's nature, a certain want of cordiality in the grasp of his hand—we feel that the "Essays" have a merit beyond that which belongs to them as genuine records of the observation of life at first hand by a man of vast ability and varied and prolonged experience. They show, too, a marvellously rich and sensitive nature, capable of wide sympathies, with all manner of interests, devoted to a grand and far-reaching ambition, though not sufficiently contemptuous of immediate expediency, and fully appreciative of the really valuable elements in human life. If he has the weaknesses—he has also, in a surpassing degree, the merits—of a true cosmopolitan, or citizen of this world, whose wisdom, if not as childlike as the Christian preacher requires, is most certainly not childish. When we add the literary genius which has coined so many pregnant aphorisms, and stamped even truisms with his own image and superscription, we can understand why the "Essays"

have come home to men's business and bosoms.

It is amusing to compare Bacon with the always delightful Fuller, in regard to whom Coleridge declares that his amazing wit has deprived him of the credit due to his soundness of judgment. The statement does not quite cover the ground. Fuller in the "Holy and Profane State" and Bacon in the "Essays" have each given us a short sermon upon the text "Be angry and sin not." Fuller undoubtedly makes the greatest display of intellectual fireworks. In half a dozen short paragraphs he gets off as many witticisms, good, bad, and imitable. A man who can't be angry, he says, is like the Caspian Sea, which never ebbs or flows; to be angry on slight cause, is to fire the beacons at the landing of every cockboat; you should beware of doing irrevocable mischief when you are angry, for Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes; he tells us that manna did not corrupt when left over the Sabbath, whereas anger then corrupts most of all; and then we have that irresistible piece of absurdity which so delighted Charles Lamb; we are warned not to take too literally the apostle's direction not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, for "then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of the year, might have a plentiful scope of revenge." Undoubtedly Fuller's astonishing ingenuity in striking out illustrations of this kind, excites, as Coleridge says, our sense of the wonderful. If we read in search of amusement, we are rewarded at every page; we shall never fail to make a bag in beating his coverts; and beyond a doubt we shall bring back as well a healthy liking for the shrewd lively simplicity which has provided them. But it is equally undeniable that Fuller never takes the trouble to distinguish between an illustration which really gives light to our feet and a sudden flash of brilliancy which disappears to leave the obscurity unchanged. He cannot refrain from a ludicrous analogy, which is often all the more amusing just because it is preposterously inapplicable. Here and there we have a really brilliant stroke and then an audacious pun, not perhaps, a play upon words, but a play upon ideas which is quite as

superficial. At bottom we feel that the excellent man has expended his energy, not in "chewing and digesting" the formula which serves him for a text, but in overlaying it with quaint conceits. Bacon gives us no such flashes of wit, though certainly not from inability to supply them; but he says a thing which we remember: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem to be rather above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give a law to himself in it." The remark is doubtless old enough in substance; but it reveals at once the man who does not allow a truism to run through his mind without weighing or testing it; who has impartially considered the uses of anger and the proper mode of disciplining it; and who can aid us with a judicious hint or two as to the best plan of making others angry, an art of great utility, whatever its morality, in many affairs of life.

The essay, as Bacon understood it, is indeed a trying form of utterance. A man must be very confident of the value of his own meditations upon things in general, and of his capacity for "looking wiser than any man ever really was" before he should venture to adopt his form. I cannot remember any English book deserving to be put in the same class, unless it be Sir Henry Taylor's essays, the "Statesman" and "Notes upon Life," which have the resemblance at least of reflecting, in admirably graceful English, the mellowed wisdom of a cultivated and meditative mind, which has tested commonplaces by the realities of the world and its business. But a few men have thoughts which will bear being presented simply and straightforwardly, and which have specific gravity enough to dispense with adventitious aids. A Frenchman can always season his wisdom with epigram, and coins his reflections into the form of detached *pensées*. But our language or our intellect is too blunt for such jewelry in words. We cannot match Pascal, or Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenargues, or Chamfort. Our modes of expression are lumbering, and seem to have been developed rather in the pulpit than in the rapid interchange of animated conversation. The essay after Bacon did

not crystallize into separate drops of sparkling wit, but became more continuous, less epigrammatic, and easier in its flow. Cowley just tried his hand at the art enough to make us regret that he did not give us more prose and fewer Pindarics. Sir William Temple's essays give an interesting picture of the statesman who has for once realized the dream so often cherished in vain, of a retirement to books and gardens; but the thought is too superficial and the style too slipshod for enduring popularity; and that sturdy, hot-headed, pugnacious, and rather priggish moralist, Jeremy Collier, poured out some hearty, rugged essays, which make us like the man, but feel that he is too much of the pedagogue, brandishing a birch-rod wherewith to whip our sins out of us. The genuine essayist appeared with Steele and Addison and their countless imitators. Some salvage from the vast mass of periodicals which have sunk into the abysses appears upon our shelves in the shape of forty odd volumes, duly annotated and expounded by laborious commentators. It is amusing to glance over the row, from the "Tatler" to the "Looker-on," from the days of Steele to those of Cumberland and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and reflect upon the simple-mindedness of our great-grandfathers. Nothing brings back to us more vividly the time of the good old British "gentlewoman;" the contemporary of the admirable Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter, who even contributed short papers to the "Rambler," and regarded the honor as a patent of immortality; who formed Richardson's court, and made tea for Johnson; who wrote letters about the "improvement of the mind," and at times ventured upon a translation of a classical moralist, but inquired with some anxiety whether a knowledge of Latin was consistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and thought it a piece of delicate flattery when a male author condescended to write down to the level of their comprehension. Lady Mary seems to have been the only woman of the century who really felt herself entitled to a claim of intellectual equality; and the feminine author was regarded much in the same way as a modern lady in the hunting-field. It was a question whether she

should be treated with exceptional forbearance, or warned off a pursuit rather too rough for a true womanly occupation. Johnson's famous comparison of the preaching women to the dancing dogs gives the general sentiment. They were not admired for writing well, but for writing at all.

We have changed all this, and there is something pathetic in the tentative and modest approaches of our grandmothers to the pursuits in which their granddaughters have achieved the rights and responsibilities of equal treatment.

But it is necessary to remember, in reading the whole *Spectator* and its successors, that this audience is always in the background. It is literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is, for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet. Bacon is delivering his thoughts for the guidance of thoughtful aspirants to fame; and Temple is acting the polished statesman in the imagined presence of wits and courtiers. But Steele and Addison make it their express boast that they write for the good of women, who have hitherto been limited to an intellectual diet of decent devotional works or of plays and romances. The *Spectator* is to lie on the table by the side of the morning dish of chocolate; and every writer in a periodical knows how carefully he must bear in mind the audience for which he is catering. The form once fixed was preserved throughout the century with a persistency characteristic of the sheep-like race of authors. Every successor tried to walk in Addison's footsteps. The *World*, as somebody tells us, was the Ulysses' bow in which all the wits of the day tried their strength. The fine gentlemen, like Chesterfield and Walpole, too nice to rub shoulders with the ordinary denizens of Grub Street, ventured into this select arena with the encouragement of some easily dropped mask of anonymity. It is amusing to observe on what easy terms glory was to be won by such achievements. There was the exemplary Mr. Grove, of Taunton, who wrote a paper in the *Spectator*, which, according to Johnson, was "one of the finest pieces in the English language," though I suppose but few of my readers can recollect a word of it, and Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn, who frequented Tom's Coffee House, and was ap-

parently revered by other frequenters on the strength of a compliment from Steele to some contributions never identified. Nay, a certain Mr. Elphinstone, seen in the flesh by Hazlitt, was surrounded for fifty years by a kind of faint halo of literary fame, because he had discharged the humble duty of translating the mottoes to the "Rambler." The fame, indeed, has not been very enduring. We have lost our appetite for this simple food. Very few people, we may suspect, give their days and nights to the study of Addison, any more than a youthful versifier tries to catch the echo of Pope. We are rather disposed to laugh at the classical motto which serves in place of a text, and must have given infinite trouble to some unfortunate scribblers. The gentle raillery of feminine foibles in dress or manners requires to be renewed in every generation with the fashions to which it refers. The novelettes are of that kind of literature which are too much like tracts, insipid to tastes accustomed to the full-blown novel developed in later times. A classical allegory or a so-called Eastern tale has become a puerility like the old-fashioned pastoral. We half regret the days when a man with a taste for fossils or butterflies was called a *virtuoso*, and considered an unfailling butt for easy ridicule; but we are too much under the thumb of the scientific world to reveal our sentiments. And as for the criticism, with its elaborate inanities about the unities and the rules of epic poetry, and the authority of Aristotle and M. Bossu, we look down upon it from the heights of philosophical æsthetics, and rejoice complacently in the infallibility of modern tastes. Were it not for "Sir Roger de Coverley," the old-fashioned essay would be well-nigh forgotten, except by some examiner who wants a bit of pure English to be turned into Latin prose.

Oblivion of this kind is the natural penalty of laboring upon another man's foundations. There is clearly a presumption that the form struck out by Addison would not precisely suit Fielding or Johnson or Goldsmith; and accordingly we read "Tom Jones" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Lives of the Poets" without troubling ourselves to glance at the "Champion" or the "Co-

vent Garden Journal." We make a perfunctory study even of the "Bee" and the "Citizen of the World," and are irreverent about the "Rambler." We may find in them, indeed, abundant traces of Fielding's rough irony and hearty common-sense, and of Goldsmith's delicate humor and felicity of touch; but Goldsmith, when forced to continuous dissertation, has to spin his thread too fine, and Fielding seems to be uncomfortably cramped within the narrow limits of the essay. The "Rambler" should not have a superfluous word said against it; for the very name has become a kind of scarecrow; and yet any one who will skip most of the criticisms and all the amusing passages may suck much profitable and not unpleasant melancholy out of its ponderous pages. It is all the pleasanter for its contrast to the kind of jaunty optimism which most essayists adopt as most congenial to easy-going readers. I like to come upon one of Johnson's solemn utterances of a conviction of the radical wretchedness of life. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them." This melancholy monotone of sadness, coming from a brave and much-enduring nature, is impressive, but it must be admitted that it would make rather severe reading at a tea-table — even when presided over by that ornament to her sex, the translator of Epictetus. And poor Johnson, being painfully sensible that he must not deviate too far from his Addison, makes an elephantine gambol or two with a very wry face; and is only comical by his failure.

I take it, in fact, to be established that within his special and narrow province Addison was unique. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt tried to exalt Steele above his colleague. We can perfectly understand their affection for the chivalrous,

warm-hearted Irishman. When a virtuous person rebukes the extravagance of a thoughtless friend by the broad hint of putting an execution into his house, we naturally take part with the offender. We have a sense that Addison got a little more than his deserts in this world, while Steele got a little less, and we wish to make the balance even. And to some extent this applies in a literary sense. Steele has more warmth and pathos than Addison; he can speak of women without the patronizing tone of his leader, and would hardly, like him, have quoted for their benefit the famous theory of Pericles as to their true glory. And, yet, it does not want any refined criticism to recognize Addison's superiority. Steele's admirers have tried to vindicate for him a share in Sir Roger; but any one who reads the papers in which that memorable character is described, will see that all the really fine touches are contributed by Addison. Steele took one of the most promising incidents, the courtship of the widow, and the paper in which this appears is the furthest below the general level. To have created Sir Roger—the forefather of so many exquisite characters, for surely he is closely related to Parson Adams, and Uncle Toby, and Doctor Primrose, and Colonel Newcome—is Addison's greatest achievement, and the most characteristic of the man. For it is impossible not to feel that some injustice is done to Addison when grave writers like M. Taine, for example, treat him seriously as a novelist or a political theorist, or even as a critic. Judged by any severe standard, his morality and his political dissertations and his critical disquisitions—the immortal papers, for example, upon the Imagination and upon "Paradise Lost"—are puerile enough. With all our love of sermons we can be almost as much bored as M. Taine himself by some of Addison's prosings. The charm of the man is just in the admirable simplicity of which Sir Roger is only an imaginative projection. Addison, it is true, smiles at the knight's little absurdities from the platform of superior scholarship. He feels himself to be on the highest level of the culture of his time—a scholar, a gentleman—fit to sit in council with Somers, or to interpret the speculations of Locke. But at bottom

he is precisely of the same material as the fine old squire with whom he sympathizes. His simplicity is not destroyed by learning to write Latin verses or even by becoming a Secretary of State. Sir Roger does not accept the teaching of his chaplain with more reverence than Addison feels for Tillotson and the admirable Dr. Scott, whose authority has become very faded for us. The squire accepts Baker's chronicle as his sole and infallible authority in all matters of history; but Addison's history would pass muster just as little with Mr. Freeman or Dr. Stubbs. We smile at Sir Roger's satisfaction with the progress of the Church of England when a rigid dissenter eats plentifully of his Christmas plum-porridge; but there is something almost equally simple-minded in Addison's conviction that the prosecutors of Sacheverell had spoken the very last words of political wisdom, and even the good Sir Roger's criticisms of the "Distressed Mother" are not much simpler in substance, though less ambitious in form, than Addison's lectures upon similar topics. Time has put us as much beyond the artist as the artist was beyond his model, and, though he is in part the accomplice, he must also be taken as partly the object of some good-humored ridicule. We cannot sit at his feet as a political teacher; but we see that his politics really mean the spontaneous sympathy of a kindly and generous nature, which receives a painful jar from the sight of bigotry and oppression. His theology, as M. Taine rather superfluously insists, represents the frigid and prosaic type of contemporary divines; but it is only the external covering of that tender sentiment of natural piety to which we owe some of the most exquisite hymns in the language. In short, the occasional pretentiousness of the man, when he wants to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments upon points of criticism and morality, becomes a very venial and rather amusing bit of affectation. It shows only the docility—perhaps rather excessive—with which a gentle and rather timid intellect accepts, at their own valuation, the accepted teachers of his day; and, having put away all thoughts of judging him by an inapplicable standard, we can enjoy him for what he really is without further quali-

sification ; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indication of a childlike nature unspoilt by familiarity with the world ; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of the Vision of Mirza, or the legend of Maraton and Yaratilda, and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, while somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution ; but in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe entrenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report—you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quite, sub-sarcastic playfulness which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society ; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for 1200 gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured

out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds tomorrow ; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London ; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life ; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skilful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion ; and the talker on paper must change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal ; but he is terribly apt

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fiction; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indication of a childlike nature unspoiled by familiarity with the world; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of the Vision of Mirza, or the legend of Marraton and Yaratilda, and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, while somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution; but in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe entrenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report—you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quite, sub-sarcastic playfulness which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for 1200 gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured

out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds tomorrow; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skilful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion; and the talker on paper must change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal; but he is terribly apt

to take irony for a personal insult, and to mistake delicacy for insipidity. It is true, indeed, that one kind of authority has become more imposing than ever. We are greatly exercised in our minds by the claims of the scientific critic; but that only explains why it is so much easier to write about essay-writing than to write an essay oneself.

Some men, indeed, have enough of the humorist or the philosopher to withdraw from the crush and indulge in very admirable speculations. Essays may be mentioned which, though less popular than some downright twaddle, have a better chance of endurance. But, apart from the most modern performances, some of the very best of English essays came from the school which in some sense continued the old traditions. The "cockneys" of the first quarter of the century, still talked about the "town," as a distinct entity. Charles Lamb's supper parties were probably the last representatives of the old-fashioned club. Lamb, indeed, was the pet of a little clique of familiars, standing apart from the great world—not like Addison, the favorite of a society, including the chief political and social leaders of the day. The cockneys formed only a small and a rather despised section of society; but they had not been swamped and overwhelmed in the crowd. London was not a shifting caravanserai, a vague aggregate of human beings, from which all traces of organic unity had disappeared. Names like Kensington or Hampstead still suggested real places, with oldest inhabitants and local associations, not confusing paraphrases for arbitrary fragments of S. or N. W. The Temple had its old benchers, men who had lived there under the eyes of neighbors, and whose personal characteristics were known as accurately as in any country village. The theatre of Lamb's day was not one among many places of amusement, with only such claims as may be derived from the star of the moment; but a body with imposing historical associations, which could trace back its continuity through a dynasty of managers, from Sheridan to Garrick, and so to Cibber and Betterton, and the companies which exulted in the name of the king's servants. When sitting in the pit, he seemed to be taking the very

place of Steele, and might still listen to the old "artificial comedy," for which we have become too moral or too squeamish. To read Elia's essays is to breathe that atmosphere again; and to see that if Lamb did not write for so definite a circle as the old essayists, he is still representing a class with cherished associations, and a distinctive character. One should be a bit of a cockney fully to enjoy his writing; to be able to reconstruct the picturesque old London with its quaint and grotesque aspects. For Lamb is nowhere more himself than in the humorous pathos with which he dwells upon the rapidly vanishing peculiarities of the old-fashioned world.

Lamb, Leigh^h Hunt, and Hazlitt may be taken to represent this last phase of the old towp life before the town had become a wilderness. They have all written admirable essays, though Hunt's pure taste and graceful style scarcely atone for the want of force or idiosyncrasy. No such criticism could be made against his friends. Lamb was not only the pet of his own clique, but the pet of all subsequent critics. To say anything against him would be to provoke indignant remonstrance. An attack upon him would resemble an insult to a child. Yet I will venture to confess that Lamb has some of the faults from which no favorite of a little circle is ever quite free. He is always on the verge of affectation, and sometimes trespasses beyond the verge. There is a self-consciousness about him which in some moods is provoking. There is a certain bigotry about most humorists (as of a spoiled child) which has become a little tiresome. People have come to talk as if a sense of humor were one of the cardinal virtues. To have it is to be free of a privileged class, possessed of an esoteric system of critical wisdom. To be without it is to be a wretched matter-of-fact utilitarian pedant. The professed humorist considers the rest of mankind as though they were deprived of a faculty, incapable of a relish for the finest literary flavors. Lamb was one of the first representatives of this theory, and is always tacitly warning off the profane vulgar, typified by the prosaic Scotchman who pointed out that his wish to see Burns instead of Burns' son

was impracticable, inasmuch as the poet himself was dead. The pretension is, of course, put forward by Lamb in the most amiable way, but it remains a pretension. Most people are docile enough to accept at his own valuation, or at that of his admirers, any man who claims a special privilege, and think it wise to hold their tongues if they do not perceive it to be fully justified by the facts. But I admit that, after a certain quantity of Lamb, I begin to feel a sympathy for the unimaginative Scotchman. I think that he has something to say for himself. Lamb, for example, was a most exquisite critic of the authors in whom he delighted. Nobody has said such admirable things about the old English dramatists, and a little exaggeration may be forgiven to so genuine a worshipper. But he helped to start the nuisance of "appreciative criticism," which proceeds on the assumptive fancy that it necessarily shows equal insight and geniality to pick up pebbles or real jewels from the rubbish-heaps of time. Lamb certainly is not to be blamed for the extravagance of his followers. But this exaltation of the tastes or fancies of a little coterie has always its dangers, and that is what limits one's affection for Lamb. Nobody can delight too much in the essay upon roast pig—the apologue in which contains as much sound philosophy as fine humor—or in Mrs. Battle's opinions upon whist, or the description of Christ's Hospital, or the old benchers of the Temple, or Oxford in the Long Vacation. Only I cannot get rid of the feeling which besets me when I am ordered to worship the idol of any small sect. Accept their shibboleths, and everything will go pleasantly. The underlying conceit and dogmatism will only turn its pleasanter side toward you, and show itself in tinging the admirable sentiments with a slight affectation. Yet, one wants a little more fresh air, and one does not like to admire upon compulsion. Lamb's manner is imitatively graceful; but it reminds one just a little too much of an ancient beau, retailing his exquisite compliments, and putting his hearers on their best behavior. Perhaps it shows the corruption of human nature, but I should be glad if now and then he could drop his falsetto and come out of his lit-

tle entrenchment of elaborate reserve. I should feel certain that I see the natural man. "I am all over sophisticated," says Lamb, accounting for his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, "with humors, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chitchat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whimwhams which their simpler taste could do without." There are times when the simpler taste is a pleasant relief to the most skilful dandling of whimwhams; and it is at those times that one revolts not exactly against Lamb, but against the intolerance of true Lamb worshippers.

The reader who is tired of Lamb's delicate confections, and wants a bit of genuine nature, a straightforward uncompromising utterance of antipathy and indignation, need not go far. Hazlitt will serve his turn; and for that reason I can very often read Hazlitt with admiration when Lamb rather palls upon me. If Hazlitt has the weaknesses of a cockney, they take a very different form. He could hardly have been the ideal of any sect which did not enjoy frequent slaps in the face from the object of its worship. He has acquired, to an irritating degree, the temper characteristic of a narrow provincial sect. He has cherished and brooded over the antipathies with which he started, and, from time to time, has added new dislikes and taken up grudges against his old friends. He has not sufficient culture to understand fully the bearings of his own theories; and quarrels with those who should be his allies. He has another characteristic which, to my mind, is less pardonable. He is not only egotistical, which one may forgive, but there is something rather ungentlemanlike about his egotism. There is a rather offensive tone of self-assertion, thickly masked as self-depreciation. I should be slow to say that he was envious, for that is one of the accusations most easily made and least capable of being proved, against any one who takes an independent view of contemporary celebrities; but he has the tone of a man with a grievance; and the grievances are the shocks which his vanity has received from a want of general appreciation. There is something petty in the spirit which takes the world into its confidence upon such matters;

and his want of reticence takes at times a more offensive form. He is one of the earliest "interviewers," and revenges himself upon men who have been more popular than himself by cutting portraits of them as they appeared to him. Altogether he is a man whom it is impossible to regard without a certain distrust; and that, as I fancy, is the true reason for his want of popularity. No literary skill will make average readers take kindly to a man who does not attract by some amiable quality.

In fact, some explanation is needed, for otherwise we could hardly account for the comparative neglect of some of the ablest essays in the language. We may be very fine fellows now, but we cannot write like Hazlitt, says a critic who is more likely than any one to falsify his own assertions. And when I take up one of Hazlitt's volumes of essays, I am very much inclined at times to agree with the assertion. They are apt, it is true, to leave a rather unpleasant flavor upon the palate. There is a certain acidity; a rather petulant putting forward of little crotchets or personal dislikes; the arrogance belonging to all cliquishness is not softened into tacit assumption, but rather dashed in your face. But putting this aside, the nervous vigor of the writing, the tone of strong conviction and passion which vibrates through his phrases, the genuine enthusiasm with which he celebrates the books and pictures which he really loves; the intense enjoyment of the beauties which he really comprehends, has in it something inspiring and contagious. There is at any rate nothing finicking or affected; if he is crotchety, he really believes in his crotchets; if he deals in paradoxes, it is not that he wishes to exhibit his skill, or to insinuate a claim to originality, but that he is a vehement and passionate believer in certain prejudices which have sunk into his mind or become ingrained in his nature. If every essayist is bound to be a dealer in commonplace or in the inverse commonplace which we call a paradox, Hazlitt succeeds in giving them an interest, by a new method. It is not that he is a man of ripened meditative wisdom who has thought over them and tested them for himself; nor a man of delicate sensibility from whose lips they come

with the freshness of perfect simplicity; nor a man of strong sense, who tears away the conventional illusions by which we work ourselves into complacency; not a gentle humorist, who is playing with absurdities and appeals to us to share his enjoyable consciousness of his own nonsense; it is simply that he is a man of marked idiosyncrasy whose feelings are so strong, though confined within narrow channels, that his utterances have always the emphatic ring of true passion. When he talks about one of his favorites, whether Rousseau or Mrs. Inchbald, he has not perhaps much to add to the established criticisms, but he speaks as one who knows the book by heart, who has pored over it like a lover, come to it again and again, relished the little touches which escape the hasty reader, and in writing about it is reviving the old passionate gush of admiration. He cannot make such fine remarks as Lamb; and his judgments are still more personal and dependent upon the accidents of his early studies. But they stimulate still more strongly the illusion that one has only to turn to the original in order to enjoy a similar rapture. Lamb speaks as the epicure; and lets one know that one must be a man of taste to share his fine discrimination. But Hazlitt speaks of his old enjoyments as a traveller might speak of the gush of fresh water which saved him from dying of thirst in the wilderness. The delight seems so spontaneous and natural that we fancy—very erroneously for the most part—that the spring must be as refreshing to our lips as it was to his. We are ashamed after it when we are bored by the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

There is the same kind of charm in the non-critical essays. We share for the moment Hazlitt's enthusiasm for the Indian jugglers, or for Cavanagh, the fives-player, whom he celebrates with an enthusiasm astonishing in pre-athletic days, and which could hardly be rivalled by a boyish idolator of Dr. Grace. We forget all our acquired prejudices to throw ourselves into the sport of the famous prize-fight between the gasman and Bill Neate; and see no incongruity between the pleasure of seeing one side of Mr. Hickman's face dashed into "a red ruin" by a single blow, and of taking a volume of Rousseau's sentimentalism

in your pocket to solace the necessary hours of waiting.

It is the same, again, when Hazlitt comes to deal with the well-worn topics of commonplace essayists. He preaches upon threadbare texts, but they always have for him a strong personal interest. A commonplace maxim occurs to him, not to be calmly considered or to be ornamented with fresh illustrations, but as if it were incarnated in a flesh and blood representative, to be grappled, wrestled with, overthrown and trampled under foot. He talks about the conduct of life to his son, and begins with the proper aphorisms about industry, civility, and so forth, but as he warms to his work, he grows passionate and pours out his own prejudices with the energy of personal conviction. He talks about "effeminacy," about the "fear of death," about the "main chance," about "envy," about "egotism," about "success in life," about "depth and superficiality," and a dozen other equally unpromising subjects. We know too well what dreary and edifying meditations they would suggest to some popular essayists, and how prettily others might play with them. But nothing turns to platitude with Hazlitt; he is always idiosyncratic, racy, vigorous, and intensely eager, not so much to convince you, perhaps, as to get the better of you as presumably an antagonist. He does not address himself to the gentle reader of more popular writers, but to an imaginary opponent always ready to take up the gauntlet and to get the worst of it. Most people rather object to assuming that position, and to be pounded as if it were a matter of course that they were priggish adherents of some objectionable theory. But if you can take him for the nonce on his own terms and enjoy conversation which courts contradiction, you may be sure of a good bout in the intellectual ring. And even his paradoxes are more than mere wanton desire to dazzle. Read, for example, the characteristic essay upon "The Pleasure of Hating," with its perverse vindication of infidelity to our old friends, and

old books, and you feel that Hazlitt, though arguing himself for the moment into a conviction which he cannot seriously hold, has really given utterance to a genuine sentiment which is more impressive than many a volume of average reflection. A more frequent contrast of general sentiment might, indeed, be agreeable. And yet, in spite of the undertone of rather sullen melancholy, we must be hard to please if we are not charmed with the occasional occurrence of such passages as these: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and flashing ridges, in one of those sequestered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by the rustic voices and the rolling choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, like an inhalation of rich distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still it poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

If the spirit of clique were invariably productive of good essay-writing, we should never be in danger of any deficiency in our supplies. But our modern cliques are so anxious to be cosmopolitan, and on a level with the last new utterance of the accepted prophet, that somehow their disquisitions seem to be wanting in individual flavor. Perhaps we have unknown prophets among us whose works will be valued by our grandchildren. But I will not now venture upon the dangerous ground of contemporary criticism.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD."

BY DUTTON COOK.

WHEN Hamlet told the tragedians of the city that they should suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he seemed to be affording them advice that was at once both sound and simple; yet to effectively combine speech with movement or gesture so that they may "go hand in hand, not one before another," constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of histrionic art. What kind of action is suited to particular words? How much or how little action is permissible? What words are to be accompanied or illustrated by action, and what words may be left to run alone, as it were, and take care of themselves? These are the questions the performer is required to answer for himself. Hamlet can but proffer counsel of a general sort. The modesty of nature is not to be overstepped; the actors are not to mouth their speeches, nor to saw the air too much with their hands; in the very torrent, tempest, and even whirlwind of their passion, they are to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Yet they are not to be too tame; their own discretion is to be their tutor; the purpose and end of playing being to hold the mirror up to nature, etc. There is danger alike in overdoing and in coming tardy off; in either case the unskilful may be made to laugh, but the judicious will be made to grieve, the "censure of which one" is in the allowance of the players to "overweigh a whole theatre of others."

It is probable that the judicious have been more often made to grieve by overdoing and redundancy of action than by tameness and tardiness of histrionic method. In one of his letters Macready has narrated how his own early manner was marred by excess and exaggeration, and how he became sensible of his errors of this kind. His observation of actual life suggested misgivings; he noted how sparingly and therefore how effectively Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation; a line in Dante taught him the value and dignity of repose; and a theory took form in his mind, presently to obtain practical demonstration of its

correctness when he saw Talma act, "whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study." Macready had been taught to imitate in gesture the action he might be relating, or "to figure out some idea of the images of his speech." A chapter in "Peregrine Pickle" descriptive of Quin's acting as Zanga in *The Revenge* convinced him of the absurdity of accompanying narration by elaborate gesticulation; he applied the criticism to himself in various situations which might have tempted him to like extravagance. Peregrine is supposed to complain of Quin's Zanga as out-Heroding Herod, especially in the scene of the Moor's relating to Isabella how Alonzo's jealousy had been inflamed by the discovery of a letter designedly placed in his path. It seemed to Peregrine that Mr. Quin's action intimately resembled the ridiculous grimacing of a monkey when he delivered Zanga's speech regarding the letter.

He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,
Started, and trembling dropped it on the
ground.

In pronouncing the first two words the actor was said to stoop down and seem to take up something from the stage; he then mimicked the manner of unfolding a letter, and arriving at the simile of an arrow piercing the eye he darted his forefinger toward that organ. At the word "started" he recoiled with great violence, and when he came to "trembling dropped it on the ground," he threw all his limbs into a tremulous emotion and shook the imaginary paper from his hand. The same system of minute gesticulation accompanied further portions of the speech. At the words:

Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguised a sigh or two and puffed them from
him;
Then rubbed his brow and took it up again,
the player's countenance assumed a wild stare, he sighed thrice most piteously as though he were on the point of suffoca-

tion, he scrubbed his forehead, and, bending his body, aped the action of snatching an object from the floor. He continued :

At first he looked as if he meant to read it ;
But, checked by rising fears, he crushed it
thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Here the performer imitated the confusion and concern of Alonzo, seemed to cast his eyes upon something from which they were immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation ; then, " shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose," he rammed it into his own bosom with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the act. Mr. Pickle in his character of dramatic critic concludes : " Were the player debarred the use of speech and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning ; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial, forced, unnatural, and antic than his superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments clothed in the most exquisite expression would appear unanimated and insipid ; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage."

Convinced that his method was founded upon wrong principles, Macready describes the means he adopted to coerce his limbs to perfect stillness while he exhibited " the wildest emotions of passion." He would lie on the floor or stand straight against a wall or tie bandages about his arms, and while so pinioned or restricted, he would recite the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion ; he would speak the most passionate bursts of rage " under the supposed constraint of whispering them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed," thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling. " I was obliged also," he writes, " to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones

in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression, which was the most difficult of all, to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles, of the face, undisturbed, while intense passion should speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him."

Amateurs and young actors almost invariably incline to exaggeration ; they permit themselves excess of movement and gesture ; their discretion is insufficiently cultivated to be their tutor, and they overact strangely ; they pace the stage wildly and incessantly, they rant, their arms and legs are employed with a sort of graceless and vehement diffuseness. As Mr. G. H. Lewes writes : " All but very great actors are redundant in gesticulation ; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. . . . If actors will study fine models, they will learn that gestures to be effective must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage and not appear ' a guy ' is one of the elementary difficulties of the art, and one which is rarely mastered." Voltaire preparing a young actress to appear in one of his tragedies, tied her hands to her sides with packthread so as to check her tendency toward exuberance of gesticulation. Under this condition of compulsory immobility, she commenced to rehearse, and for some time she bore herself calmly enough ; but at last, completely carried away by her feelings, she burst her bonds and flung up her arms. In some alarm at her seeming neglect of his instructions she began to apologize to the poet ; he smilingly reassured her, however ; the gesticulation was *then* admirable, because it was irrepressible.

Of the elder tragedians variety or abundance of gesture seems not to have been required. The great Mr. Betterton indulged in little movement upon the stage. He had short, fat arms, we are told, " which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and his waistcoat, while with his right

he "prepared his speech." His actions were few but just. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; but an actor possessed of "a corpulent body and thick legs with large feet" could hardly be expected to dance. The comedians were allowed to be more mercurial; liveliness of manner and movement almost necessarily accompanied drollery of speech. But to the introduction of pantomimes was ascribed the employment of "a set of mechanical motions, the caricatures of gestures." Theophilus Cibber charged Garrick with a "pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence;" the very accusation Peregrine Pickle brought against Mr. Quin. Cibber credited himself with perception of the actor's merits when he condescended to pursue simple nature. "Yet," the critic continued, "I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his over-fondness for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitchings, jerkings of the body, sprawling of the fingers, slapping the breast and pockets, etc." Garrick had been a diligent student of the pantomimical feats, the wonderful mimicry of Rich. "That Garrick," writes Cibber, "before his taste was mature should think the expressive dumb show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue, is not surprising." Macklin's acrimonious account of Garrick's histrionic method ascribes to him excessive movement and gesticulation. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly pawing and hauling the characters about with whom he was concerned in the scene; and where he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and the audience; and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene, which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention. When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character he spoke to and squeezed his hat, hung forward, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage, consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he

acted with." This criticism must be accepted with some allowance for the spirit of detraction which largely animated the author.

It was said of the comedian Woodward that he was Harlequin in every part he played; his great pantomimic experience affected his every impersonation. He was reputed to be, after Rich, "the best teller of a story in dumb show the English stage had ever seen." He acquired in this way an extraordinary habit of suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, of illustrating speech with gesture. If he was required to mention an undertaker, he flapped his hat, pursed his brow, clasped his hands, and with a burlesque solemnity strode across the stage before he spoke; he would mimic the wiping of a glass or the drawing of a cork at the word "waiter," and could not say "mercier" till he had measured off several yards of cloth on the flap of his coat. It is added, however, that he "did these things with such strength of imitation and of humor that, although it was flagrantly wrong, criticism itself could not forbear to laugh."

Goldsmith observing that the English used very little gesture in ordinary conversation, found as a consequence that our players were stiff and formal of deportment, that their action sat uneasily upon them, and that they were obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian might discover proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he entered. But an Englishman could only take his models from the stage itself; he could only imitate nature from an imitation of nature. "I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession," wrote the doctor. "The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking and they are found in great abundance." It would be inexcusable in a comedian to add everything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he was entirely at liberty. In this way it was open to him to show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humor, and the ex-

actness of his judgment. Goldsmith describes a French actor, while exhibiting an ungovernable rage as the hero of the comedy *l'Avare*, betraying the avariciousness of Harpagon's disposition by stooping suddenly to pick up a pin and quilting it in the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. "Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies and extinguishes one; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it and privately crams it into his pocket." A representation of the *Mock Doctor* was also commended. "Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense which he would have thought Latin by those who do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together." If this should be thought dull in the recital, it is urged that "the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation," and that there hardly existed a character in comedy to which a player of real humor could not add strokes of vivacity such as would secure great applause. Instead of this, however, the fine gentlemen of the theatre were wont through a whole part to do nothing but strut and open their snuffboxes; while the pretty fellows sat with their legs crossed, and the clowns pulled up their breeches. These proceedings, the critic concludes, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; "but to see them served up in every scene argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose."

Goldsmith accounted Mademoiselle Clairon the most perfect female figure he had ever seen upon the stage; not that nature had bestowed more personal beauty upon her than upon certain English actresses—there were many, indeed, who possessed as much "statuary grace," by which was meant "elegance unconnected with motion," as she did; but they all fell infinitely short of her when the soul came "to give expression to the limb and animate every feature." Her entrance upon the scene was pro-

nounced to be "excessively engaging." She did not come in glancing round and staring at the audience as though she was reckoning the receipts, or intended to see as well as to be seen. Her eyes were first fixed upon the other persons in the play, then gradually turned "with enchanting diffidence" upon the spectators. Her first words were delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm: "her hands and her tongue never set out together; the one prepared us for the other." She sometimes began with a mute eloquent attitude; but she never advanced all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice." By a simple beginning she gave herself "the power of rising in the passion of the scene." As she proceeded, her every gesture, every look, acquired new violence, till at last transported she filled "the whole vehemence of the part and all the idea of the poet." Her hands were not alternately stretched out and then drawn in again "as with the singing women at Sadler's Wells," but employed with graceful variety; every moment they pleased with new and unexpected eloquence. And further, she did not flourish her hands while the upper part of her arm was motionless, nor had she the ridiculous appearance "as if her elbows were pinned to her hips."

Goldsmith particularly recommends "our rising actresses," of all the cautions to be given them, never to take notice of the audience upon any occasion whatsoever; he could not pardon a lady upon the stage who, when she attracted the admiration of the spectators, turned about to make them a low curtsy for their applause. "Such a figure no longer continues Belvidere, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber." Let the audience applaud ever so loudly, their praises should pass, "except at the end of the epilogue," with seeming inattention. But the while the critic advised "skilful attention to gestures," he deprecated study of it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, would render their action formal, stiff, and affected. People seldom improved when they had no other model but themselves to copy from. And he records his remembrance of a notable actor "who made great use of his flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures ever seen."

His apartment was hung round with looking-glasses, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; "and I will make bold to say he saw twenty very ugly fellows when he did so."

No doubt the harlequin of the present time, if a less valued and important personage than his exemplar, has preserved certain of the traditions of Rich's harlequin, while various of Rich's postures and gestures which Garrick was said to have imported into stage dialogue may still linger in the theatre. The manners, even the mannerisms, of a popular actor become popular in their turn, and are imitated and adopted by his successors. The admired comedian Robert Wilks had, we are informed, a certain peculiar custom of pulling down his ruffles and rolling his stockings; assuredly a later generation of actors pulled down their ruffles and rolled their stockings precisely after Mr. Wilks's manner, just as there are players of to-day who retain the late Charles Mathews's lively habit of adjusting his side locks, his cravat and his wrist-bands, of putting on and off his gloves, etc., resembling him in those respects, if in none other. Leigh Hunt writes of Lewis, the favorite comedian of eighty or ninety years since, that "he drew on his gloves like a gentleman, and then darted his fingers at the ribs of the character he was talking with in a way that carried with it whatever was suggestive and sparkling and amusing." The stage has known since Lewis's time very much darting of fingers at the ribs of the characters. The elder Mathews's method of expressing the irritability of Sir Fretful Plagiary by taking furious pinches of snuff and by frequent buttoning and unbuttoning of his double-breasted coat is not yet lost to the theatre. Concerning Munden's variety and significance of grimace and gesture Leigh Hunt grows eloquent. The actor was said to make something out of nothing by his singular "intensity of contemplation." He would play the part of a vagabond loiterer about inn-doors, would look at and for ten minutes together gradually approach from a distance a pot of ale on a table, the while he kept the house in roars of laughter by the intense idea which he dumbly conveyed of

its contents and the not less intense manifestation of his cautious but inflexible resolution to drink it. Hunt further applauds Munden's personation of a credulous old antiquary upon whom a battered beaver has been imposed as "the hat of William Tell," and records how the comedian reverently put the hat on his head, and then solemnly walked to and fro with such an excessive sense of the glory with which he was crowned and the weight of reflected heroism he sustained, elegantly halting now and then to assume the attitude of one drawing a bow, "that the spectator could hardly have been astonished had they seen his hair stand on end and carry the hat aloft with it."

Stage gestures acquire, no doubt, a rather stereotyped character, and those who profess to teach acting are apt to inculcate very conventional forms of histrionic expression. The action that is to accompany the word is subject to many rules and limitations. Charles Dickens, who wrote disrespectfully of the Théâtre Français as an establishment devoted to a dreary classicality—"a kind of tomb where you went as the Eastern people did in the stories to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations"—especially condemned the gestures employed even by its leading performers. "Between ourselves, even one's best friends there"—he was thinking of Regnier, perhaps—"are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the flat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a general small-comedy piece," he continues, "where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man—and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put his hat upon the other—which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce."

It is clear that a certain forfeiture of dignity must result from too literal a system of illustrative gesture. Cibber's personation of Wolsey was much ap-

plauded, yet he was strongly censured for the vulgarity of the action with which he embellished the words :

This candle burns not clear; tis I must snuff it.

Then out it goes.

It seems that with his thumb and forefinger, or with his first and second fingers, he imitated the manner of extinguishing a candle by means of a pair of snuff-ers. Genest writes : " One must lament that Shakespeare should have used a metaphor so unworthy of him, but surely, the actor should rather endeavor to sink the thing than to bring it peculiarly into notice ;" and he proceeds to record that when Young played Wolsey he folded his arms the while he delivered the passage and slurred the metaphor completely, evincing in this respect better judgment than Kemble, who, although he did not, like Cibber, pretend to ply the snuffers, yet elevated and wrinkled his grand nose and assumed a disgusted expression, as though the departed candle had left behind it an unpleasant odor. Much discussion arose concerning Kemble's action as Hamlet, when, denouncing the slanders he was reading, he tore the page from the book to demonstrate his bad opinion of the satirical rogue the author ; and Macready's waving aloft of a cambric handkerchief by way of expressing Hamlet's intentions to be " idle" may almost be viewed as " the direful spring of woes unnumbered." Edwin Forest derided the proceeding, described it as a *pas de mouchoir*, even hissed it ; and a feeling of enmity was engendered between the two tragedians which so spread and strengthened as to acquire almost the importance of a national conflict, and terminated in the great New York riot of 1849.

" Look you whether he has not turned his color and has tears in his eyes," remarks Polonius of the First Player, and his recitation ; and Hamlet also comments upon the waned visage of the actor, the tears in his eyes, his distracted aspect, broken voice, etc. Tears do not rarely visit the eyes of the players, who are moved to sympathy by their own simulations and are able to force their souls as to their own conceits. It is not so much that they are convinced by the familiar Horatian counsel, *Si vis*

me flere, etc. : a proneness to tears is rather a constitutional faculty or failing which players share with playgoers, novel-readers, auditors of poetry, sermons, speeches, etc. But can the actor discharge the color from his countenance otherwise than prosaically by rubbing the rouge off ? There is extant a description of Betterton's performance of Hamlet which describes the actor, although naturally of a ruddy and sanguine complexion, as turning pale as his own neckcloth instantly upon the appearance of the ghost. " His whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible, so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience that the blood seemed to curdle in their veins likewise," etc. An American critic has left a curious account of the " unique and inimitable method" of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and his extraordinary " control over the vital and involuntary functions." We are informed that the actor could " tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to the finger-tips while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. . . . The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell, and the whole throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment, in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling by an ashy paleness. To throw the blood into the face is a comparatively easy feat for a sanguine man by simply holding the breath ; but for a man of pale complexion to speak passionate and thrilling words pending the suffusion is quite another thing. On the other hand, it must be observed that no amount of merely physical exertion or exercise of voice could bring color into that pale proud intellectual face. . . . In a word, he commanded his own pulses, as well as the pulses of his auditors, with most despotic ease."

From his early practice in pantomime Edmund Kean derived, no doubt, much of the ease and grace of attitude and gesture he displayed as a tragedian. Hazlitt specially commends the actor's impressive and Titanesque postures, yet objects to the gesture he employed as Iago in the last scene of *Othello*, when

he malignantly pointed to the corpses of the Moor's victims. "It is not in the character of the part, which consists in the love of mischief, not as an end, but as a means. Besides, it is not in the text of Shakespeare." When Kean as Richard, in his familiar colloquy with Buckingham, crossed his hands behind his back, certain critics held the action to be "too natural;" while his pugilistic gestures in the concluding scene, though censured by some, were much applauded by others. Hazlitt wrote of him: "He fought like one drunk with wounds, and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power." Dr. Doran has noted certain of the actor's "grand moments," when, at the close of his career, he appeared a pitiable sight: "Genius was not traceable in that bloated face; intellect was all but quenched in those once matchless eyes; . . . he moved only with difficulty, using his sword as a stick." Yet there arose a murmur of approbation at the pause and action of his extended arm when he said—as though consigning all the lowering clouds to the sea—"in the deep bosom of the ocean, *buried!*" The words, "The dogs bark at me as I halt by them," were so suited with action as to elicit a round of applause.

Mr. Gould's essays upon the "Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth" make frequent mention of the "manual eloquence," the appropriate "hand-play" of the tragedian, and his inventiveness in that respect. When as Shylock, replying to Salarino's question touching Antonio's flesh, "What's that good for?" he said, "To bait fish withal," he was wont, in his tamer moods, to employ "a gesture as if holding a fishing-rod." When as Cassius he said of Cæsar, "His coward lips did from their color fly," Booth illustrated the text by a momentary action, as though he were carrying a standard. "The movement was fine as giving edge to the sarcasm," but, the essayist admits, "pointed to a redundancy of action which sometimes appeared in this

great actor's personations, marking the excess in him, however, of those high histrionic powers—keen feeling and shaping imagination." Further, Booth's Cassius was "signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality." After the murder of Cæsar, Booth "strode right across the dead body and out of the scene in silent and disdainful triumph." As Iago, when saying:

Such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with,

Booth, while pretending to lay his hand on his heart "to enforce asseveration," tucked away more securely in his doublet the very handkerchief which "with fiendish purpose he intended Cassio *should* wipe his beard with." When he exclaimed, "The Moor; I know his trumpet!" he seemed to imitate the very sound of the instrument; tossed it from his lips with the careless grace of an accomplished musician. When as Othello he declared, "I know not where is that *Promethean* heat," it was as though the adjective had but just occurred to him, and the passage was "accompanied by a wandering and questioning gesture." At the words, "It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near the earth than she was wont," etc., his gesture "seemed to figure the faith of the Chaldean and to bring the moon more near." He slew himself by means of a dagger he had worn concealed in his turban.

The value of action as the ally of words will be very freely admitted by those who remember Mr. Irving as Philip in the Laureate's tragedy of *Queen Mary*, toying with his poniard, and with peculiar significance turning its point toward his interlocutor, the Count de Feria, at the words—

And if you be not secret in this matter—
You understand me there, too?

Feria answers: "Sir, I do." For the action was as intelligible as though the words had been spoken and sentence of death had been passed upon the count for his failure to be secret in the matter.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

SOME ADVANTAGES AND USES OF THE REVISED ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

BY J. S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CHESTER.

THE readers of this magazine would be surprised if no notice were taken in it of an event so remarkable as the recent publication of our familiar version of the New Testament in a revised form. It is desirable, too, that general remarks on the subject should be made now, while it is fresh in the public mind. The true appreciation of the merits of this revision will come after careful criticism and use; but the present is the time for words of grateful recognition and welcome.

This finished work might be considered by us under various points of view. We might examine, for instance, the method on which it has proceeded, the principles laid down at the outset, the rules which were imposed upon themselves by the revisers; or we might select some specimens of translation for comparison (they could not be many within our narrow limits) between what is termed our Authorized Version and this modification of it; and such modes of dealing with the subject have been abundantly adopted elsewhere. In the present instance I will deal only with some of the general advantages which will result to us from the work which has been so carefully and completely done. In enumerating such advantages it is evident that I shall also be stating some of the needs which existed for the undertaking. If we have gained advantages in so serious a matter, then it evidently was a duty to seek for such advantages by diligent effort.

It will likewise, I hope, be equally evident that I do not mean to say that there are no defects in this work. In all cases where we are discussing any result of human performance, if we gladly and thankfully speak of merits, it is commonly quite understood that there may be faults also, which it is no part of our plan to mention at the time. It is the more desirable in the case before us, to speak warmly now of merits, because the first public impulse on such an occasion is to criticize unfavorably. It is, I think, in "Guesses at Truth" that the remark is made that every fresh effort

for the general good is apt to be treated as cows treat a new rubbing-post. First they look at it, then they butt at it, and then they use it.

I. Now, first, this auspicious event will give an impulse to Bible study among us. It must have been observed by every one how large a place this subject has occupied in the public press. Nor is this the case in England only. Foreign newspapers at the time of publication showed how widely the importance of this event was felt. Everywhere there has been the consciousness of attention being directed with revived force and interest to the Scriptures of the New Testament.

In the history of the Church there have been epochs when Bible study has seemed to slumber, and epochs when it has revived again with new animation and vigor. Such a revival, for instance, was the fifth century of the Christian era, when Jerome, Chrysostom, and Augustine, with others, did so much in various ways for the knowledge and elucidation of the text and meaning of the Scripture. Such an era of active and vigorous Bible study, as regards our own country, was the seventeenth century. And not as regards our own country only. During the sessions of the Synod of Dort communications took place with the English revisers in the reign of James I.; and from this source some light can be thrown on the history of our Authorized Version—while the modern Dutch Authorized Version may be viewed as through these communications, in a certain sense, co-ordinated with our own. It is natural that, writing on this subject in Chester, I should make this allusion. For Bishop Hall, whom we all revere as one of the most noted and devout Biblical commentators of that day, was at the Synod of Dort; and he was the father of a Bishop of Chester, who records the fact with filial piety in a charming monument on the walls of this cathedral.* Another Bishop of

* He says that he is worthy to be remembered only because he is the son, or rather the shadow, of his father. At the bottom of the

Chester, in a later part of that century. Brian Walton—part of whose tomb in old St. Paul's, London, still remains in new St. Paul's—is for ever illustrious for his Polyglot edition of the Bible. Nor ought it to be forgotten that somewhat later still Matthew Henry, the great Nonconformist commentator, whose writings are a perpetual treasure, lived in Chester, and exercised great influence in the place. Such local illustrations of a general fact have their value. That was a time when a great impulse was given to Bible study; and so it is now once again, and this is a great and obvious advantage.

II. A second advantage might be expressed thus, that an unaccustomed freshness has thus been communicated to our knowledge of the New Testament. It is very incumbent upon us to do our best to secure a perpetual freshness in this knowledge; and it is not altogether easy to do so; and therefore there is ground for real gratitude when we are aided in this way. It is quite true that our chief cause of complaint in this matter is not a jaded familiarity with the New Testament, but rather neglect of its sacred pages, so that many persons have a very slight knowledge of it at all. But still there is an opposite danger, which must be contemplated as, at least, possible, in the direction of our falling into a certain dulness and weariness in regard to that which we know very well. One of our most eminent modern theologians, speaking on this subject not long ago, observed that a very important practical question to put to ourselves is this, "How not to get tired of our English Bibles?" And it may truly be said that a practical answer to this question, available for some considerable time to come, has been given by the appearance of this Revised Version. Quite irrespective of the information furnished to us by the correction of mistakes, by the introduction of right emphasis through the placing of words in their proper order, by making argumentative connection clear, and the like, this revision, speaking generally, will communicate freshness to our study of the New Testament. Many of us are conscious that a kind of ripple has

come in this way over the surface of our Bible knowledge, as if under the influence of a gentle and animating breeze—and this is wholesome for us and encouraging. The words of Burke have been very aptly applied here. If this revision does nothing else for us, it will put people in a mood unusual with them; "it will set them on thinking." I heard the other day of a young lady who related how she had met with this Revised Version, how she had been led to read the New Testament throughout, and how she had found it to be a very interesting book. This sets before us on its grotesque side the good service which this completed work is probably doing in all directions for society, and for religion.

III. We have here already touched a third advantage, which obviously will be viewed everywhere as the most important of all. This is the closer accuracy which English-speaking people at large will now obtain as to the meaning of the New Testament. Without this advantage all others would be a delusion, and almost a loss. It is above all things essential, to quote the words used in the Book of Nehemiah in reference to the recovery of lost Scriptures, that we should be able to "read distinctly and give the sense." This is so evident that I will not dwell upon it in general terms. I will only call attention to the fact that this part of the subject really branches out into three. First, we require accuracy as respects the original Greek text; secondly, accuracy in translating that text; but, in the third place, it is requisite that the English words and phrases which are used in the improved version should be such as are easily understood by our people now.

(1.) As to the original Greek text it is eminently desirable that our people should know in general what we mean when we speak of this subject; and it is a study very easy in its main outlines, and very full of interest for every thoughtful mind. The reader will not expect to be occupied here with remarks on the history, the classification, and the relative value of different manuscripts.* But thus much may be said, that the resources of this kind which we

inspiration is a lighted candle, with these words added, "May I be burnt out, if only meanwhile I may shine and give light."

* There will probably be always two schools of critics among us, divided from one another according to the value they attach to the curative MSS. as compared with the uncial.

have within our reach now are far more copious and better understood than they were in the reign of James I., when our Authorized Version was made. The groundwork upon which the Revised Version rests is not any newer groundwork, but really far older than that on which the former work was built. The absolute original text is non-existent; but the ordinary Bible-reader in 1881 is nearer to it than were in 1611 the most erudite divines.

(2.) Next, as regards translation, no one who has not penetrated carefully into the subject can be aware how much obscurity is removed in the reading of the English Bible—and, when absolute obscurity is not in question, how much of additional life and reality is secured—by the more accurate rendering of the original. The benefit of what has been done will be felt especially in three particulars. First, the proper use of tenses will be found to furnish in a multitude of passages both precision and animation. Next, some of the greatest improvements will be found in connection with some of the smallest words. There is much looseness in the Authorized Version as regards the definite and indefinite article; and yet there is no poverty in our language which makes this necessary. Fox said of the difference between Pitt and himself, "I am never at a loss for a word, but he is never at a loss for the word." A language in which such a sentence is possible supplies all that we want for an exact rendering of the Greek in respect to the article. But the most serious part of this section of our subject remains to be mentioned. Much difficulty is caused in our customary version, especially as regards St. Paul's Epistles, by giving different renderings to the same word, in cases where the identity of the word constitutes, in fact, part of the living connection in the course of an illustration or an argument. The Jacobean translators in their Preface, which somehow appears to be very little known, defend this kind of variation on the plea that they do not wish to be exposed to the charge of "some unfair dealing toward many English words." They use in their justification a very amusing comparison. Just as when certain logs of wood among the heathen are made into gods, other logs,

conscious of being equally good, might complain of being neglected, so with words laid aside when other words, not a whit better, are devoted to sacred uses. Few persons really desirous of apprehending the coherence of Scripture will be quite satisfied with such an argument. Let it not, however, for one moment be supposed that any depreciation of the translators of 1611 is here intended. Justly do the new revisers say of the Old Version, "The longer we have been engaged upon it, the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, the music of its cadences, and the felicities of its rhythm."

(3.) When we come to the last particular which was to be considered under this head of accuracy we feel that it would be, indeed, a great misfortune if the old-fashioned grandeur of the Bible language were ever to pass away from us. Just as there is a style of architecture fitting for a church which is not so appropriate for ordinary houses, just as in this case we feel that we ought to have a stateliness and dignity and a venerable reminiscence of the past, which in other cases is not essential, so with the language of the Bible as compared with the language of other books. This principle, however, is not called in question. Without touching it in the slightest degree, we must admit that there are many English words in the Authorized Version, quite correct at the time of their introduction, which have now drifted off to different meanings; and the results have been confusion of thought and actual error in the apprehension of religious truth. It would be easy to give examples, but we are here discussing only general principles, and details have been purposely avoided.

IV. It follows from what has been said that by means of this revision we shall be brought more close to the Apostles' time than before; and this is a point on which we may with propriety lay very great stress. We seem more nearly than we were before within the hearing of the words that were spoken in Galilee and Jerusalem; more nearly within the company of those to whom the parables were addressed; more nearly as if we caught sight of apostles and

their companions on missionary journeys; more nearly as if we saw St. Paul affixing his signature to the letter after the amanuensis had laid down his pen. The moving on of the ages has brought us back almost to the earliest times. It is incumbent on us to dwell on this thought that we may feel our responsibility as well as our advantage. Our responsibility in the possession of the New Testament in our own tongue is already very great. Henceforth both the blessing and the burden will be greater still.

V. But if in this sense an interval of separation is abridged, the same thing is equally true in another sense still; and this brings us to the consideration of a fifth advantage. This Revised Version, with its recorded results of modern criticism and scholarship, is brought within the reach of all. No theologian is poorer than he was before; but many who have no thought of calling themselves theologians are far richer. Hitherto the results of scholarship and criticism have been within the cognizance of a few. Now even those who are very imperfectly educated will acquire a very mature knowledge in the most sacred and precious of all learning. It is a new fulfilment of the Lord's own saying, "To the poor the Gospel is preached," and of the old prophecy, "All shall know me from the least to the greatest." This unrestricted largeness of blessing is one of the glories of Christianity. Truth is the rightful possession of all; and through what has now been graciously permitted to be done invaluable truth will be diffused more widely than ever before. To the generous heart it is a most welcome fact that some exclusiveness has now been broken down as to the possession of a treasure inestimably good. It is a true happiness to be able to say—even if the language be exaggerated—of our recent revisers what old Fuller said of the translators of his own day: "These, with Jacob, rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, so that now Rachel's weak women may freely come, both to drink themselves and to water the flocks of their friends at the same."

VI. But, sixthly, in another sense still it may be hoped that this revision of the English New Testament will bring

men nearer to one another than they ever were before. There has been a very wide co-operation in the process. Many interests, so to speak, have been represented in this work; and its results will be common to all who speak our language, however much in other respects they may be divided and separated. It must be a true benediction to us, who are living at this time, to be brought nearer to each other on such sacred ground than we were before. Surely we may hope that this new passage in the history of the Bible will breed in us some larger charity, will encourage us to overleap some of the lines of our narrowness and formality.

Is it not a most remarkable fact that one of our Convocations—one of those bodies of men, which are among the most thoroughly and rigidly Church of England bodies that can be imagined—should have invited a large number of divines from among various sections of our Presbyterian and Nonconforming brethren to co-operate in this religious task? And is it not most remarkable, too, that through the space of ten years they should have so labored together in a spirit most earnest and harmonious, that neither in the process nor in the result have they been divided by discord or rivalry, and thus the evil should have been averted of contending English Versions—an evil which was really most imminent, because the time for revision was fully come, and this work might have been undertaken separately by hostile factions?

Nor must we limit our view of this large blessing to our own side of the Atlantic. The hearty and sustained co-operation of American companies of revisers has been secured throughout the undertaking; and the publication of this amended version has been simultaneous, there and here. This, too, means more than at first sight appears; for while here the Church of England is in a very large majority, there her sister Church is in a very small minority. Here among the revisers there has been a preponderance of members of the Church of England as compared with those who are separate from it. There the Episcopalians have of necessity been comparatively few. And yet there has been

no discord ; and what is now the possession of the English-speaking people on this side of the ocean is equally the possession of the English-speaking people on the other. If we look on to the coming ages, we become conscious that the task which has been accomplished represents a vast amount of charity, and opens out a vast prospect of hope ; for, whether we may like it or not, America holds in her enterprising hands many of the keys of the future.

VII. Once more—and this is the last advantage to be named—it is to be hoped that we shall, through the sense of this co-operation and this common benefit, learn to subordinate the Ecclesiastical to the Biblical, the less to the greater, the narrow to the wider. All religious communities are apt to be stiff on their own ecclesiastical ground. It is part of their necessary self-defence. We of the Church of England are apt to be very stiff. But others, who find fault with us, are apt to be very stiff too. It is our duty, however, to remember that there must be a large human element in the ecclesiastical arrangements of every Church community—unless, indeed, we are prepared to claim for one of them infallibility in all details.

And on this side of our subject another tendency is to be carefully borne in mind. There is a disposition among many to take refuge from difficult Biblical questions in adhering to mere ecclesiastical positions. It cannot be a disadvantage to us, if we learn, through increased confidence in the Scriptures, that we are as safe within the Biblical entrenchments constructed by Apostles, as within the ecclesiastical entrenchments which have been constructed by others since at various times and under various circumstances.

Some of our mistakes in such matters may now, it is to be hoped, be put in the way of gradual correction. It can hardly be doubted that we shall, through the possession of this Revised Version, acquire a better sense of proportion in our holding of religious truth. This at least is certain, that in whatever degree we understand the meaning of Holy Scripture, we shall be better able to appreciate our Church differences at their true worth.

It remains now for us, admitting these advantages to the full, and thankfully accepting them, to consider by what methods we are to make use of them. Three great questions here arise for our serious thought. How is the use of this Revised Version related to our public worship, to our education of the young, and to our private study of the Bible ?

(i.) As to the first point much has been written in favor of the view that what we term our Authorized Version is imperative, and exclusively imperative, in the Lessons of our Church of England service ; and great names are to be quoted on this side of the question. I confess I am not yet convinced of the truth of this opinion ; and if a clergyman were to be brought before the courts for publicly reading the lessons from this Revised Version, and thus—which is not in the least degree likely to happen—another trouble were added to the troubles of this kind which have been too abundant already, I do not believe that he would be condemned. It is not, however, I apprehend, so much the question of legality as the question of prudence which we have to consider. Surely it is wise not to be precipitate in this matter, but to wait for the results of mature criticism, and to allow the Revised Version to win its way, as the Authorized Version won its way, upon its merits. There is, however, another aspect of the relation of this revision to public worship, regarding which no doubt need be entertained. The members of our congregations might, with great advantage, bring with them to Church copies of this version, and, following it with their eye while listening to the reader, might “mark, learn, and inwardly digest” the differences they observe. It may confidently be predicted that the result would be the obtaining of a large amount of most useful Biblical knowledge, with an ever-increasing interest in the details of Scripture.

(ii.) The relation of this Revised Version to the education of the young is not quite so easy as at first sight appears. I refer not simply to education in schools, but to that best education of the earliest years which is in the hands of mothers at home. Which is to be

the Bible which we teach as authoritative to our children? This is a somewhat serious question. We must expect, perhaps, for a time, an increase of those difficult inquiries which come from infant lips, and which puzzle us quite as much as the speculations of great philosophers. But God will carry His Church through this transition, as He has carried it through other transitions; and I am persuaded that in the end the gain will be far greater than the loss. As to the instruction of older children and the use of the Revised Version in schools, I am not able to see that any great difficulty need be expected. A very large portion of this Revised Version has already been virtually in use before it existed as a whole, in the explanations given by teachers during their Bible lessons—with this difference, however, that such explanation has depended on the knowledge and judgment of separate persons, whereas the complete volume is issued by a body of learned divines acting under grave responsibility. This fresh English New Testament will be invaluable, for a long time to come, as a cheap, convenient, and trustworthy commentary on the Authorized Version; and if in our schools in the end it supersedes that version, it will be because it has superseded it everywhere.

(iii.) Concerning the employment of this revision in our private study of Scripture very little need be said. It is the most obvious duty of all persons to make as full use of it as they can by frequent comparison. In the United States an edition has been published of the two versions in parallel columns; and this might be done with advantage here. But whatever methods are adopted, let us believe that we have in this accomplished work a good gift which God has given to us, and let us be thankful without reserve or fear.

This question of the English Bible, taken in its widest sense, is one of the great questions of human history; and in order to impress this truth upon our minds, and to persuade ourselves to rise

to its true dignity, let us remember that this noble cause of Bible translating, as regards the English tongue, has had its martyr. Most noble causes in human progress have had their martyrs; and so it is here.

I refer, of course, to William Tyndale. He really gave to us our modern English Bible. There are these differences, indeed, between his version and the version which we have been considering—that this has been done by many, that by one man alone; and further, that they who have done this recent good work for us are living in peace among us, and receiving the honor they deserve, whereas Tyndale was strangled.

It is to be hoped that the fund now in process of collection for erecting a statue to Tyndale on a prominent part of the Thames Embankment will receive large accessions this year, not only from our own countrymen, but from American travellers also. I will end, however, now by quoting his noble words in his first preface. We may lawfully imagine that they are addressed to us by the translators of 1611, and the revisers of 1881 likewise: "I have here translated, brethren and sisters, most dear and tenderly beloved in Christ, the New Testament for your spiritual edifying, consolation, and solace, exhorting instantly and beseeching those that are better seen in the tongues than I, and that have higher gifts of grace to interpret the sense of the Scripture and meaning of the Spirit than I, to consider and ponder my labor, and that with the spirit of meekness. And if they perceive in any places that I have not attained the very sense of the tongue, or meaning of the Scripture, or have not given the right English word, that they put to their hands to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do. For we have not received the gifts of God for ourselves only, or for to hide them; but for to bestow them unto the honoring of God and Christ, and edifying of the congregation, which is the body of Christ."⁵—*Good Words*.

A LEGEND.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

THERE went a widow woman from the outskirts of the city,
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the stones she trod to pity.

She wandered, weeping through the fields, by God and man forsaken,
Still calling on a little child the reaper Death had taken.

When, lo! upon a day she met a white-robed train advancing,
And brightly on their golden heads their golden crowns were glancing.

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones a-maying,
With flowers of spring, and gems of dew, all innocently playing.

Far from the rest the widow sees, and flies to clasp, her treasure;
"What ails thee, darling, that thou must not take with these thy pleasure?"

"Oh, mother, little mother mine, behind the rest I tarry,
For see, how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry.

"If you had ceased to weep for me, when Jesus went a-maying,
I should have been amongst the blest, with little Jesus playing."

July 1.

—The Spectator.

A VOLUME OF FRENCH SOUVENIRS.*

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

MADAME JAUBERT was fortunate enough, and was fully worthy of her fortune, to be intimate with many eminent men and many interesting women. She has been the Egeria of many a talent, she has been the confidante of many an amour, she has known closely much of that which was best in her land and time. A leader of fashion, she has lived in that world of culture and of varied gifts to which fashion is but an outside wrapper; she belongs of birthright to the aristocracy of intelligence and of manners. The years of enjoyment and of excitement fly quickly past; then comes the calm time of reminiscences become tender, and of memories become sacred. Happy they who have, as Madame Jaubert has, the enviable gift of recording through literature, and recording with incisive and yet most delicate talent, the recollections of a memorable past. We have to thank her for one of the brightest

and pleasantest books of its sort that exists in the department of *mémoire* and *souvenir*.

The one defect of the book is, that it contains no letters from Madame Jaubert herself. For certainly, Madame Jaubert herself interests us almost more than any one of the fair ladies that she paints so well. Our authoress never seeks to obtrude, or to depict herself, but she yet succeeds in revealing to us a very charming personality, and this revelation is given, in part, by means of reflected lights; by the allusions to her made by others. She appears clearly for a moment, and then vanishes from our sight. Her art is so subtle that we lose ourselves in its results, and are apt to think too little of the fair artist herself. We guess at her relations to her admirers—every man that knew her was her admirer—but the wise reader does not seek to lessen an illusion by knowing too much. We find ourselves in an atmosphere in which we leave all things to the sweep of a fancy which scorns the ped-

* "Souvenirs de Madame C. Jaubert, Lettres et Correspondances." Paris: J. Hetzel et Cie., Editeurs.

antry of exactitude, and never seeks to penetrate to the hardness of actual fact. We soon feel in Madame Jaubert's work the presence of a refined reticence and an exquisite discretion. She triumphs in omission as she succeeds in revelation. She does not paint others, or indicate herself, by surface insistence, but rather through an undercurrent of latent suggestion. Madame Jaubert has the art of conveying a meaning without precisely stating it; we know without knowing that we know, and how we know; or even what we know. She speaks of her *rôle d'accompagnateur*; but she accompanies as a good musician accompanies a pupil. She says once, *mais je ne saurais m'expliquer d'avantage*. She is no longer young; but those who read her with an insight which they may catch from her, can do justice to her in her youth. Full of heart and vivacity, witty, tender, intelligent, sympathetic, she has been one to whom men—even such a man as De Musset—could tell everything. So fine was her tact that women confided in her; nay, men, when chasing two hares, could make her a *confidante*, as Esmond did Lady Castlewood when he was in love with Beatrix. Madame Jaubert realizes all Lord Beaconsfield's ideal of the power of women to help men and men's careers. Surrounded by gay, bright, quick-witted—sometimes by shallow and frivolous—men and women, she seems a typical woman of that brilliant society of France in which women have always played so important a part on the *chemin vicinal de l'amour et l'amitié*. For France has its De Lauzun, but not its Sidney; has its sparkling coquettes, but never an Imogen. Among all the personages that fill—but do not crowd—the canvas of Madame Jaubert, two figures stand out distinctly; and they are *l'amante et l'amoureux*. The influence of nationality on manners, on tones of thought, on forms of life, is great as it is obvious; and in nothing is this very different-charactered influence more strongly shown than it is in the relations between the sexes. Madame Jaubert's book transports us emphatically to France. We live among men and women who live among each other in a way that is not ours. In writing for English readers, one may leave England out of the question; but it is curious to con-

trast German sentimentalism and romance with French sentiment and coquetry. Frenchmen are like those old Pagans who took the pleasures of life boldly, and were not restrained by conscience from cultivating and enjoying pleasure to the full.

This book, which is a true picture of French life, contains so much love-making and so little love. The intrigue is ceaseless, the liaisons ever changing. It is a life of sustained gallantry, with exaltation, but without strain; there is no hint of the relations of man to woman "when they love their closest and their best." While his passion lasts, the lover may, as a *façon de parler*, speak of eternity while enjoying the fleeting hour, and thinking—if thinking at all—of future intrigues. There is no *ténacité fatigante*. French lovers prove *wie leicht sich's leben lässt*, and their attachment is intense in proportion to a sense of transiency and mutability. There is no question of morals. An actor and actress may play love delightfully, and you are charmed with the illusion; but you know, if you care to think of it, that they are not really in love with each other. French amours, like straw on fire, burn brightly for a brief space, and then the flame ceases of itself. Between French and English women there is the difference that there is between the women of Molière and of Shakespeare. Love in France, in such circles as Madame Jaubert depicts, is an elegant comedy, but it is seldom noble, and never earnest. "A lover may bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air, and yet not fall, so light is vanity." A French lover requires for his vanity a lighter film than gossamer. Olivia asks Viola, "What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, that honor saved may upon asking give?" A French audience would hardly understand Olivia, because a French Olivia would have married Orsino, and taken on Cesario as a lover.

The first portrait in Madame Jaubert's gallery is that of Berryer—the legitimist politician, the able advocate, the admired orator. Berryer is an imposing figure, and shines with a certain sham grandeur. Vehement and impassioned, he is perpetually engaged in some love intrigue. *Ce qui plaît aux femmes dans l'amour, c'est le spectacle de la force vain-*

cue; and Berryer was a man of force and might. Madame Jaubert paints her orator in his country house, in holiday-time, in summer. He is happily married, and brings round him, in his elegant home, a bright circle of celebrities and of beauties. The reigning queen of the hour (also in the house) is a certain Comtesse de T——, who *tenait grande place dans l'existence de Berryer*. It had become, as Madame Berryer explains to Madame Jaubert, *une passion à grand orchestre*. Madame Berryer was her husband's ally and friend. *Un attachement solide succéda entre nous à l'amour*. Berryer could hide nothing from his wife.

Madame Berryer does not interrogate her husband about his affairs of the heart; but, during his sleep, she took hold of his hand, and he confessed everything to a friend *incapable d'abuser*. Time at the Château d'Augerville passed pleasantly in *bonnes causeries, et en promenades, que l'on alterait avec la musique*, and then there was a brilliant drama of coquetry to study and to watch. *En tout il y a de la mode*, observes Madame Berryer; and the Comtesse de T—— confides fully in Madame Jaubert.

Berryer had, at one time, an idea of taking holy orders; but, characteristically, *il caressait alors en imagination les succès de la chaire*; and he expected to gain, by mean of eloquence, *une influence persistante sur ce sexe toujours aimé*. He loved music and the theatre, but had no feeling for painting. With constant vivacity, but without effort, Madame Jaubert paints for us, with delicate feminine observation, and in her happy idiom, the great orator, his country life, his house, his guests, his love. She succeeds in giving a reflected impression of the great advocate's eloquence; but she says, happily, *ce n'est pas avec tout le monde que l'on peut être éloquent!*

We come next to the brilliant romantic poet of French youth and love, Alfred de Musset. This is no occasion in which to speak of his writings; it is with the personality of De Musset that we have to do; and the many original letters from the poet which Madame Jaubert's correspondence contains do not tend to increase our love for the man. For his *chère marraine*, Madame Jaubert herself, De Musset avows a warm *sentiment sans nom*; and to her he certainly writes

freely, confidentially, unreservedly. A man so full of egotism must paint himself in his frank letters; and no memoir of De Musset contains a more complete revelation of the man, or of that morbid *Ego* which was unendurable even to its possessor. Like a tall lily with a feeble stem, the poet is made up of height and weakness. His tone is bitter rather than sad. Love plays a great part in his correspondence, but we never feel the beat of a heart or the touch of a conscience. He is sore with excoriated vanity; he quivers petulantly with nervous irritability and with a morbid sensitiveness to ridicule. His letters are full of *plaisanteries*, of malice, and of wit; but they also reveal his pride, timidity, and tormenting self-consciousness. They gleam with a sombre brightness, like that of dead gold. There is a strain of Rousseau in his nature; of that Rousseau of whom it is written, "when the days began to turn the summer was straightway at an end for him; 'my imagination,' he said, 'at once brings winter;'" and De Musset says truly of himself—*je ne suis pas tendre, mais je suis excessif*. His life was full of intrigues, but it may be doubted whether he ever felt, or was capable of feeling love. He writes, with contempt, of *cette pauvre Madame Sand*, and speaks of hanging verses, intended for another lady, *sur le tombeau de Rachel*. His passions, while they lasted, were full of feverish excitement, but after a time *la raison se fait entendre*, and he is off with the old love and on with the new. He had vanity, but no pride; and his character is strangely wanting in dignity and self respect. He was not incapable of the baseness of *la vendetta poétique*. He was not a convert to Berryer's maxim, *qu'il faut tendre à s'aimer commodément*; and all De Musset's amours were strained, morbid, uneasy, fleeting.

Of the Princesse Belgiojoso, Madame Jaubert says, in her epigrammatic way—*Aux yeux de la Princesse, les hommes formaient une seule et vaste catégorie, divisée en trois séries amoureuses—il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être*; and for some time De Musset *le fut*. The well-known lines *Sur une morte* were intended for the Princess, and the publication of such an attack naturally aroused great indignation among the lady's many friends. De

Musset maintained that he thought the lines would be understood only by the Princess; the Princess maintained that she alone never read them—an assertion which elicited an outburst of savage incredulity from the poetic ex-lover. *Sur une morte* appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1842. When his vanity was wounded, De Musset was ruthless toward women, and he describes himself as a man *qui peut se redresser si on lui marche sur la gêne*.

He himself says of *Sur une morte*, that he sincerely regretted his verses. *C'est mal, c'est absurde, non pas de les avoir faits, mais de les avoir imprimés*. On his relations, and his rupture with George Sand, Madame Jaubert throws no new light; indeed, more light was not needed, since the facts are very well known. He drifted apart from *pauvre Paulinette*, while admitting that she was *charmante, pleine d'âme, plus distinguée cent fois que tous ces braillards-là*; and the lady revolted his fine taste by marrying. Of his breach with the Princess he writes, *Ce sera la seconde édition de mon histoire avec Rachel, que j'ai plantée là par mauvaise humeur, sans aucune raison valable; laquelle Rachel s'est piquée, a voulu dire quelle m'avait planté là la première, lequel moi me suis fâché tout rouge, lettres échangées, tapage, crieries et finalement eau de boudin*. The records of "love" contain, happily, few such confessions. He made a strong caricature of the Princess and let it be shown about at a party at her house; and he did even worse than that. Meeting at her house a certain beautiful Mdlle. de C—, he devoted himself ostentatiously to the young lady, danced with her, and made love to her before the jealous eyes of the hostess, whose Italian fervor glowed through French levity. He took it into his head to fall violently in love with Mdlle. de C—. He followed his charmer in hot haste to the country. As he never would tell the history of this journey, even to Madame Jaubert, it may with certainty be assumed that his suit was not successful. *Personne n'est plus faible, plus tergiversant, et plus poule mouillée, que votre indérottable filleul*, he writes. *Le serpent n'allait pas en Normandie chercher des pommes*, replies Madame Jaubert; and De Musset exclaims, rapturously, *Je vous défie vous-même d'avoir plus d'esprit que ce*

mot-là. Dites donc! comme c'est gentil, vous!

After all these injuries the poet dared to approach the Princess, and to address her in his usual tone; but the justly offended great lady, on her part, *elle lui répondit avec une distraction dont il sentit l'impertinence voulue*. So ends another passion; though De Musset long felt enraged against a woman who returned scorn for his infidelities and insults. He loved her, as he understood love, after the irreparable breach; and perhaps Madame Jaubert, had she seen fit to do so, might have brought princess and poet together in the old relations.

In so far as he was capable of unselfish affection, De Musset probably felt a sincere tenderness for Madame Jaubert, his kind, pitying, sympathizing *confidante*. So far as he himself knows himself, he bares his whole mind to her. His letters to her are in a *mezzo caractère de gaieté et de sentiment*. He was as much attached to her as he could be to any one except himself. Society and women spoiled him; and to his misfortune, his character was enervated by too easy successes.

Everybody will be sensible of a great change when we turn from Alfred De Musset to Pierre Lanfrey. Lanfrey has more "character" than any of Madame Jaubert's other correspondents, and we are in the presence of a virile understanding and a clear will. Lanfrey is proud, self-reliant, energetic, conscious of his own powers, and of working hard in grave labors to unfold them. To him also Madame Jaubert was a *marraine*, and she christened him *Ferocino*—a name which he adopted, and uses playfully as a signature when writing to his witty correspondent. Like all men of fine natures, he was fond of the society of women; but though he loved women, he shrank from marriage. He, too, had his "successes;" but there was method in his madness, and when the air around a passion became oppressive, or threatened his work, he fled from the coming storm. He was never, like De Musset, "passion's slave." There is something staid and earnest about Lanfrey, and it is a little difficult to apply to him De Musset's lines:

"Le père ouvre la porte au matériel époux
Mais toujours l'idéal entre par la fenêtre."

He retained always a pure and noble affection for his old mother.

It would seem that publishers on the other side of the channel are not always considerate or courteous toward authors. *Patience, vertu des dñes!* exclaimed fiery Mirabeau; and Lanfrey had but little patience with discourtesy. He was haughtily intolerant of all the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. He resented an indignity with indignation; and Madame Jaubert records further of him—*le côté commercial lui était antipathique, lui échappait*. When the historian of Napoleon I. was an unknown writer, he sought a publisher for his first volumes; and his adventures are thus characteristically related:

“Depuis quinze jours je fais le métier le plus infernal auquel un homme qui se respecte puisse être soumis: celle de solliciteur. Je sue tout le sang que je tiens de mon père et de vous, sang indépendant et généreux s'il en fut, et qui s'indigne de cette humiliation, nouvelle pour lui. Voici le commerce récréatif auquel je me livre—Je me présente en grande tenue chez un éditeur, c'est à dire la plupart du temps un butor sans instinct ou sans éducation, poli tout juste: puis je déclare l'objet de ma visite. Il regarde ma mine, et comme j'ai l'air beaucoup plus jeune encore que je ne suis, il sourit d'un air obligeant, puis me répond qu'il serait extrêmement flatté de publier mon ouvrage s'il n'imprimait pas dans ce moment même un travail de M— sur le même sujet. Là-dessus je lui tire ma révérence, d'un air aussi impertinent que possible, et lui me reconduit jusqu'à la porte avec de grandes salutations ironiques.”

After several failures, he obtained a good introduction to the publisher Pagnerre, who asked for a little time to consider the manuscript. After allowing twelve days to elapse, Lanfrey calls, and is told that Pagnerre has not yet had time to open the parcel. Lanfrey demands the return of his manuscript.

Eventually, he published the early volumes of his great work at his own risk and expense. The success was enormous and deserved. Thiers said to Lanfrey: *Ah, mon cher! si je vous avais connu quand j'ai écrit mon histoire de Napoléon*. When he died his sixth and last volume wanted fifty pages. In his will he instructs his executors to burn the imperfect manuscript, without even reading it; and his heroic directions were obeyed.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIV., No. 5

Madame Jaubert tells us that the *salon s'est éteint à la révolution de 1848*; but she continued the fine tradition in her *réunions intimes*; and Lanfrey was one of her honored and favored guests. He was attracted to her *par cette franc-maçonnerie qui existe entre les natures d'élite*; and he intrusts to her all his secret aspirations, his troubles, and his hopes. Jealous of his independence he refused flattering overtures from all parties in France. An honest difference of political opinion made him decline the very advantageous offers of the *Journal des Débats*. He disliked Sainte-Beuve, and held Victor Hugo in contempt; but he had a strange fondness for cats. He would not give up his noon of manhood for a myrtle shade; nor would he lend his talents to any party. He became a power in French literature and politics. Madame Jaubert gives us pretty glimpses of his boyish struggles with the Jesuit fathers—of his first innocent romance of youthful love in Italy. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Lanfrey became a volunteer, a private in the forces of his own department, and suffered cold and hardship, besides being gnawed by a patriotic indignation. Lanfrey became a senator and French ambassador at Berne, and plunged in his last years actively into politics. He died of lung disease at Pau, 16th November, 1877. Madame Jaubert sums the historian up by saying, *Sa religion fut le culte de l'honneur; entre toutes les religions, certes, la plus sévère et la plus exigeante. Avec l'honneur il n'est point d'accommodement!*

We come next to the last, the greatest, and, as respects his latter years, the saddest figure among Madame Jaubert's correspondents and intimates—Heinrich Heine. The German poet settled in Paris, where Madame Jaubert first met him at a ball in 1835. Her instinct was, to doubt his *bonté*, his goodness of heart; nor would it seem in spite of her *bonté* toward him, that this feeling ever wholly disappeared. Of Heine's malice and vindictiveness Madame Jaubert saw many instances. He could also wrap bitterness in rudeness; and Heine lacked French fine tact. *Il n'avait pas toujours dans la conversation la légèreté de touche vraiment française; il ne savait*

pas lâcher au sujet, mais s'y obstinait. He sneered at Victor Cousin as a *faux savant*, dressed up in plumes borrowed from German philosophy. He played cruelly upon the superstitious fears of poor Bellini, the composer; he quarrelled bitterly with Meyerbeer, because the musician once neglected to send him a box at the opera; he called Béranger a *polisson*—and would not retract; he wrote some strong lines about his admiring friend, Madame de K—; and Madame Jaubert tried in vain to obtain the suppression of the more offensive ones. The poet objected, that the verses which Madame Jaubert wished to have excised were always the best! Heine became *eingefleischt* in Paris, but he retained marked traces of his race and of his nationality. There is a more wild wit and mocking wisdom in his letters than in those of Alfred de Musset; but there is something stiff and strained in Heine's efforts at French *badinage* and ethereal levity. Heine's mind was a greater one than that of De Musset; but he is not so French. He was one of the most complex natures that ever existed. His poetical gift is often magical. He has, it is true, a pen which seems guided by Mephistopheles, and he has an ineradicable tendency to begin a statue of Apollo, and to complete it with the lower end of Pan. His character was like his work. He was malicious, sarcastic, depraved, humorous, witty, Pagan. *Pourtant il y a un coin du divin dans l'homme*; and Heine had this corner. *Ses propres malices le divertissaient fort*, says Madame Jaubert; he enjoyed the pain given by the exercise of his cruel wit. And yet he hid tenderly from his old Jewish mother in Hamburg the desperate state of his health!

We see the poet, in Paris, through the keen eyes of Madame Jaubert; and we become intimate with all the facts of his ill-starred marriage. His wife absolutely lives for us in these "Souvenirs." He commenced by relations with a young and pretty *ouvrière* of Paris, one Juliette. They parted for months, owing to Heine's furious, if not groundless jealousy; and then they came together—*lequel des deux avait pardonné?*—and he married her. Madame Heine was pleas-

ure-loving, like a Parisian girl of her class; and her lot as a wife was hard to bear. *Si Juliette n'était pas littéraire, elle avait en revanche un goût prononcé pour l'hippodrome et le théâtre.* One whispered confidence of Heine to Madame Jaubert is admirable—*Elle n'a jamais lu de moi; elle ne sait pas ce que c'est qu'un poète! Cependant j'ai découvert en elle, une vague idée que mon nom est imprimé dans une revue (et parlant plus bas encore) mais elle ne sait pas laquelle.*

There was a wonderful naiveté in the simple Juliette. One day, when Heine seemed likely to die in one of the cruel paroxysms of his terrible disorder, she cried—*Non, Henri, non, tu ne feras pas cela, tu ne mourras pas! tu auras pitié! j'ai déjà perdu mon perroquet ce matin: si tu mourrais, je serais trop malheureuse!*

Surely any sin—any crime even—must have been more than expiated by eight years of such cruel suffering as Heine underwent and bore with the heroism of a martyr! The Holy Office itself could not have devised tortures more terrible or more protracted. Heine's intellect never failed him, and his courage never flagged. It is pitiful to read his grim banter upon his own sad condition: *J'ai dans ce moment un grand succès de moribond. Je mange des cœurs.* Again, *Je ne veux pas être enterré à Passy: le cimetière doit y être bien ennuyeux.* One has not the heart to transcribe any details of his long and horrible sufferings. *Que peut notre art* (said Heine's doctor) *luttant contre un amour insensé, une jalousie extravagante? . . . le mariage était fatal: il a singulièrement hâté la marche de sa maladie.*

Madame Jaubert remarks to the doctor, *Mais cet homme est vraiment bon!* to which the doctor replied coldly, *Relativement; il faut se souvenir qu'il a l'esprit vindicatif. Sa bonté est restreinte, et gardons-nous de son inimitié.* By adding this opinion Madame Jaubert indorses it. She saw him, for the last time, four days before his death. Actuated by the best intentions, doubtless, some ladies sent l'Abbé Caron to "convert" Heine. The only result was that, beside some other grim pleasantries, he ranks the Roman Catholic religion, *Comme bonne religion d'être, attendu la fraîcheur des églises.*

It is pleasant to think of the pleasure which the constant kindly visits of his "little fairy," of our Madame Jaubert, must have brought to the dreary mat-

tress of the long-dying poet. *La passion*, she says, *qui l'a tué a été inspirée par cette fillette devenue sa femme.*—*Fortnightly Review*.

HOW I FOUND THE DOTTEREL'S NEST.

BY DAVID BRUCE.

WHERE is the schoolboy who has not a strong love for bird-nesting? Or where is the "old boy" either, who, from amid the bustle and dust of a city life, does not look back on the same pursuit with feelings of the keenest pleasure?

How well we remember that long day about the middle of April, with its treacherous glimpses of sunshine, alternating with showers of sleet, when, high up in the wooded glen, where everything was bare and brown, except the mosses and the young ferns, the huge dome-shaped nest of the water ouzel was found, stuck in a cranny of rock, close by the rush of water falling into the big linn.

Or that other day on the purple moor, with its scattered rushy tarns, its stretches of green bracken, its wide view of wooded plain and distant hill, and above, the deep sky with Alpine scenery of snowy cloud, where after long searching the eggs of the golden plover and curlew were first added to the growing collection.

"Though absent long
These forms of beauty have not been to us
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, we have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet—
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into our purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

But why need I further preface my description of a single day's excursion among the hills by descending on the beauties of nature? Every one of my readers must have memories of like days, whether undertaken in pursuit of sport or scenery.

I had been staying at Braemar in Aberdeenshire for several days, making excursions to the tops of the highest hills in the vicinity, searching for the summer haunts of the snow-bunting. Two days had been spent wandering over the broad rounded shoulders of Ben Muic Dhui.

Two more days saw me sitting shivering in the "Barren Hollow" which lies between the lofty peak of Cairn Toul and the Braeriach cliffs; while two nights, of three other days, threw their shadows on me, as I nestled in a cranny of rock at the foot of one of the huge crags which rise a thousand feet high from the white pebbled edge of "dark Loch-nagar."

One evening, tired of the long lonely unsuccessful hunt, I bethought me of an old promise my gamekeeper friend, Donald of Loch Callater, had made, that he would guide me over the Glas Maol range into a wild spot said to be frequented by the dotterel. This Glas Maol range was quite a *terra incognita* to me, and even if unsuccessful in finding the nest, I should see new ground, and have a companion for the day.

Allow me, before I start, to give some idea of what the dotterel is. This bird is the most beautiful of our British plovers, and one of the rarest. Two well-known naturalists published, in a recent work on the "Birds of Europe," an account of taking the nest of the dotterel ten years ago. They had a very good knowledge of the different breeding stations of the bird in Scotland, and as the result of their many excursions into its haunts, they state that not more than a dozen pairs can breed in this country.

Here and there among the hills, far from all signs of human habitation, nay, of life itself, are ghastly stretches of dreary bog; where solitude wrapped in a gray mantle of mist holds undisputed reign; spots of dreary death and desolation, wept over by the driving rain, and swept by cold and wintry blasts. In such spots as these the summer haunts of the dotterel must be sought.

But to return. Having quickly decided to go, I threw a telescope over my shoulder, and, stick-gun in hand, set

out. Two hours' hard walking brought me in sight of Donald's hut. This hut or shieling is built near the edge of a dark Highland loch, at the head of a dreary glen, with high hills on all sides. Built of rough gray stones and thatched with heather, it seems part and parcel of the wild moorland on which it is built.

When I entered the kitchen, it was empty and silent, but for the loud monotonous tick of a clock which stood in one corner. The room was almost dark. A peat fire which smouldered in the huge fireplace, now and then flickered into flame, throwing out ruddy gleams of light. The light shone on the low smoke-blackened ceiling, and glanced off the polished stone floor.

On one side the rows of shining plates ranged against the wall on narrow shelves were bathed in the warm color, and on the other the light was reflected from a small square window, through which a patch of gray sky and the dark hill side could be dimly seen.

In the centre of the room stood a wooden table, on which lay an opened book, and a half-finished stocking. This and a child's doll, lying on the floor in front of the fire, were evident signs of recent habitation.

As I stood there, admiring the play of color in the fire-lit room, Donald's wife, who was still awake, welcomed me from a dark recess at the end of the room furthest from the fire, apologized for having retired to bed so early, and saying, as she awoke her husband, that Donald was getting up. This Donald proceeded to do, and coming out of the gloom, in a very sleepy condition, he lit a lamp and asked me to sit down. I took the proffered seat, and then asked him if he could go over the Glas Maol next day. He was afraid not, as there were turnips to be sown. Here the wife, good body, said very quietly from her dark corner, "Don't you think, Donald, you could leave the neeps over for a day and go with Mr. Bruce?" It was settled.

Donald and I talked for about an hour by the peat fire. These Highland peasants are delightfully curious and inquisitive about what is going on outside their own little world, and are most attentive listeners. There is nothing they like better than to have a long day on the

hills with a stranger, if only the stranger be communicative. They dislike going with more than one, as Donald once said to me enant a famous botanist: "I once took Dr. — and a friend of his up Lochnagar; he was a bit withered-up looking body, and took no more notice of me than a blind man does of his dog, but kept on stringing off long nebbed Latin words to his friend, about the bit mosses and plants they gathered."

When our talk was over, Donald took me to the other room where I was to sleep. This was the best room of the house, and was carpeted with soft deer skins. In one corner stood a chest of drawers, on the top of which were two large stuffed birds, and the keeper's small collection of books.

The stuffed birds were both birds of prey. One a beautiful female peregrine, or, as Donald called it, the "blue or real game hawk;" the other, an immature specimen of that rarest of British birds, miscalled the common kite. "When did you shoot the kite, Donald?" I asked. "Well, sir, I shot it one Sunday morning," replied the keeper. "I had on the breeks and was just going to kirk with the wife. I was in the house when I heard the wife cry to me, 'Man Donald, come out and see the muckle birdie!'"

Donald then went on to relate how he ran out and saw the large bird hovering within thirty yards of him. It then sailed slowly round a large field and came back again within shot. This was too much for the sport-loving Donald. With a little bad Gaelic word he said, "Do you that again, and I'll give you something to carry away from Loch Cal-later."

He then ran into the kitchen, and picked his loaded gun off its perch above the door. The bird repeated the same manœuvre, again came quite close, when Donald, aiming under one of its wings, brought it down quite dead. He carried the dead bird into the kitchen, where he found his wife trying to read the Bible through her tears. "Eh man, Donald," said the good woman, "and could you no have let 'lane the birdie that was so tame kennin it was the Sab-bath?"

Early next morning, after having breakfasted off a delicious salmon,

which Donald had caught that morning at daybreak, in the burn near the shieling, we started for the haunts of the dotterel. As we were sure to have a long and toilsome day, the good wife had amply provided each of us with a large parcel of newly-baked scones and huge slices of salmon.

Donald led the way up the steep hillside with the elastic step of a born mountaineer. I toiled after him for the first mile or two speechless and breathless, caring for nothing but to keep up with him, and listening to the loud throb of my overtaxed heart.

The path we at first pursued had been famous in time gone by as that by which the smugglers of the district had travelled to dispose of their whisky. When we reached the top of the first hill, we sat down to enable me to regain breath.

What a glorious stretch of wooded plain and lofty mountain lay spread out before us, shining in the early morning sun! In the foreground the steep hillside, clothed in brown heather and the greenest of bracken, with here and there huge boulders of granite covered with bright-colored mosses. At our feet lay the little lake, one half of which showed like liquid silver, as the sunbeams danced and played on the tiny rippling wavelets. The other end looked dark and dismal from the reflection of the black rocks as they rose in precipices from its margin.

In the middle distance stretched the well-wooded plain in which Braemar stands. An amber-colored stream, fringed with hazel trees and oak copse, wound through it, while on either side were bright cornfields, with a red-roofed farmhouse at intervals.

In the distance rose the mountains, ridge beyond ridge, like huge waves, the lowest covered to their summits by silver-stemmed birches and green larch trees; those higher, with dark pines climbing their sides, and towering above all, the huge, snow-crowned, serrated peaks of Ben Muic Dhui and Cairn Toul.

The valley below us had once been thickly peopled, and we could still plainly see the grass-grown mounds marking the spots where the huts of the peasantry had stood. But now in the lonely glen, instead of the voices of children at play on the hill sides, nothing is heard but

the bleating of sheep, the shepherd calling in his dog, and in the autumn the sharp report of the breech-loader, as the bonny red grouse falls, scattering its feathers over the purple heather.

But we feel less sad when we think that these vanished Highland peasants or their sons are now prosperous farmers in the "far west," removed from danger of famine and its accompanying miseries. For famine in these glens was of common occurrence. Every hill round about has its tradition or legend. For example that low hill lying over there about four miles to the north-east, is called Cairn Taggart, or the Priest's hill.

The story connected with it is, that one spring the snow remained so long that the inhabitants of the glen, pinched with famine, determined to leave in a body. On this the priest made his way through the snow to the top of Cairn Taggart, where he spent some time in prayer, and saw before he left, like a second Elijah, on the distant horizon, signs of a coming change. On getting down again, almost dead with fatigue and benumbed with cold, he besought the people to remain one more day. They obeyed, and in a few hours the thaw began.

As we walked on the weather changed. A thick mist came rolling down, accompanied by a bitter cold wind, and blotted out everything. Hour after hour we tramped on. I was wondering how Donald kept the right direction, and coming at this moment to what I thought a mere patch of snow, several of which we had crossed, I carelessly stepped on to it, and was about to make another step, when suddenly my arm was grasped, and I was dragged back so violently as to fall. Looking up at Donald I saw he was pale, and trembling violently. In a few seconds, when he had regained his power of articulation, he said, "That was a near shave, sir; another step and you were over the Canlochan Crags." He had gone off the right track, and the patch in front was the narrow rim of snow which clings to the top of the crags for many weeks after most of the snow round about has disappeared.

We sat down, and although I tried to speak lightly of the circumstance, it was not till the application of some brandy

from my flask that Donald regained his wonted color.

These Canlochan crags are huge precipices which form a semicircle of about two miles in extent, and are still much frequented by eagles.

In a few minutes a glimpse of sunshine shone through the mist, and in a short time it was broken up, and sent rolling in eddying masses, reflecting the most brilliant rainbow colors, as it passed away lit up by the bright sun, and disclosing the whole line of cliffs. Suddenly a great black bird rose from the edge of the crags, in a short time another, and following on it a third. Donald whispered "the eagles." I got out the telescope and watched the huge majestic birds soaring round in great circles, up, up, till out of sight to the naked eye. They seemed to rise without any exertion, their broad sail-like wings slightly inclined upward. The birds formed a most fitting adjunct to the wild scene, as they sailed slowly round in spiral flight on almost motionless pinions.

Sail on, ye noble birds, may many winters bleach the rugged brow of Cairn Gorm over which you are floating, and many wintry winds blow the light and feathery snow over these rugged Canlochan Crags, e'er the ruthless hand of man robs you of life or liberty!

As I was, with, let me hope, the pardonable enthusiasm of youth, inwardly apostrophizing the birds in this manner, I heard the practical Donald whisper excitedly, "Eh man, if I had only the rifle instead of this shot gun, I might get one of them. I have tried to shoot one for the last five years, ever since Mr. P—— of Liverpool offered me five guineas for a dead eagle."

Skirting the edge of the cliffs for about a mile, we struck off and began to ascend the rough stony summit of the Glasha, which lay immediately in front of us. Near the top this hill side is covered with rough masses of gray granite, hard, angular, and uncouth. The dismal gray color of the stones is enlivened and relieved, however, by the brilliant yellow and white lichens spreading over their surfaces, and here and there between the stones, patches of dark green moss. The only inhabitant of this dismal wilderness of stones is the ptarmi-

gan. What a hoarse, croaking cry they have as they sit perched on some large block of granite, or fly low down along the hill side with rapid beats of their stiff white wings. One favorite amusement of the ptarmigan is to shoot up suddenly into the air in a slanting direction, and after reaching a considerable height, to sink rapidly down again, almost perpendicularly, with outstretched wings. The male is a gallant fellow, and when perched on a stone will allow you to approach within a few feet of him, but as soon as his mate springs up, away he goes with a complacent croak. Here we found a ptarmigan's nest, with the female sitting on the eggs; she remained on the nest as we stood by, and allowed me to introduce one finger under her, so as to feel the eggs, before she flew off.

As it was now well on in the afternoon, and we had been toiling all day, I asked Donald if we were still far from the dotterel ground, and was relieved by being told we had only one more mile to walk.

After we had descended the other side of the Glasha, I saw at a glance that here at last was ground suitable for the dotterel. Who could paint the desolation of the scene? A thin driving mist obscured the sky and the more distant objects. In front of us ran a long ridge which rose gradually into the broad rounded summit of the Glas Maol. This ridge was not covered with stones, but with a thick layer of gray woolly moss and stunted sedge. Here and there a large, damp, black patch of peat bog. On the right hand lay a steep stony corrie, and on the left the ridge sloped gradually down to the edge of a line of precipices. All was still and silent as the grave, but for the mournful sigh of the northeast wind as it swept gloomily over the cold, dank, dismal waste.

Here we separated in order to beat the ground, Donald keeping along the centre of the ridge, while I, every sense keenly awake, held on about fifty paces to his right. After we had proceeded in this way for some time, I was attracted by the tinkling note of a small bird coming from the edge of the corrie. Surprised at the sound, and thinking it might be the long-looked-for snow-bunting, also a lover of the desolate, I

turned to the right and walked in the direction of the sound. Before I had advanced many paces, I saw a brown bird rise from the middle of a patch of stones, near the edge of the corrie, and go shuffling off, trailing its wings on the ground as if wounded.

At my signal Donald came running up and saw the bird just as it disappeared over the edge. He at once pronounced it to be the dotterel. After a little search I found the eggs, lying in a slight hollow, between two stones. They were rather smaller than the eggs of the lapwing, and marked with large distinct patches of dark brown on a grayish yellow ground. The nest, if nest it could be called, was a mere hollow among the stones, lined with a few pieces of the broken stalks of carex. These pieces of sedge might have been placed there by the bird, or merely there by accident, as several stunted plants grew within a few feet.

I shall not attempt to describe our enthusiasm at this moment. While I sat among the stones, Donald, forgetting his Highland sobriety of demeanor, went capering about like a mad goat, alternately congratulating me in English and himself in Gaelic.

It was the first nest of this bird he had seen, although he had been on the outlook for many years, having been repeatedly offered large bribes for the birds and eggs.

Being desirous of again seeing the bird, we ensconced ourselves near the top of a slight eminence, which overlooked the patch of stones, about fifty paces distant. After lying exactly half an hour the dotterel suddenly appeared at some little distance on the other side of the nest.

On account of her similarity in color to the moss-covered ground, it was impossible to make her out except when in motion. Fixing the telescope on her I followed her various manœuvres with ease. These consisted of little runs of two or three yards with lowered head and crouching body. Then a pause for a few seconds, now and then picking up a beetle or grub.

In this way she proceeded, keeping at the same distance from the nest, till she had almost completed half a circle.

Then in the same manner she went toward the nest, till within a few feet, when throwing aside all cunning she raised her head and ran up to it. She seemed to give a sigh of relief as she settled herself down cosily on the yet untouched eggs, and then remained motionless.

There she sat with her shapely head and slender bill turned toward us, and her bright, black eyes glancing in our direction. With the glass I could make out the colors of her plumage to perfection. Her head and back were of a dark brown, each feather having a broad margin of yellow. Above the eyes a strip of pure white, and a broad band of the same color, margined by black, formed a collar round the lower part of her neck, below which the breast was bright red.

I gazed my fill at the bright, beautiful bird sitting motionless among the gray stones. It was the only form of beauty in the wild and weird landscape.

Then we held a council of war as to whether the bird should be shot or not. I was strongly opposed to it, knowing its extreme rarity. Donald, on the other hand, would have the bird. What was the good of it, he asked, rare or not rare, if no-one ever saw it? whereas if he had it, he would use some of its feathers to busk hooks with, and I could take the skin down south, and many people would then have the pleasure of seeing it; and he ended by saying, "If you don't shoot the bird, I shall," and he picked up his breech-loader. "In that case I had better do it with the stick gun," I said, "as it won't mark the bird so much."

So with many a qualm of conscience, I crept noiselessly toward the bird. When within a few yards of her I rose—the dotterel rose also—a loud report and the beautiful little creature lay dead among the gray stones. It was melancholy to think as I picked up the dead thing, that this was the outcome of my constant inveighing against the reprehensible habit of shooting our rare indigenous birds.

As we shortly afterward quitted the spot, its loneliness seemed increased twofold. Several hours' hard walking brought us shortly after nightfall to

Donald's hut. After partaking of the good wife's hospitality, I started for my inn at Braemar. It was a wild and stormy night, the hurrying moon show-

ing at intervals through ragged rifts in the driving clouds; but little recked I, for had not the dotterel's nest been found and taken?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

—♦♦♦—
BORMUS, A LINUS SONG.

. . . . λίνου δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἀεῖδε
Ἀέτταλέη φωνή.—*Il.* xviii. 571.

Down from the lifted cornfield trips
The child with ripe red-berried lips,
The radiant mountain boy with eyes
Blue as wet gentians in the shade,
His golden hair all wet with heat,
Limp as the meadow-gold new laid;
And as a russet fir-cone brown,
An earthen pitcher gayly swings
Upon his little shoulder borne,
Water to fetch from sunless springs;
And while the flowers his bare feet brush
Loud sings he like a mountain thrush.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

By paths that through sweet hay new mown
Like hillside brooks come leaping down
Past silver slabs of morning, where
The wet crags flash the sunlight back,
Past the warm runnels in the grass,
Whose course the purple orchids track,
And down the shining upland slopes,
And herby dells all dark with pine,
Incarnate gladness, leaps the child,
Still singing like a bird divine,
His little pattering sunburnt feet
With bruised meadow spikenard sweet.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

Too soon, ah me, too bitter soon
He reached the dell unsunned at noon,
Where in long flutes the water falls
Into a deep and glimmering pool,
And struck from out the dripping rocks
The silver water sparks all cool
Spangle the chilly cavern-dark
And clear cut ferns green fringe the gloom,
And with continuous sound the air
Trembles, and all the still perfume,—
Here came the child for water chill,
The sultry reapers' thirst to still.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
Weep, for our little Love is dead.

"Hither, come hither, thou fair child,"
 Loud sang the water voices wild,
 "Come hither, thou delightful boy,
 And tread our cool translucent floors,
 Where never scorching heats may come,
 Nor ever wintry tempest roars;
 Nor the sharp tooth of envious age
 May fret thy beauty with decay,
 And thou grow sad mid wailful men;
 But in thy deathless spring-time stay,
 Made one with our eternal joy,
 For ever an immortal boy."

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

He dipped his pitcher o'er the brink,
 About it dimpling sunlights wink,
 The smooth rill fills its darkling throat
 With hollow tinklings mounting shrill
 And shriller to its thirsty lip;
 But sweeter, wilder, louder still
 The water voices ringing sing;
 And beckon him, and draw him down
 The cool-armed silver-wristed nymphs,
 His warm lips with cold kisses crown;
 And to their chilly bosoms prest,
 He sinks away in endless rest.

Ah cornflowers blue and poppies red,
 Weep, for our little Love is dead.

But still in the warm twilight eves,
 Threading the lone moon-silvered sheaves,
 Or where in fragrant dusky heaps
 The dim-seen hay cool scents emits,
 The boy across the darkening hills
 Bearing his little pitcher flits,
 With feet that light as snowflakes fall,
 Nor, passing, stir the feathered grass;
 And sings a song no man may know,
 Of old forgotten things that pass,
 And Love that endeth in a sigh,
 And beauty only born to die.

Blue cornflowers weep, red poppies sigh,
 For all we love must ever die.

NOTE.—The "Linus Songs" were sung in the harvest-fields, or in the vineyards at vintage. They were of a tender and melancholy character, with a pathetic burthen, in which all joined, beating time with their feet; and seem to have been inspired by some sort of

unconscious sense of sadness over the golden corn laid low and the purpling grapes gathered and crushed. They derive their name from Linus, a beautiful boy brought up among the sheep-folds, and torn to death by wild dogs.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WINTER OF PALE MISFORTUNE."

AT Voresett House the winter promised to be a winter indeed; a "winter of pale misfortune." For three days after her conversation with old Mrs. Paley, Judith had maintained silence, while her heart felt as if it were slowly breaking. She had revolved a thousand schemes in her mind. Strange and eerie thoughts had visited her in her desolation. She loved her two sisters with all the love of her intense and powerful nature. She cherished them, and always had done; she was capable of self-immolation for their sakes. But her reason, which was as strong as her heart (which combination made her what she was), told her that in this case self-immolation would be vain. Rhoda might be left unconscious and happy for the present, but Delphine must know the truth, and that soon. Immolation would be required from her also. Judith shuddered as she thought of it. When her younger sisters casually mentioned Randolph Danesdale's name, and laughed and jested with one another about him, Judith felt as if some one had suddenly dealt her a stab, or a blow which took away her breath.

Was there no help? she asked herself. Could this sacrifice by no means be avoided? If *she* kept her lips forever sealed, sacrificed her own future, let them go their way, and took upon herself never to leave, and never to betray that mother who—she resolutely refused, even to herself, to call her mother's deed by any name, repeating, "It was for our sakes, I suppose; it was out of love for her children, as she thought." Would not that do? Were Delphine and Rhoda to bear the punishment for a sin which had been committed before they were born?

More than once a gleam of hope crossed her spirit; she almost thought that her plan would answer. Then came the argument:

"No. You must not allow this affair to go farther. You must not allow

one of *your* family to enter that of Sir Gabriel Danesdale, whose unstained name and unsullied honor are his pride and delight. You would let your sister marry a man, for you know he wishes to marry her—she all unconscious as well as he of what hung over her. You might resolve never to betray the secret, but you can never be perfectly certain that it will not leak out. Some day Randolph *might* discover the truth—and what might he not in his bitterness do or say? Besides, it would be wrong; that is all that concerns you. Do not dally any longer with this chimerical, wicked plan."

She could see no other solution to the question. She closed her eyes—closed her heart, and hardened it against the contemplation of that anguish which was to come; and after waiting three whole days, she went to Delphine on the afternoon of the fourth, when the girl was upstairs with her painting. Rhoda was out. Mrs. Conisbrough was taking her afternoon rest.

Delphine turned a smiling face to her sister. Of late she had bloomed out more lovely than ever. Neither cold, nor poverty, nor gloomy prospects had had the power to impair her beauty and its development. In her heart she carried a secret joy which was life and light, hope and riches to her. She was going to spend a very happy afternoon. But Judith's presence never disturbed her. She called to her to shut the door, because the wind was cold, and to come and look at her picture, and her voice as she spoke rang clear as a bell.

"Yes," said Judith, "and I have something to say to you which it would not be well for any one to overhear."

She closed the door, and sat down. She trembled and felt faint; she could not stand. It was one thing, and one that was bad enough, to hear the horrid story from other lips; it was another—and a ghastly one—to have to tell it with her own, to her innocent sister. To speak to Delphine about such things—to let her see them near—seemed to Judith to be insulting her. But it had

to be done. She gathered up her courage in both hands, as it were, and began.

The conversation was not a long one. It was begun in low tones, which grew even fainter, and more hesitating. When Judith at last rose again from her chair, and looked at Delphine, the latter looked to her former self exactly what a dead girl looks compared with one living—as a lily after a thunderstorm has battered and shattered and laid it low, in comparison with the same flower in the dewy calm of an early summer morning.

The elder girl stood with her white lips, and her fixed eyes, and constrained expression, looking upon the other, waiting for her to utter some word. But none came. Delphine—her face blanched within its frame of waving golden hair, her eyes fixed as if upon some point thousands of miles away, to which something she loved had withdrawn itself—was motionless and silent.

Judith at last stretched out her hands, and exclaimed :

“Delphine, if you do not speak, I shall go mad ! Give me my due—give me the wretched consolation of hearing you say that I could not have done otherwise.”

Delphine smiled slightly, and her gaze came abruptly to earth again. She saw her sister, and said softly :

“Poor Judith ! No. You could have done nothing else. But you don’t expect me to thank you for it, do you ?”

“Delphine !”

“You could have done nothing. But you see you had nothing to lose. I had all the world—all the world.”

She turned away. Judith went out of the room, away to her own chamber—seeing nothing, hearing nothing. She locked herself up, and for the first time giving way, cast herself in an utter abandonment of anguish upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow ; thinking that it would be good for her if she could never see the sun again. If Delphine had known—but she did not know—she never should know. But if she had known—if the story of her sister’s heart for the last fortnight could have been laid bare before her—would she have turned away with a few cold words, as she had done—hugging her

own grief—oblivious that others could have any ?

No, no ! Judith swore to herself, with passionate fervor, her sweet sister could not have been so wrapped, so engrossed in herself. She should not know—it would only add poignancy to the anguish she was obliged to endure. The worst, surely, had been consummated, but she did not dare to think of Delphine alone, upstairs.

The worst, morally considered, was perhaps over, but there were trials yet to come, which were bad to bear. They heard, as in a tiny country town everything is heard, of Aglionby’s departure for Irkford. Then November set in, and the days became shorter, darker, and colder. Mrs. Conisbrough grew more and more fretful and feeble, and still talked sometimes of consulting some other lawyer, or disputing John Aglionby’s will, and held forth on Bernard’s greed and injustice in a manner which used to send Judith flying upstairs to pace about her room with every feeling in a state of the wildest tumult.

It was too cold for Delphine to pursue her work upstairs. The girls had nothing to do ; nothing on which to spend their energies. When the few domestic things were arranged, they had the whole day before them, with absolutely no pressing occupation of any kind. The situation grew hideous and ghastly to Judith. She and her sisters preserved their physical health by means of the regular walks which, so long as it did not actually snow or rain, they took daily. And Delphine had a fitful gaiety which oppressed her sister, while neither long walks, now arduous work, nor anything else, put the faintest flush into Judith’s cheek, nor called any spontaneous smile to her lips.

She took longer walks than her sisters, went out oftener alone ; penetrated to wilder recesses, more desolate spots than they did. She was, in her stature and her strength, a daughter of the gods, and had always been able to tire out both her sisters, while she herself felt no trace of fatigue. She did not fear the strange and lonely hills ; they had a weird fascination for her, and in this her trouble she was wont often to seek their silent company.

One afternoon, in a wilder and bit-

terer mood than usual, she had gone out, and walking fast and far, had found herself at last on the uppermost ridge of a wild mountain road. From where she stood, she could see on the one hand into Danesdale—her home, dear to her, despite what she had suffered there; on the other, into grim Swaledale—always dark and wild, but, in this winter weather, savage and desolate beyond description. Just below her, in the mountain-side, were some ghastly holes in the limestone, of the kind known in Yorkshire as "pots"; all were grim-looking apertures, but close to where Judith sat, she saw the jaws of one of them yawning at her; it was the deepest of all—no one had ever succeeded in fathoming it. Both Rhoda and Delphine disliked this spot, which indeed had a bad name, as being dangerous to traverse after twilight, and haunted furthermore by a "boggart," who dwelt in this biggest and deepest limestone "pot." Judith had never feared the place. She sat there now, casting an occasional glance at the ugly hole, with its ragged jaws, and her thoughts gathered in darkness and bitterness.

She had been reading a book—a biography, one out of several volumes lately lent to her by Dr. Lowther. It was the letters and memoirs of a certain great lady, then not long dead. This great lady had been thrown from her earliest youth into the midst of the gay and busy world. She had lived at courts, and for many years her companions had been courtiers. Even that had been a busy life. Even its recital made Judith's heart throb with envy as she read of it; but when the narrative went on to relate how this lady met a great statesman, politician, and party-leader, and married him, and how her house became a rendezvous for every kind of noted and illustrious man and woman, and how for the rest of her long career, not a day, scarce an hour, remained unoccupied; how to the very last the game of politics, that most thrilling and best worth playing of all games, remained open to her, and she continued to be an influence in it—then it was that Judith felt her restless longings grow into a desire to *do*, so intense as to be almost torture. This afternoon, alone on the hill-top, she thought of it, and reflected:

"Some women have that—they have everything, and others have *nothing*. I do not want that. I should be thankful for a very little—for a few hours of daily work that must be done—but I cannot get it. It is not right—it is not just that any one should be doomed to a life like mine. How am I different from others? I am as much like other women as Shylock, though a Jew, was like Christians. Yet I have to do without almost everything which other women of my condition have; and I may not even work like women who are born to labor. This woman, whose life I have read, was a clever woman—a born woman of the world. I am not that, I know, but I have sense enough and more than enough to do some of the plain, rough work of the world, and to do it well, if I had it. And I may not. I may sit here, and I wish I was dead. I may take country walks, and save sixpences, and nourish my mind and soul with wool-work. Oh, what *are* women sent into the world for—women like me, that is? Not even to 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer' it seems, but to do nothing. To be born, to vegetate through a term of years—to know that there is a great living world somewhere outside your dungeon, and to wish that you were in it. To eat your heart out in weariness; to consume your youth in bitterness; to grow sour and envious, and old and wretched, to find all one's little bit of enthusiasm gradually grow cold. To care only for the warmth of the fire, and the creature comforts that are left—to linger on, growing more tired and more fretful, and then to die. It is worse than that iron room which grew every day narrower, till it closed upon its inmate and crushed him to death—much worse, for that was over in a few weeks; *this* may last fifty, sixty years. If this is to be my life, I had better read no more. To live that life, and not go mad, one wants an empty head, an ignorant mind, and a contempt for all intelligence, and I am, by some hideous mistake, destitute of all those qualities."

She smiled in bitter mockery of herself; she felt a kind of grim contempt for herself. And she looked again toward the mouth of the hole in the hill-side.

She rose up, went up to it, and stood

beside it. A head that was not very steady must have reeled on looking down into the silent blackness of the chasm, from whose subterranean depths strangely tortured pillars of gray rock ascended, clothed near the surface with the most exquisite mosses and ferns, of that delicate beauty only found in limestone growths. A few fronds of hart's-tongue fern were yet green; a few fairy tufts of the cobwebby *Cystopteris fragilis*, and some little plumes of the black maidenhair spleenwort.

"You beautiful little fringes round a sepulchre!" thought Judith. "If I made a step down there, my grave would receive me and hush me to sleep in its arms. No one would ever know. I should rest quietly there; and who could have a finer tomb?"

She looked around again at the wild fells; still, grand, and immovable. From her earliest childhood her imagination had always connected certain images with certain hills. Addleborough, down below there, at the other side of Danesdale, was like a blacking-brush in some way. Penhill was smiling; it reminded her of sunny days and picnics. Great Whernside, looming dim in the far distance, was like an old bald head of a giant. Great Shunner Fell, at the head of Swaledale, under one of whose mighty sides she even now stood, had always put her in mind of secrets, of death, storm, and darkness; perhaps because of the many tales she had heard of the treacherous river which was one of the streams springing from it. Turning again toward Dalesdale, she saw a tiny corner of Shennamere, peeping out from under the shoulder of a great hill. A faint ray of sunshine touched it. Judith's face changed. Scar Foot was there—and Bernard Aglionby.

"I'm sure his creed never told him to throw himself into a hole when things went wrong with him," she said to herself; and turning her back upon Shunner Fell and the ugly "pot," she walked swiftly homeward.

As she arrived at the door of her home a man in livery rode up with a note. It was one of the Danesdale servants.

Judith took the note from him. He said he had been told not to wait for an answer, and rode away. The note was

directed to Mrs. Conisbrough. Judith took it in and gave it to her mother. She opened it, looked at it, and said:

"It seems like a card of invitation, read it, Rhoda; I haven't my glasses here."

Rhoda read out, in a loud and important voice:

"Sir Gabriel and Miss Danesdale request the pleasure of Mrs. and the Misses Conisbrough's company, on the evening of Thursday, December 31st. Dancing at 8.30.

"R. S. V. P."

"How absurd to send such a thing!" remarked Rhoda, flicking it with her finger. "It is that horrid, spiteful Philippa's doing. I know she hates us, and she knows that none of you can go, so she adds insult to injury in that way."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" said Judith. "She has simply done her duty in sending the invitation. It is for us to take it or leave it, and of course that means, leave it."

"Of course," echoed Delphine, whose face had flushed, and whose hand trembled so that her work suffered.

"I do wish," observed Mrs. Conisbrough, in a voice of intense irritation, "that I might be allowed to have some voice in the regulation of my own affairs. I must say, you all forget yourselves strangely. The invitation is addressed to me, and it is for me to say whether it shall be accepted or not. I intend to go to the ball, and I intend you, Judith and Delphine, to go with me."

"Mother!" broke from both the girls at once.

Mrs. Conisbrough's face was flushed. There was the sanguine hue, the ominous look in her eyes, which, as Judith well knew, betokened very strong internal excitement, and which Dr. Lowther had repeatedly told her was "bad, very bad." She felt it was dangerous to oppose her mother, yet she could not yield without a word, to what appeared to her in her consternation an idea little short of insane. Accordingly, as Mrs. Conisbrough did not answer their first exclamation, Judith pursued gently, yet with determination:

"How can we possibly go?"

"What is there to prevent your going?" asked her mother, trifling nerv-

ously with her teaspoon, and with tightened lips and frowning brows. "We are equal to any of those who will be there, and a great deal superior to some."

"Yes, I know; but the money, mother, in the first place. We can hardly present ourselves in spotted muslins, and I really do not know of any more elegant garments that we possess."

She strove to speak jestingly, but there was a bitter earnest in her words.

"Pray leave that to me. I am not so utterly destitute as you seem to imagine. Of course you will require new dresses, and you will have them."

This information was certainly something unexpected to the girls. Judith, however, advanced her last argument, one which she had been unwilling to use before.

"Mother," she said, "you know we—we are in mourning. Uncle Aglionby will not have been dead three months, and—and—every one will talk."

Mrs. Conisbrough's eyes flashed fire.

"It is for that very reason that I shall make a point of going," she said. "I recognize no claim on my respect in that man's memory. I consider the opportunity is a providential one. Half the county will be at the ball, and they shall know—they shall see for themselves, who it is that has been passed over, in order that an upstart clerk, or shopman, or something, may be raised into the place which ought to have been mine and yours."

"Mother!" exclaimed Judith, in an accent of agony, while the other two girls sat still; Delphine pale again, her eyes fixed on the ground; Rhoda looking from one to the other with a startled expression, this being the first she had known of any dispute between her mother and sisters.

"Be silent!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, turning upon Judith angrily; "and do not add to my troubles by opposing me in this unseemly manner. I intend you to go to the dance, and will hear no further complaints. Please to write to Miss Danesdale, accepting her invitation, and let it go to the post to-morrow. As for your dresses, there is time enough to think about them afterward."

Judith felt that there was no more to be said. She was silent, but her dis-

tress, as she thought of the coming ordeal, only augmented, until the prospect before her filled her with the most inordinate dread. In anticipation she saw the eyes of "half the county" turned upon them as they entered, and upon Bernard Aglionby, who of course would be there too. It was exactly the kind of thing from which every fibre of her nature shrank away in utter distaste which attained almost to horror. The whole exhibition would be useless. It would simply be to make themselves, their poverty, and their disappointment a laughing stock for the prosperous and well-to-do people who had gossiped over them, and what had happened to them—who would, if they had had John Aglionby's money, have received them with open arms as old friends, just as they had already received Bernard as a new one.

And her mother? That was a terror in addition. She knew that Mrs. Conisbrough could not go through such an evening without strong agitation—agitation almost as violent as that which had made her ill at Scar Foot. Suppose anything of the kind happened at Danesdale Castle? The idea was too terrible. It made Judith feel faint in anticipation. But the more she thought of it, the less she could see her way out of it all. She scarcely dared speak to Delphine, who, however, said very little about it. Judith at last asked her almost timidly: "What is to be done, Del? How are we to escape?"

"We cannot escape," replied Delphine composedly. "The only thing is to let mamma have her own way, and say nothing. The more we oppose her, the worse it will be for us."

She would say no more. After all, thought Judith, it was only natural. She could not expect Delphine to expatiate upon her feelings in advance of the event.

Surely never before was preparation made for a ball by two young and beautiful girls, with less lightness of heart. Everything about it was loathsome to Judith. Her heart rebelled when her mother informed her shortly and decidedly, that out of the small sum of money which she had at different times saved, she intended to get them what she called "proper and suitable dresses,

such as no one could find any fault with."

To Judith's mind it was like throwing so much life-blood away—not for its own sordid sake, but because of what it represented. It would have gone a long way toward helping them to remove from Yoresett, and that was now the goal to which all her thoughts turned. But Mrs. Conisbrough was not to be gain-said. She ordered the dresses from a fashionable milliner in York, and they arrived about ten days before the ball. The girls looked askance at the box containing the finery. It might have held a bomb, which would explode as soon as it was opened. Mrs. Conisbrough desired them to try their gowns on that night, that she might see how they fitted, and judge of the effect. It was a scene at once painful in the extreme, and yet dashed with a kind of cruel pleasure. Mrs. Conisbrough had herself planned and ordered exactly how the dresses were to be made, and she had a fine natural taste in such matters.

Judith put on her garment without so much as looking at herself in the glass, unheeding all Rhoda's enraptured exclamations. Delphine, as her slender fingers arranged the wreath of dewy leaves upon her corsage felt her heart thrill involuntarily, as she caught a glimpse of her own beauty, and thought of what might have been and what was.

"Now you are ready. Go down and let mamma see!" cried Rhoda, who had been acting as Abigail, in an ecstasy. "Oh, it may be very extravagant, Judith, but surely it is worth paying something for, to be beautifully dressed and look lovely, if only for one evening!"

They went into a bare, big dining-room, where there was less furniture and more room to turn round than in the parlor they usually inhabited. Rhoda lighted all the available lamps and candles, and called to her mother, and Mrs. Conisbrough came to look at her daughters in their ball-dresses, as a happier woman might have done.

Judith's was a long, perfectly plain amber silk, cut square behind and before, with sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, and with no trimming except a little fine old lace, with which Mrs. Conisbrough had supplied the milliner. It

was a severely simple dress, and in its rich folds and perfect fit it showed off to perfection the beauty of the woman who wore it.

Judith Conisbrough could not help looking like a queen in this brave attire; she could not help moving and glancing like a queen, and would always do so, in whatever garb she was attired, to whatever station of life she were reduced. She stood pale and perfectly still as her mother came in. She *could* not smile; she could not look pleased, or expectant.

The mother caught her breath as her eyes fell upon her eldest girl, and then turned to Delphine, whose dress of silk and gauze was of the purest white, enfolding her like a cloud, and trimmed with knots and wreaths of white heather-bells and small ferns; one little tuft of them nestled low down in her hair.

Delphine looked, as Rhoda had once prophesied unto her that she would, "a vision of beauty." Her face was ever so little flushed, and in her golden eyes there was a light of suppressed excitement.

"Mother, mother! aren't they lovely?" cried poor Rhoda, her buoyant paces subdued to a processional sedateness, as she circled slowly about the two radiantly-clad figures.

"Of course they are!" said Mrs. Conisbrough curtly, still biting her lip with repressed agitation, but criticising every frill and every flower with the eyes of a woman and a connoisseur. "I defy any of the girls who will be there to surpass them—if they approach them."

She continued to survey them for some little time, breathing quickly, while Judith still stood motionless, her eye somewhat downcast, wondering wretchedly whether this horrible finery *must* be worn, if this dreadful ordeal was in no way to be avoided?

Raising her eyes, full of sadness, they met those of her mother. Did Mrs. Conisbrough read anything in them? She started suddenly, drew out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes, exclaiming brokenly and passionately:

"Why cannot I have this pleasure, like other mothers? Surely I have a right to it?"

A spasm contracted Judith's heart. No—there was the rub. She had no

right to it. It was all a phantom show—all stolen; wrong, from beginning to end. Turning to Delphine, she said, rather abruptly:

"Well I'm going to take my gown off again. Will you come too?"

As they went toward their rooms she thought:

"It cannot be worse. I cannot feel more degraded and ashamed, even at the ball itself."

During the days that passed between this "dress rehearsal," as Rhoda called it, and the ball, Mrs. Conisbrough's health and spirits drooped, but she still maintained her intention of going to Danesdale Castle. Judith said nothing—what could she say? And Delphine was as silent as herself. Once Randolph Danesdale had called. They had been out, and had missed him. Judith was thankful. They had seen nothing of Aglionby, of course. It was understood that he was away from home. It was quite certain that he was away at Christmas time.

Three days before the ball came off, Mrs. Conisbrough was too ill to rise. Judith began to cherish a faint hope that perhaps after all they might be spared the ordeal. She was deceived. Her mother said to her:

"I want you to go to Mrs. Malleeson, and tell her, with my love, that I feel far from well, and would rather not go to the ball, if she would oblige me by chaperoning you and Del. If she can't, I shall go if it kills me."

"Mamma, won't you give it up?" said Judith imploringly. "For my sake, grant me this favor, and I will never oppose you again."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Conisbrough angrily. "Understand, Judith, that I have set my mind on your going to this ball, and go you shall. Why are you thus set upon thwarting all my plans for your benefit? How can a girl like you presume to know better than her mother?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Judith sorrowfully. "I will go to Mrs. Malleeson this afternoon."

She kept her word, and found her friend in.

"My dear Judith! What a pleasant surprise! Come to the fire and let us have a chat. How cold and starved you look!"

Judith responded as well as she could to this friendliness, and presently unfolded her errand, with burning cheeks, and a brief explanation.

Mrs. Malleeson professed herself delighted.

"There is nothing I should like better than to chaperon you and Del. And you know, my dear, I think you take it too much to heart; I do really. Would you deprive your poor mother of all natural feelings, of all pride in her handsome daughters? If I were in her place, I should feel exactly the same."

Judith smiled faintly. Of course Mrs. Malleeson did not understand. How could she? She cheered the girl by her chat; gave her tea, and talked about the ball, and the gossip of the neighborhood.

"It is to be a very brilliant affair. Sir Gabriel intends it for a sort of celebration of his son's return home. It is the first large party they will have had, you know, since Randolph came back."

"Yes, of course."

"What a nice fellow he is! I do so like him!"

"Yes, so do we," said Judith mechanically.

"Oh, and we have become quite friendly with Mr. Aglionby of Scar Foot."

"Have you? And do you like him, too?" asked Judith composedly.

"Very much. I couldn't say that to your mother, you know, but I can to you, because you are so good and so reasonable, Judith."

"Oh, Mrs. Malleeson, not at all! The merest simpleton must see that Mr. Bernard Aglionby is not responsible for my granduncle's caprice. So you like him? He has been at Irkford, I hear, visiting the lady he is engaged to."

Judith spoke coolly and tranquilly, crushing out every spark of emotion as she proceeded.

"Yes. Of course he is going to be at the ball; and Miss Vane his *fiancée* is going to be there too."

"Is she?" Judith still spoke with measured calmness. Inwardly she was thinking, "It will be even worse than I expected. But I am glad I came here and got warned in time."

"Yes. Mrs. Bryce, Mr. Aglionby's aunt, is staying at Scar Foot. I think

he said he wanted her to live there till he was married—if she would. She is very nice! And he is bringing Miss Vane just for this ball, and the Hunt Ball on the 3d of January, and in order that she may see the place, Mr. Aglionby says. He let me see her likeness. She must be wonderfully pretty."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not to compare with Delphine, though," pursued Mrs. Malleeson warmly. "But then there are not half a dozen girls in Yorkshire to compare with her. Oh, I quite long for the ball! I am sure Delphine will make a sensation now; and so will you, but for being frank and candid, and knowing everything, and talking with men on their own subjects."

"I'm afraid Delphine and I will be failures then, for we know so few men, and certainly we do not know what their subjects are."

"Oh, I didn't say that men liked it; only that girls do it," laughed Mrs. Malleeson, leading Judith to the door. The latter felt that now their doom was sealed.

Mrs. Malleeson would not be so kind as to be taken ill before the dance. Judith went home and told her mother of the arrangement she had made, and Mrs. Conisbrough professed herself satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XXV.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

BERNARD AGLIONBY'S frame of mind was not a happy one on that evening of the 31st of December; it had been anything but cheerful all day; it waxed drearier and drearier during his ten-mile drive to Danesdale Castle with his aunt, Mrs. Bryce, and Lizzie his betrothed. He had brought Miss Vane from Irkford, and introduced her into the halls of his ancestors, and the presence of his mother's sister, last night. The result, he was obliged to own, had hardly been successful. Miss Vane had done little else but shiver since her arrival. She had failed to make a good impression on Mrs. Bryce, whose home was in London, and who had never met her before. She had treated Mrs. Aveson with a vulgar

haughtiness, which had galled the feelings of the good woman beyond description. But she had been very amiable to Bernard, and had confided to him that she looked upon this ball as the turning-point in her destiny. Perhaps it was; it was not for him to gainsay it. His moodiness arose from mental indecision. He had not got to the stage of absolute confession even to himself, that his engagement was a failure. He would not confess it. Much less had he allowed even the idea distinctly to shape itself in his mind, that he was, to put it mildly, thinking with deep interest of another woman. Yet the savage discontent and irritation which he experienced were due, could he but have known it, to these two very facts: that his engagement was a failure and he was beginning to find it out, and that his thoughts, whenever he allowed them free course, were engrossed with another woman. He felt all the miserable unrest and irritation which accompanies mental transition periods, whether they be of transition from good to bad, or from bad to good.

Thus they were a silent party as they drove along the dark roads. Lizzie was shrouded in her wraps, and was solicitous about her dress, lest it should be crushed. Mrs. Bryce was not a talkative woman. Bernard had never in his life felt less inclined to speak—less inclined for a festivity of any kind, for sociability in any shape.

At last they turned in at the great stone gateway at the foot of the hill, rolled for half a mile up the broad, smooth drive, and stopped under a large awning filled with servants, light, and bustle.

Poor Lizzie (whom I commiserate sincerely in this crisis of her fate) felt, as she entered, as if she had crossed the Rubicon. The fears which she had originally felt for herself had in a great measure subsided. With the enduring of her superfine ball-dress, and the consciousness of her triumphant prettiness, all apprehensions for herself had vanished. With such a frock and such a face one's behavior would naturally adapt itself to that of the very highest circles. All that was needed was to be fine enough; and on that point she had a proud consciousness she had never before been known to fail. She felt a little un-

easiness about Bernard. She hoped he would tone down his brusque and abrupt manners. She remembered only too well the terrible solecisms of which he had often been guilty at suburban tea-parties, and his reckless disregard of semi-detached villa conventionalities, and a deep distrust of the probable demeanor of her betrothed took possession of her soul.

Bernard at last found himself with Lizzie on his arm, and Mrs. Bryce by his side, in the large drawing-room, approaching Miss Danesdale and Sir Gabriel.

Lizzie Vane's only experience of balls had been such as had taken place among intimate friends, the Miss Goldings and such as they, and partaken in by the mankind belonging to them. She had a confused idea, as she went up the room on her lover's arm, that this was in some way different from those past balls.

Bernard noticed that she grew very quiet, and even subdued. He could not know that her soul was gradually filling with dismay as she realized that her pink frock (pink was the color selected by Lizzie for this her *debut* in fashionable society), whether "the correct thing," as the Irkford milliner had assured her, or not, was certainly unique: and that she found the crowd of well-bred starers oppressive. Bernard performed the introductions necessary. Mrs. Bryce and Miss Danesdale had already exchanged calls. The latter cast one comprehensive glance over Miss Vane, then, taking the trouble to speak in a voice which could be heard, she expressed her regret that she had not been able to call upon her before the ball, because of her only having arrived so immediately before it; she hoped to have the pleasure later.

"Oh, yes!" murmured Miss Vane, to whom Miss Danesdale appeared a very formidable personage.

Then Bernard led up Randolph and introduced him. Randolph asked if he might have the second dance with her, and, consent having been given, put her name down and departed. Bernard's dancing powers were not of the most brilliant description, but he managed to convey his betrothed safely through the mazes of the first quadrille, and then led her back into the drawing-room. By

this time the greater number of the expected guests had arrived, and Miss Vane was beginning to shake off her first timidity. Ambition began to assert itself in her bosom. She looked very pretty. Her face wore a delicate flush, and her blue eyes had grown more deeply blue; at the end of the first dance every one had seen her, and every one who did not know her wanted to know who she was. All the women said, "What a wonderful dress! Do look at that pink frock! Did you ever behold anything like it?" All the men agreed about the frock (possibly for the sake of peace), but no outlandishly pink raiment could blind them to the charms of its wearer's face. Soon Lizzie was enjoying what was a veritable triumph for her. Her programme was full, to the last dance. Bernard's name was down for one other, a square, toward the end of the evening. He had told her not to refuse any dances on his account, "because I am such a wretched hand at it, you know," and she had fully acted up to his suggestion. Randolph took her to dance the second dance, a waltz, with him. After a short time Bernard, seeing that Mrs. Bryce had established friendly relations with a distinguished dowager, and was in full flow of conversation with her, left the drawing-room and went to the ball-room. There he stopped for a short time, watching the dancers, noting especially the pink dress and the fleet feet of its wearer. Then he found Philippa Danesdale standing near him, also looking on. (To the last day of his life he remembered every incident and detail of that evening as if they had happened yesterday.)

"You do not dance, Mr. Aglionby?" inquired Philippa.

"Very badly. I should not like to inflict myself as a partner on any of the ladies here."

"Then will you give me your arm to the drawing-room? I just came to see that Randolph was doing his duty; but I know that my guests have not yet all arrived."

Bernard gave her his arm, and they returned to the drawing-room. He remained by her side, conversing with her in the intervals of receiving her guests: by-and-by the music in the ball-room ceased. The drawing-room was at this

time almost empty, and still he stood, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, talking to Philippa, when the first couples began to come in from the dancing-room. Randolph Danesdale, with Lizzie, was the first to enter. Miss Vane was flushed; her hair had got a trifle disordered; she looked excited. She was now so far at her ease that she had begun to talk, and Randolph had been malign enough to draw her out a little. Her voice, with its unmistakably underbred and provincial accent, was heard, upraised; on this vision Bernard's eye rested, till he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of his duties, and going forward, offered Miss Vane his arm.

"You're dreaming, Aglionby," observed Randolph lightly.

"Am I? Very likely."

"I can sympathize," added young Danesdale, "for so am I."

"Of what, or of whom?" asked Aglionby, his more genial smile flitting across his face.

Randolph bent forward to him, having first ascertained that Miss Vane's attention was otherwise occupied, and said in a low voice:

"I'm dreaming of dancing with Delphine Conisbrough. She makes me wait long enough, does she not? The ball hasn't begun for me till—why, there they are!"

"With Del—" Aglionby had just ejaculated, electrified, for he had had no forewarning that any of the Conisbroughs were to be there. His glance followed Randolph's, and he had the sensation of starting violently. In reality he turned rather slowly and deliberately, and looked. His face changed. He bit his lips, and became a shade paler. Every pulse was beating wildly. He was in no state to ask himself what it meant. He watched, as if it had been some dissolving view, and saw how Miss Danesdale, with her prim little smile and her neat little steps, and her unimpeachable etiquette, went forward a little, with outstretched hand, and greeted them. And while she spoke to Mrs. Malleeson, Bernard's eyes looked clean over their heads, and met straightly those of Judith Conisbrough. Exactly the same sensation—only far more potent now—as that which had mastered him when he had taken leave of her at her mother's

house seized him—a strong, overwhelming thrill of delight and joy, such as no other being had ever awakened in him. And with it, yet more powerfully than before, he realized that not he alone experienced the sensation. He had the knowledge, intuitive, instinctive, triumphant, that she shared it to the full. He saw how, though she remained calm and composed, her bosom rose and fell with a long, deep inspiration; he saw her eyes change their expression—the shock first, the light that filled them afterward, and—most eloquent, most intoxicating of all—their final sinking before his long gaze. He lived through a thousand changing phases of emotion while he stood still there, looking at her; he realized with passionate delight that it was not only he who found her beautiful, but all others who had eyes to see. None could deny that she was beautiful: her outward form did but express her inner soul. A man behind him murmured to another, and Bernard heard him:

"Jove, what splendid-looking girls! Who are they? Are they from your part of the country too?"

He watched while the two girls shook hands with Miss Danesdale. He saw Randolph go up to them and greet them, and how the first expression of pleasure which had crossed their faces appeared there. Randolph's dream was going to be realized, Bernard reflected, with wild envy. He could arrange things pretty much according to his own pleasure. Delphine had kept him waiting, as he said; so much the oftener would he make her dance with him now that at last she was there.

Then Aglionby became feebly conscious that his arm was somewhat roughly jogged, and that a voice which he seemed to have heard fifty years ago sounded in his ear:

"Bernard, are you dreaming? Here's a lady speaking to you."

With a veritable start this time he came to his senses, and beheld Mrs. Malleeson, in black tulle and *gloire de Dijon* roses, holding out a hand to him, and smiling in friendly wise.

"Mrs. Malleeson, I—you are late, surely, are you not?"

"We are, I believe, and I am afraid it is my fault. I hope the men are not

all so deeply engaged that the Misses Conisbrough will get no dances."

Here some one came and said to Lizzie that he thought it was their dance. Nothing loth, she suffered herself to be led away.

"That is Miss Vane, I know," observed Mrs. Malleeson. "You must introduce her later. She is wonderfully pretty."

She was in her turn monopolized and led away. Aglionby could not have replied had she remained. If he had never known, or never admitted the truth to himself until now, at last it overwhelmed him. Lizzie Vane beautiful! Lizzie Vane beloved by him!

It was like awakening from some ghastly dream, to be confronted by a yet more horrible reality. He mechanically passed his hand over his eyes and shivered. When he looked round again he saw that Judith was standing alone. Philippa was receiving some very late guests. Delphine had been led away, so had Mrs. Malleeson. Several groups were in the room, but both he and Judith were emphatically alone—outside them all. Presently he found himself by her side—as how should he not? There was no one else there, so far as he knew. On a desert island even enemies become reconciled.

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me, Miss Conisbrough."

His voice was low, and there was no smile on his face, any more than there was on hers. With both of them it was far too deadly earnest to permit of smiles or jests.

"It would imply an unpardonably short memory on my part, if I had," she answered very gravely, and looking more majestic than ever. He felt her gloved hand within his, and for a blessed moment or two he forgot Lizzie Vane's very existence. With the actual touch of her hand, with the sound of her pathetic contralto voice, the spell rushed blindingly over him. How had he lived out these weeks since he parted from her? How had he been able to think it all over, as he had done again and again, calmly and without any particular emotion? In one of Turguéneff's novels he relates the story of a Russian peasant woman, whose only and adored son is suddenly killed. A visitor, call-

ing a week or so later, finds the woman, to his surprise, calm, collected, and even cheerful. "*Laissez la*," observed the husband, "*elle est fossilisée!*" Now Bernard knew that was exactly what he had been—fossilized; unrealizing what had happened to him. For him as for that peasant woman the day of awakening had dawned.

He allowed his eyes and his voice to tell Judith that in finding her to-night he had found that which he most desired to see. He allowed his eyes and his voice also to question her eyes and her voice, and in their very hesitation, in their reply, in their very trouble, their abashed quietness, he read the answer he wished for. She had not escaped unscathed from the ordeal which had been too much for him. Twice already to-night he had asked her this question, and had heard this answer—merely with look and tone—without any word whatever, and he wanted to ask it again and again, and to have her answer it as often as he asked it. She was standing, so was he. That last long look was hardly over, when he offered her his arm, and said:

"You are not dancing; come to the sofa and sit down."

She complied; mechanically she sat down, and he beside her; he put his arm over the back of the sofa; she was leaning back, and the lace ruffle of her dress just touched his wrist, and the contact made his blood run faster.

"Mrs. Conisbrough is not with you?" he inquired.

"No, she is not well. She made a point of Delphine's and my coming."

Bernard did not ask her for a dance. He felt a sympathetic comprehension of her position. He knew she would have to dance, unless she wished to be remarkable, which he was sure was no part of her scheme. But he knew that it would be against her will—that she would be more grateful to those who did not ask her than to those who did, and he refrained.

"You said," he went on, in the same low tone, "that if we met in society, we might meet as friends. I have not troubled you since you told me that, have I?"

Judith paused, and at last said constrainedly:

"No."

"No. Therefore I claim my reward now. We are in society to-night. It is the time when we are allowed by your own law to be on friendly terms, and I mean to take advantage of the fact. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me take you in to supper?"

Judith, in her simplicity and surprise, was quite bewildered, and felt distracted how to act. Evidently he had not given up, and did not intend to give up, any scrap of a friendly or cousinly privilege which might be open to him. If her secret in the back ground had been less terrible and (to her) tragic, she would have been amused at Aglionby's determination not to be set aside. As it was, she replied at last gently:

"Don't you think there is another lady whom you ought rather to take in to supper?"

He opened his eyes as if not understanding, then remarked:

"Oh, you mean Miss Vane. Do not imagine that I am neglecting her. Her partner at the supper-table is already selected. She told me so herself. She is to dance an 'extra,' I think she called it, before supper, or after, I forget which—but with some man who is to take her in to that repast. Therefore, may I hope for the pleasure? To 'confound the politics' of the assembled multitude, if for no other reason," he added. "They are sure to look for signs of enmity between us, and I should like to disconcert them."

"Very well, if you wish it," said Judith gravely, "and if I must go into supper, as I suppose I must."

"I'm afraid you have not looked forward with any enjoyment to this ball?"

"*Enjoyment!*" echoed Judith drearily; and added, half forgetting the terms she had herself laid down, "Do not think it very strange that Delphine and I should be here. Mamma insisted, and we dared not thwart her. You do not know how unwilling we were, and how it has troubled us."

"I know what it must feel like to you," he said; and was going to say more. He was going to say that though he knew what it had cost her, yet that he was not altogether sorry, since it had brought them together, and she would not allow any other kind of intercourse.

But just at that moment Sir Gabriel, whom Judith had not yet spoken to, arrived upon the scene. Sir Gabriel had received an inkling of the truth from his son, who had had it from Mrs. Malleon. Randolph had hastily confided it to Sir Gabriel:

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to the Misses Conisbrough, sir. They didn't want to come a bit—to meet Aglionby, you know, and not three months since their uncle's death; but their mother made them, and they dared not cross her—so if you wouldn't mind—"

The hint was more than enough for the warm-hearted old gentleman. Despite his real liking for Aglionby, he had never ceased to shake his head over the will, and to think that Mrs. Conisbrough and those girls had been very badly used. He had just had Delphine introduced to him in the ball-room, and now he had made his way to Judith.

"Miss Conisbrough, I'm delighted to see you here! I have just been talking to your sister, who is the loveliest creature I've seen for twenty years and more. I may say that to you, you know. If she doesn't turn some heads to-night, why, they are not the same kind of heads that used to be on men's shoulders in my days."

Judith's face flushed. She smiled a pleased yet nervous smile. Yes, Delphine was all that the good old man called her, and how delightful this sweet incense of justice, not flattery, would have been—how grateful, if—if only—She crushed down a desire to laugh, or cry, she knew not which—an hysteric feeling—and answered Sir Gabriel politely, but, as he thought, a little indifferently. But, remembering his son's words, he stood talking to her for some time, and finally offered her his arm to take her to the ball-room and dance a quadrille with her. Aglionby went with them at the same time. So long as he did not exceed the bounds of politeness, he told himself—so long as his outward conduct could be denominated "friendly"—he shook his head back—he *would* not turn himself into a conventional machine to say, "How do you do?" "Good evening," and no more.

As they entered the ball room, they

were confronted by Miss Vane, more flushed now, more at her ease, and arm-in-arm with a youth who had been introduced to her as Lord Charles Startforth, and who would by his title alone have fulfilled, to her mind, every requisite necessary to the constitution of a "real swell!" She saw Bernard, Sir Gabriel, and Judith enter, and at once inquired of her partner:

"Eh, I say, isn't that Sir Gabriel?"

"That is Sir Gabriel," replied the young gentleman, with *sang froid*. He had found Miss Vane and her provincialisms a source of the most exquisite entertainment.

"I thought so. Ah, there is my beloved with him."

"Your beloved—happy man! Aglionby, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes," said Miss Vane, explaining. "I call him my beloved, you know, because 'Bernard' is too familiar when you're talking to strangers, and 'Mr. Aglionby' sounds stiff, doesn't it?"

"I quite agree with you. Your beloved's aspect just at present is somewhat gloomy."

"My! Yes! He does look as cross as two sticks. But," with sudden animation, "I've seen that girl before who's going to dance with Sir Gabriel. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Conisbrough, of Yoresett."

"Conisbrough—oh, of course! One of those girls who wanted to have Bernard's money," said Miss Vane, tossing her head. "Well, just fancy! only Miss Conisbrough! From her dress, and Sir Gabriel's dancing with her, I thought she must be a *somebody*."

"Miss Conisbrough doesn't go out much, I think," said the young man instinctively speaking with caution, and unable for his own part to resist looking with admiration at the lady in question. "Your 'beloved' seems to know her, though."

While Lizzie was explaining her partner advanced, and suggested to Sir Gabriel that he and Miss Vane would be happy to be their *vis-à-vis*. So it was arranged, and Bernard retired, after forcing a smile in answer to a coquettish nod from his betrothed. After this dance Judith found no lack of partners. She was forced to dance, and Aglionby

saw her led off time after time; and congratulated himself on having secured her promise concerning supper.

As for Delphine, she had not been in the drawing-room after the first five minutes following her arrival. Judith purposely avoided noticing her. She had a vague consciousness that she was dancing a good deal with Randolph Danesdale, and while her reason condemned her heart condoned, and even sympathized with the imprudence. Even she herself, after a time, fell into the spirit of the dance, and began to rejoice in the mere pleasure of the swift rhythmic motion. Though calm and cool outwardly, she was wrought up to a pitch of almost feverish excitement, and, as is often the case with excitement of that kind, she was able distinctly and vividly to note every small circumstance connected with the course of the evening. She remembered her mother's words, "they shall see who it is that has been passed over," and she could not but perceive that both she and her sister attracted a great deal of attention; that men were led up and introduced to them oftener, on the whole, than they were to other girls—that, in fact, they created a sensation—were a success. She supposed, then, that her mother was right. If they had had that "position" which she so coveted for them, they would not be counted nonentities in it.

Judith also saw, with a woman's quickness in such matters, that which poor Bernard never perceived, the fact, namely, that though Lizzie Vane got plenty of partners, and was apparently made much of, yet that many of her partners were laughing at her, and drawing her out, and that they laughed together about her afterward; and lastly—most significant fact of all—that scarce a woman noticed or spoke to her, except Miss Danesdale, who, as hostess, was in a measure obliged to do so.

Gradually she yielded to the spell of the dance, the music, the excitement of it all; to the unspoken prompting within, "Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Let to-morrow take care of itself." Go where she would, dance with whom she would, before the dance was over, sooner or later, once or oftener, as it happened, but inevitably, she met Bernard's

dark eyes, and read what they said to her. When supper-time came, and he led her in and poured out wine for her, and asked her in a low voice if she had ever been to Scar Foot, if she had even walked past it since she had ceased to be his guest, Judith answered, with a vibrating voice :

"No, I could not ; and of my own free will I will not."

He smiled, but said little more during the meal. The supper was served in brilliant fashion in an enormous room, at numbers of smallish round tables. Those who had time and attention to spare for the arrangements said it was a fairy scene, with its evergreens, its hot-house flowers, and delicate ferns and perfumed fountains. Judith and Aglionby saw nothing of that ; they forced some kind of an indifferent conversation, for under the eyes of that crowd, and surrounded by those brilliant lights, anything like confidential behavior was impossible. Now and then they were greeted by shouts of especially loud laughter from another part of the room, elicited by some peculiarly piquant sally of Miss Vane's, which charmed the chorus of men around her, and gave a deeper flush of triumph to her cheeks :

Just as the noise and laughter were at their height, and the fun was becoming faster, Aglionby said to Judith :

"Let us go away. This isn't amusing."

They rose. So did nearly every one else at the same time, but not to go. Some one had said something, which Judith and Aglionby absorbed in themselves had not heard, and a dead silence succeeded to the tumultuous noise. Then a clock was heard striking—a deep-toned stroke, which fell twelve times, and upon the last sound the storm of laughter broke loose, and a tempest of hand-shaking and congratulations broke out.

"A happy new year to you. I wish you a happy new year !"

"Here's to the peaceful interment of the old year, and the joyful beginning of the new one !"

Aglionby looked at Judith. His lips were open, but he paused. No ; he must not wish her a happy new year. He knew he must not ; and he was silent. Many others had now finished

supper. They, too, left the room, and seated themselves, after wandering about a little, in a kind of alcove with a cushioned seat, of which there were many in the hall. Then—for they were as much alone as if not another creature had been near them—Aglionby at once resumed the topic he had been dwelling on all supper-time.

"You have never been near Scar Foot since that day. That means that you are still relentless ?" said he, regarding her steadily, but with entreaty in his eyes, and a decided accent of the same kind in his voice.

"It means that I must be—must seem so, at least," she replied dreamily.

"Pardon me, but I cannot see it in that light."

"That means that you do not believe me ?"

"No ; I mean that if you would only state your reasons, and tell me the obstacle *you* see to our friendship, that I could demolish it, let it be what it might."

"Oh no, you could not," said Judith, her heart beating with a wild pleasure in thus, as it were, dancing on the edge of a precipice. "You do not know ; it *could* not be swept away."

"And I say it could—it could, Judith, if you would only allow it."

She started slightly, as he spoke her name, and bit her lips ; but she could not summon up her strength of will to rebuke him.

"Why—why do you say such things ? What makes you think so ?" she asked tremulously.

Aglionby took her fan, and bent toward her, as if fanning her with it ; but while his hand moved regularly and steadily to and fro, he spoke to her with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and with eyes which seemed to burn into hers—yet with a tenderness in his voice which he could not subdue.

"Because you do not trust me. Because you will not believe what to me is so simple and such a matter of course—that no reason you could assert could make me your enemy. Because there is *no* offence I would not condone. Pah ! Condone ?—forgive, forget, wipe clean away, to have the goodwill and the friendship of you and yours. *Now* do you understand ?"

Judith turned paler; she shut her eyes involuntarily, and drew a long breath. Could it be possible that he suspected—that he had the slightest inkling of her real reason for maintaining the distance between them for which she had stipulated? His words hit home to the very core and eye of her distress. The peril was frightful, imminent, and she had herself attracted it by allowing him to advance thus far, by herself sporting with deadly weapons. He was watching her, with every sense on the alert, and he saw how, unconsciously, her hands clasped; she gave a little silent gasp and start, and there actually did steal into his mind, only to be dismissed again, the wonder, "Can it be that there really is some offence which she deems irreparable?"

"Hush!" she said at last. "It was very wrong of me to allow the subject to be mentioned. And you do not keep your promise. You know that you promised me at Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby—"

"You also promised *me* at Scar Foot, and then demanded your promise back again," said he, resolved that if he had to give way again (and what else could a man do, when a woman appealed to him for mercy?) that she should buy the concession hard.

"I have told you I cannot explain," she said, almost despairingly. "Do you mean to make me go over it all again?" A rush of sudden tears filled her eyes. "Do you mean to make me plead it all a second time?"

"I should like to make you do it—yes. And, at the end of all, I should like to refuse what you ask," he said, with a savage tenderness in his voice.

Judith looked steadily at him for a short time, as if to test whether he was in earnest or not, and then said in a dull, dead voice, "I wish I were dead;" and looked at the ground.

This was more than he could bear.

"Forgive me, Judith!" he whispered. "If you can, forgive me. I will not sin again, but it is hard."

"Yes, it is hard," she replied, more composed, as the terror she had felt on hearing him talk about "offences" and "condonation" began to subside. "It is hard. But making scenes about it will make it none the easier. We have

our duties, both of us—you as a man—"

More peals of laughter, as a noisy group came out of the supper-room—half a dozen young men, and Miss Vane in the midst of them, laughing in no gentle tones, and holding in her hand, high above her head, a flower, toward which one of the said young gentlemen occasionally stretched a hand, amid the loud hilarity of the lady and her companions. The party made their way toward the ball-room, and Miss Vane was heard crying:

"I'm sure I never promised to dance it with you. Here's my programme. Look and see!"

They disappeared.

Judith's face burned. She looked timidly at Aglionby, who was gazing after the group, his face pale, his eyes mocking, his lips sneering. He laughed, not a pleasant laugh.

"We all have our duties, as you most justly remark. Mine is to marry that young lady, and cease to persecute you with my importunities. I see that is what you were thinking. And you are quite right."

"You are quite wrong," said Judith. "What I do think is that you are not behaving kindly to her to allow her to—to—she is so young and inexperienced—and so pretty."

"And you and your sister are so old and wise, and so hideous," he rejoined with a bitter laugh. "That alone is enough to account for your different style of behavior. No. Do not try to palliate it."

"I think you are to blame," Judith persisted. "You have no right to do it—to leave her with all those silly, empty-headed young men. It is not fair. You ought to take—"

"Take her home—and myself too. A good idea. I am sure the carriage will be round by now. But you?"

"Take me to the drawing-room, please. I daresay Mrs. Malleeson will also be ready to go."

He gave her his arm. Mrs. Malleeson was soon found, seated on a sofa, with Delphine beside her, looking a little pale, and exceedingly tired. Bernard wished them good night, and went to the ball-room. He had seen Mrs. Bryce in the drawing-room, and found that

she was quite ready to go. In the dancing-room there was a momentary pause between two dances. Bernard saw Randolph Danesdale promenading with a young lady on his arm, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. At the farther end of the room he saw that fatal pink dress; heard the same shrill, affected tones, and the chorus of laughter that followed on them. Nothing could have been more distasteful to him in his present mood than to have even to speak to her, after his parting from Judith Conisbrough. But he walked straight up to the group, most of whom he knew slightly by this time, and offering his arm to his betrothed, said gravely:

"Lizzie, I am sorry to break off your amusement, but it is very late; we have ten miles to drive, and Mrs. Bryce is tired, and wishes to go."

"Oh, Aglionby, don't take Miss Vane away! The light of the evening will be gone. Don't look so down, man! Miss Vane, don't let him drag you off in that way. I am down for a dance."

"And I," "And I," cried several voices.

Bernard's face did not relax. He could not unstiffen his features into a smile. He looked directly at Lizzie, as mildly as he could, and repeated that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must ask her to come away.

"Oh, Bernard!" she began, but then something unusual in his expression struck her. A feeling of something like chill alarm crossed her heart. How dignified he looked! How commanding! How different—even she knew—from the feather-brained fops with whom she had even now been jesting and laughing!

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," she said, shrugging her shoulders and

taking his arm. And with a final farewell to her attendants, she went away with her "lover."

"Jove! but that girl is a caution!" observed one of the young men, giving unrestrained flow to his mirth, as Bernard and his betrothed disappeared. "I never had such fun in my life!"

"She'll find it a caution, being married to Aglionby," said a second, looking into the future. "Didn't you see him as he came up to us? Lucifer himself couldn't have looked more deuced stiff."

"Yes—I saw. They don't look exactly as if they were created to run in a pair!" said the first speaker musingly. "But why on earth does he leave her to herself in such a way?"

"He's been dancing attendance on the eldest Miss Conisbrough all evening, and left this little girl to amuse herself with suitable companions."

"On Miss Conisbrough—why, I thought they were at daggers drawn?"

"Didn't look like it, I assure you. I can't make it out, I confess. Only, on my honor, they were as good-looking a couple as any in the room. Couldn't help noticing them. But look here, St. John—will you take the odds—ten to one—that it doesn't come off?"

"The wedding?—all right. At all—or within a year?"

"Oh, hang a year?—at all. Ten to one that Aglionby and the little dress-maker don't get married at all."

"Yes; but there must be some time fixed. Ten to one that it's broken off within a year."

"In sovs? Done with you!"

Then the band struck up again for one of the last waltzes, and the young men dispersed to find their partners for the same.—*Temple Bar.*

CHERUBINO. A PSYCHOLOGICAL ART FANCY.

BY VERNON LEE.

It is a strange and beautiful fact that whatsoever is touched by genius, no matter how humble in itself, becomes precious and immortal. This wrinkled old woman is merely one of thousands like herself, who have sat and will sit by the great porcelain stove of the Dutch

back shop, their knitting or their Bible on their knees. There is nothing to make her recollected; yet we know her after two centuries, even as if we had seen her alive, because, with a few blurred lines and shadows hastily scratched on his etching plate, it pleased the whim of

Master Rembrandt to portray her. And this little commonplace Frankfort shop-keeper's maiden, in her stiff little cap and starched frill, who should remember her? Yet she is familiar to us all, because she struck the boyish fancy of Goethe. For even as the fact of its once having sparkled on the waistcoat of Mozart makes us treasure up a tarnished brass button, and as the notion of their having been planted by the hand of Michael Angelo made us mourn the cutting down of a clump of sear and rusty old cypresses, so also the fact of having been noticed, noted down by genius with brush, or pen, or chisel, makes into relics men and things which would else have been forgotten; because the stroke of that pen, or brush, or chisel, removes them from the perishable world of reality to the deathless world of fancy. Nay, even the beautiful things, the perfect, physically or morally, of the world, those which called forth admiration and love as long as they existed, Antinous and Mona Lisa, Beatrice and Laura, would now be but a handful of nameless dust, were it not for the artists and poets who have made them live again and for ever; the deeds and sufferings of the Siegfrieds and Cids, of the Desdemonas and Francescas, would have died away had they not been filched out of the world of reality into the world of fiction. And even as the perishable, the humble, the insignificant reality becomes enduring and valuable by the touch of genius, so also in the very world of fiction itself the intellectual creations of one man may be raised to infinitely higher regions by the hand of another, may be transported into the kingdom of another and nobler art, and there be seen more universally and surrounded by a newly acquired radiance. In this manner the tale of Romeo and Juliet, graciously and tenderly narrated by the old Italian story-teller, was transfigured by Shakespeare and enshrined in all the splendors of Elizabethan poetry; the figure of Psyche, delicately graceful in the little romance of Apuleius, reappeared, enlarged and glorified by the hand of Raphael, on the walls of the Farnesina; and thus also our Cherubino, the fanciful and brilliant creature of Beaumarchais, is known to most of us far less in his original shape

than in the vague form woven out of subtle melodies to which Mozart has given the page's name. Mozart has, as it were, taken away Cherubino from Beaumarchais; he has, for the world at large, substituted for the page of the comedy the page of the opera. Beaumarchais could give us clear-spoken words, dialogue and action, a visible and tangible creature, and Mozart could give only a certain arrangement of notes, a certain amount of rhythm and harmony, a vague, speechless, shapeless thing; yet much more than the written words do those notes represent to our fancy the strange and fascinating little figure, the wayward, the amorous, the prankish, the incarnation of childishness, of gallantry, of grace, of fun, and of mischief, the archetype of pages—the page Cherubino. What could music do for Cherubino? of what means could it dispose to reproduce this type, this figure? and how did, how should music have disposed of those means? About this fantastic and brilliant little jackanapes of a page centres a curious question of artistic anomaly, of artistic power, and of artistic duty.

The part of Cherubino, the waywardness, the love, the levity, the audacity, the timidity, the maturity, and immaturity of the page's feelings, are all concentrated by the admirable ingenuity of the Venetian D'Aponte, who arranged Beaumarchais' play for Mozart's music, into one air, the air sung by Cherubino in that very equivocal interview with the Countess and Susanna, so rudely to be broken by the thundering rap of the Count at the door. The air is "*Voi che sapete*"—Cherubino's description, half to the noble and sentimental lady, half to the flippant and laughing waiting-maid, of the curious symptoms, the mysterious hankerings and attractions which the boy has of late begun to experience—symptoms of which he is half ashamed, as calculated to bring down laughter and boxes on the ear, and half proud, mischievously conscious that they make him a personage for all this womankind. Every one has heard "*Voi che sapete*" sung a hundred times by dozens of singers in dozens of fashions, till it has become in the recollection a sort of typical jumble of all these various readings; but we once chanced

to hear a reading of "Voi che sapete" which has remained strangely distinct and separate in our remembrance; which made that performance of the hackneyed piece remain isolated in our mind, almost as if the air had never before or never since been heard by us. The scene of the performance has remained in our memory as a whole, because the look, the attitude, the face of the performer seemed to form a whole, a unity of expression and character, with the inflexions of the voice and the accentuation of the words. She was standing by the piano; a Spanish Creole, but, instead of the precocious, overblown magnificence of tropical natures, with a something almost childlike, despite seriousness, something inflexible, unexpanded, unripe about her; quite small, slender, infinitely slight and delicate; standing perfectly straight and motionless in her long, tight dress of ashy rose color; her little dark head with its tight coils of ebony hair perfectly erect; her great dark violet-circled eyes, with their perfect ellipse of curved eyebrow meeting curved eyelash, black and clear against the pale, ivory-tinted cheek, looking straight before her; self-unconscious, concentrated, earnest, dignified, with only a faint fluttering smile, to herself, not to the audience, about the mouth. She sang the page's song in a strange voice, sweet and crisp, like a Cremonese violin, with a bloom of youth, scarcely mature yet perfect, like the honey dust of the vine-flower; sang the piece with an unruffled serenity, with passion, no limpness or languor, but passion restrained, or rather undeveloped; with at most a scarcely perceptible hesitation and reticence of accent, as of budding youthful emotion; her voice seeming in some unaccountable manner to move in a higher, subtler stratum of atmosphere, as it dexterously marked, rounded off, kissed away each delicate little phrase. When she had done, she gave a slight bow with her proud little head, half modestly and half contemptuously, as, with her rapid, quiet movement, she resumed her seat; she probably felt that, despite the applause, her performance did not really please. No one criticized, for there was something that forbade criticism in this solemn little creature; and every one

applauded, for every one felt that her singing had been admirable. But there was no warmth of admiration, no complete satisfaction; she had sung with wonderful delicacy, and taste and feeling; her performance had been exquisitely finished, perfect; but something familiar, something essential had been missing. She had left out Cherubino; she had completely forgotten and passed over the page.

How was it? How could it be that the something which we felt was the nature of the page, the something which even the coarsest, poorest performers had brought out in this piece, had completely disappeared in this wonderfully perfect rendering by this subtle little singer? Perhaps the rendering had been only materially perfect; perhaps it was merely the exquisite tone of the voice, the wonderful neatness of execution which had given it an appearance of completeness; perhaps the real meaning of the music had escaped her; perhaps there was behind all this perfection of execution only a stolid dulness of nature, to which the genius of Mozart was not perceptible. None of all these possibilities and probabilities; the chief characteristic of the performance was exactly the sense of perfect musical intuition, of subtle appreciation of every little intonation, the sense that this docile and exquisite physical instrument was being played upon by a keen and unflinching artistic intelligence. The more you thought over it, the more you compared this performance with any other performance of the piece, the more also did you feel convinced that this was the right, the only right reading of the piece; that this strange, serious little dark creature had given you the whole, the perfection of Mozart's conception; no, there could be no doubt of it, this and this alone was Mozart's idea of "Voi che sapete." Mozart's idea? the whole of Mozart's conception? here, in this delicate, dignified, idyllic performance? The whole? Why then, where, if this was the whole of Mozart's conception, where was Cherubino, where was the page? Why nowhere. Now that the song had been presented to us in its untampered perfection, that the thought of the composer was clear to us—now that we could begin to analyze

the difference between this performance and the performances of other singers—we began to see, vaguely at first and not without doubts of our powers of sight, but to see, and more and more distinctly the longer we looked, that Cherubino was not in Mozart's work, but merely in Beaumarchais. A very singular conclusion to arrive at, but one not to be shirked; Cherubino had passed into the words of Mozart's Italian libretto, he had passed into the dress, the face, the feature, the action of the thousands of performers who had sung the "Marriage of Figaro" on the stage; but he had not passed into Mozart's notes; and because he had not entered into those notes, that subtle and serious little Spaniard, who had seen and understood so well the meaning and beauty of Mozart's music, had known nothing of Cherubino.

Now, after all this discussion respecting his presence and his absence, let us stay awhile and examine into the being of this Cherubino, so familiar and so immediately missed by us; let us look at the page, whom the clever playwright D'Aponte transported, with extraordinary success, out of the French comedy into the Italian opera text. Very familiar to all of us, yet, like the things most familiar, rather vaguely; seen often and in various lights, fluctuating consequently in our memory, as distinguished from the distinct and steadfast image of things seen only once and printed off at a stroke on to our mind. At the first glance, when we see him sitting at the feet of the Countess, singing her his love-songs, he seems a delicate poetic exotic, whose presence takes us quite aback in the midst of the rouged and pigtailed philosophy, the stucco and tinsel sentimentality of the French eighteenth century. In these rooms, all decorated by Boucher and Fragonard, in this society redolent with the theories of Diderot and the jests of Voltaire, this page, this boy, who is almost a girl, with his ribbons, his ballads, his blushes, his guitar, and his rapier, appears like a thing of long past days, or of far distant countries; a belated brother of Shakespeare's Cesario and Fletcher's Bellario, a straggler from the Spain of Lope de Vega, who has followed M. Caron de Beaumarchais, ex-watchmaker

and ex-music master to Mesdames the daughters of Louis XV., from Madrid, and leaped suddenly on to the planks of the Comédie Française: . . . a ghost of some mediæval boy page, some little Jehan de Saintré killed crusading with his lady's name on his lips. Or is not Cherubino rather a solitary fore-runner of romanticism, stumbled untimely into this France of Marie Antoinette; some elder brother of Goethe's Mignon . . . nay, perhaps Mignon herself, disguised as or metamorphosed into a boy? . . . But let us look well at him; let him finish his song and raise his audacious eyes; let him rise and be pulled to and fro, bashful with false bashfulness, half covering his mischievous, monkish impudence, while Susanna is mumming him up in petticoats and kerchiefs; let us look at him again now, and we shall see that he is no Jehan de Saintré, no male Mignon, no Viola in boy's clothes, no sweetly pure little romantic figure, but an impertinent, precocious little Lovelace, a serio-comic little jackanapes, sighing and weeping only to giggle and pirouette on his heels the next moment. From the Countess he will run to the gardener's daughter, from her to the waiting maid, to the duenna, to all womankind; he is a professed lady-killer and woman-teaser of thirteen. There is indeed something graceful and romantic in the idea of this pretty child consoling, with his poetical, absurd love, the poor neglected, ill-used lady. But then he has been smuggled in by that dubious Abigail, Susanna; the sentimental, melancholy Countess is amused by dressing him up in woman's clothes; and when, in the midst of the masquerade, the voice of the Count is heard without, the page is huddled away into a closet, his presence is violently denied, and the Countess admits her adored though fickle lord with a curious, conscious, half-guilty embarrassment. We feel vaguely that Shakespeare would never have introduced his boy Ganymede or his page Cesario into that dressing-room of the Countess Almaviva; that the archly jesting Maria would never have dreamed of amusing the Lady Olivia with such mummings; we miss in this proudly sentimental lady, in this sly waiting woman, in this calf-loving dressed up boy the frank and boisterous

merriment of Portia and Nerissa in their escapades and mystifications ; there is in all this too much locking of doors and drawing of curtains, too much whispered giggling, too little audible laughter ; there hangs an indefinable sense of impropriety about the whole scene. No, no, this is no delicate and gracious young creature of the stock of Elizabethan pages, no sweet exotic in the France of 1780 ; this Cherubino is merely a graceful, coquettish little Greuze figure, with an equivocal simplicity, an ogling *marvelé*, a smirking bashfulness, a hidden audacity of corruption ; a creature of Sterne or Marivaux, tricked out in imitation mediæval garb, with the stolen conscious wink of the eye, the would-be childlike smile, tinged with leer, of eighteenth-century gallantry. He is an impertinent, effeminate, fondled, cynical little jackanapes ; the youngest, childish, monkeyish example, at present merely comic and contemptible, of the miserable type of young lovers given to France by the eighteenth century ; the *enfant du siècle*, externally a splendid, brilliant, triumphant success, internally a miserable, broken, unmanned failure ; the child initiated into life by cynicism, the youth educated to love by adultery ; corrupt unripeness ; the most miserable type of demoralization ever brought into literature, the type of Fortunio and Perdican, and of their author Alfred de Musset ; a type which the Elizabethans, with their Claudios and Giovannis, could not have conceived ; which the Spaniards, with their Don Juans and Ludovic Enios, would have despised, they who had brought on to the stage profligacy which bearded death and hell, turning with contempt from profligacy which could be chastized only with the birch. Cherubino is this : his love is no poetic and silly passion for a woman much older than himself, before whom he sinks on his knees as before a goddess ; it is the instinct of the lady-killer, the instinct of adventures, the consciousness in this boy of thirteen that all womankind is his destined prey, his game, his quarry. And womankind instinctively understands and makes the Lovelace of thirteen its darling, its toy, its kitten, its pet monkey, all whose grimacings and coaxings and impertinences may be endured, enjoyed, en-

couraged. He is the graceful, brilliant, apish Ariel or Puck of the society whose Mirandas and Titanias are Julie and Manon Lescaut ; he is the page of the French eighteenth century.

Such is, when we analyze him, the page Cherubino ; looking at him carelessly, with the carelessness of familiarity, these various peculiarities escape our notice ; they merge into each other and into the whole figure. But although we do not perceive them consciously and in detail, we take in, vaguely and unconsciously, their total effect ; we do not analyze Cherubino and classify his qualities, we merely take him in as a general type. And it is this confused and familiar entity which we call the page, and which we expect to have brought home to us as soon as we hear the first notes, as we see the title of "Voi che sapete." It is this entity, this character thus vaguely conceived, which forms for us an essential part of Mozart's music ; and whose absence from that music made us feel as if, despite the greatest musical perfection, Mozart's idea were not completely given to us. Yet, in reality, this psychological combination called Cherubino does not exist in the work of Mozart. It exists only by the side of it. We speak of the "Marriage of Figaro" as Mozart's work ; we are accustomed to think of the Countess, of Figaro, of Susanna, of Cherubino, as belonging to Mozart ; but in reality only one half of the thing we call the "Marriage of Figaro" belongs to Mozart—that half which consists in melodies and harmonies ; and as it happens it is not in that, but in the other half belonging to Beaumarchais and D'Aponte, the half consisting of words and their suggestions of character, of expression and of movement, that really exists either Countess, or Figaro, or Susanna, or Cherubino. Those notes, which alone are Mozart's, and which are nothing more than notes, have been heard by us in the mouths of many women dressed and acting as Beaumarchais's characters ; they have been heard by us associated to the words of Beaumarchais ; they have been heard delivered with the dramatic inflections suggested not by themselves but by those words ; and thus, by mere force of association, of slovenly thought and active

fancy, we are accustomed to consider all these characters as existing in the music of Mozart, as being part and parcel of Mozart's conception; and when we are presented with those notes, which, to the musician Mozart, were merely notes without those dramatic inflections suggested solely by Beaumarchais's words, when we hear in "Voi che sapete" only Mozart's half of the work, we are disappointed and indignant, and cry out that the composer's idea has been imperfectly rendered.

Cherubino, we say, is not in Mozart's half of the work; he is in the words, not in the music. Is this a fault or a merit? is it impotence in the art or indifference in the artist? Could Mozart have given us Cherubino? and if able, ought he to have given him? The question is double; a question of artistic dynamics, and a question of artistic ethics: the question what can art do; and the question, what art ought to do. The first has been answered by the scientific investigations of our own scientific times; the second has been answered by the artistic practice of the truly artistic days of music. The questions are strangely linked together, and yet strangely separate; and woe betide us if we receive the answer to the one question as the answer to the other; if we let the knowledge of what things are serve us instead of the instinct of what things should do; if we let scientific analysis step into the place of ethical or æsthetical judgment; and if, in the domain of art or of morals, we think to substitute a system of alembics and microscopes for that strange intangible mechanism which science tells us does not exist, and which indeed science can never see or clutch—our soul. For science has a singular contempt for all that is without its domain; it seeks for truth, but when truth baffles and eludes it, science will turn toward falsehood; it will deny what it cannot prove, and call God himself a brain-phantom because he cannot be vivisected. So, when logic, which can solve only logical propositions, remains without explanation before the dicta of the moral and æsthetic parts of us, it simply denies the existence of such dicta and replaces them by its own formulæ; if we ask for the aim of things and actions, it tells us

their origin; if we trustingly ask when we should admire beauty, and love virtue, it drops the rainbow into its crucible to discover its chemical components, and dissects the brain of a saint to examine the shape of its convolutions; it meets admiration and love with experiment and analysis, and, where we are required to judge, tells us we can only examine. Thus, as in ethics, so also in æsthetics, modern philosophy has given us the means instead of the aim, the analysis instead of the judgment; let us therefore ask it only how much of human character and emotion music *can* express; the question how much of it music *ought* to express must be answered by something else; by that artistic instinct whose composition and mechanism and origin scientific psychology may perhaps some day explain, but whose unformulated, inarticulate, half-unconscious dicta all the scientific and logical formulæ in the world can never replace. As yet, however, we have to deal only with the question how much of human character and emotion music can express, and by what means it does so; and here modern psychology, or rather the genius of Herbert Spencer, is able to answer us. Why does dance music cheer us, and military music inspire us, and sacred music make us solemn? A vague sense of the truth made æstheticians answer, for well-nigh two centuries, "by the force of association." Dance music cheers us because we are accustomed to hear it in connection with laughing and quips and cranks; military music inspires us because we are accustomed to hear it in connection with martial movements and martial sights; sacred music depresses us because we are accustomed to hear it at moments when we are contemplating our weakness and mortality; 'tis a mere matter of association. To this easy-going way of disposing of the problem there was an evident and irrefutable objection; but why should we be accustomed to hear a given sort of music in connection with these various conditions of mind? Why should dance music, and martial music, and sacred music all have a perfectly distinct character, which forbade, from the very first, their being exchangeable? If it is a matter of association of ideas, tell us why such

characters could have been kept distinct before the association of ideas could have begun to exist. To this objection there was no reply; the explanation of musical expression by means of association of ideas seemed utterly hollow; yet the confused idea of such an association persisted. For it was, after all, the true explanation. If we ask modern psychology the reason of the specific characters of the various sorts of music, we shall again be answered: it is owing to the association of ideas. But the two answers, though apparently identical, are in fact radically different. The habit of association existed, according to the old theory, between various mental conditions and various sorts of music, because the two were usually found in connection; hence no explanation why, before habit had created the association, there should have been any connection, and, there being no connection, no explanation why the habit and consequently the mental association should ever have been formed. According to the modern theory, on the contrary, the habit of association is not between the various mental conditions and the various styles of music, but between specific mental conditions and specific sounds and movements, which sounds and movements, being employed as the constituent elements of music, give to the musical forms into which they have been artistically arranged that inevitable suggestion of a given mental condition which is due to memory, and become, by repetition during thousands of years, an instinct ingrained in the race and inborn in the individual, a recognition rapid and unconscious, that certain audible movements are the inevitable concomitants of certain moral conditions. The half-unconscious memory become part and parcel of the human mind, that, just as certain mental conditions induce a movement in the muscles which brings tears into the eyes or a knot into the throat, so also certain audible movements are due to the muscular tension resulting from mental buoyancy, and certain others to the muscular relaxation due to mental depression, this half-unconscious memory, this instinct, this inevitable association of ideas, generated long before music existed even in the most rudimentary condition, car-

ried with the various elements of pitch, movement, sonority, and proportion into the musical forms constructed out of these elements, this unconscious association of ideas, this integrated recollection of the inevitable connection between certain sounds and certain passions is the one main cause and explanation of the expressiveness of music. And when to it we have added the conscious perception, due to actual comparison, of the resemblance between certain modes of musical delivery and certain modes of ordinary speaking accentuation, between certain musical movements and certain movements of the body in gesticulation; when we have completed the instinctive recognition of passion, which makes us cry or jump, we know not why, by the rapidly reasoned recognition of resemblance between the utterance of the art and the utterance of human life, which, when we listen for instance to a recitative, makes us say, "This sentence is absolutely correct in expression," or, "No human being ever said such a thing in such a manner;" when we have the instinctive perception of passion, and the conscious perception of imitation; and we have added to these two the power of tone and harmony, neither of them connected in any way with the expression of emotion, but both rendering us, by their nervous stimulant, infinitely more sensitive to its expression; when we have all this, we have all the elements which the musician can employ to bring home to us a definite state of mind; all the mysterious unspoken, unwritten words by means of which Mozart can describe to us what Beaumarchais has described in clear, logical, spoken, written words—the page Cherubino.

Now let us see how much of Cherubino can be shown us by these mere musical means. Cherubino is childish, coquetish, sentimental, amorous, timid, audacious, fickle; he is self-conscious and self-unconscious, passionately troubled in mind, impudently cool in manner; he is brazen, calm, shy, fluttered; all these things together. Sometimes in rapid alternation, sometimes all together in the same moment; and in all this he is perfectly consistent, he is always one and the same creature. How does the playwright contrive to make

us see all this? By means of combinations of words expressing one or more of these various characteristics, by subtle phrases, woven out of different shades of feeling, which glance in iridescent hues like a shot silk, which are both one thing and another; by means also of various emotions cunningly adapted to the exact situation, from the timid sentimentality before the Countess, down to the audacious love-making with the waiting-maid; by means, in short, of a hundred tiny strokes, of words spoken by the page and of the page, by means of dexterously combined views of the boy himself, and of the reflection of the boy in the feelings of those who surround him. Thus far the mere words in the book; but these words in the book suggest a thousand little inflections of voice, looks, gestures, movements, manners of standing and walking, flutter of lips and sparkle of eyes, which exist clear though imaginary in the mind of the reader, and become clearer, visible, audible in the concrete representation of the actor.

Thus Cherubino comes to exist. A phantom of the fancy, a little figure from out of the shadowland of imagination, but present to our mind as is this floor upon which we tread, alive as is this pulse throbbing within us. Ask the musician to give us all this with his mere pitch, and rhythm and harmony and sonority; bid him describe all this in his language. Alas! in the presence of such a piece of work the musician is a mere dumb cripple, stammering unintelligible sounds, tottering through abortive gestures, pointing we know not whither, asking we know not for what. Passionate music? And is not Othello passionate? Coquettish music? and is not Susanna coquettish? Tender music? and is not Orpheus tender? Cool music? and is not Judas Maccabæus cool? Impudent music? And is not the snatch of dance tune of a Parisian grisette impudent? And which of these sorts of music shall fit our Cherubino, be our page? Shall we fuse, in wonderful nameless abomination of nonsense, all these different styles, these different suggestions, or shall, as in a masquerade, this dubious Cherubino, never seen with his own face and habit, appear successively in the musical trappings of

Othello, of Orpheus, of Susanna, of Judas Maccabæus, and of the grisette? Shall we, by means of this fusion, or this succession of musical incongruities, have got one inch nearer to Cherubino? Shall we, in listening to the mere wordless combination of sounds, be able to say, as we should with the book or the actors before us, this is Cherubino? What, then, can music give us, with all its powers of suggestion and feeling, if it cannot give us this? It can give us one thing, not another; it can give us emotion, but it cannot give us the individual whom the emotion possesses. With its determined relations between the audible movement and the psychic movement, it can give us only musical gesture, but never musical portrait; the gesture of composure or of violence, the solemn tread of self-possessed melody, the scuffling of frantically rushing up and down, of throbbing, quivering, gasping, passion-broken musical phrases; it can give us the rhythm which prances and tosses in victory, and the rhythm which droops, and languishes and barely drags itself along for utter despair. All this it can give us, even as the painter can give the ecstatic bound forward of Signorelli's "Calling of the Blessed," or the weary, dreary enfolding in gloomy thought of Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah;" this much which we can only call gesture, and which expresses only one thing, a mood. Let the hopeful heroes of Signorelli, stretching forth impetuous arms toward Paradise, only lose sight of the stately viol-playing angels who guide them, let them suddenly see above them the awful sword of the corseleted Angel of Judgment, and they will sink, and grovel, and writhe, and their now up-turned faces will be dragged in the dust; let the trumpet of warfare and triumph shrill in the ear of Michael Angelo's "Jeremiah," and the dreary dream will be shaken off; he will leap up, and the compressed hand-gagged mouth will open with the yell of battle; let only the emotion change, and the whole gesture, the attitude, plastic or musical, must change also; the already existing, finite, definite work will no longer suffice; we must have a new picture, or statue, or piece of music. And in these inexplicit arts of mere suggestion, we cannot say, as in the explicit

art of poetry, this grovelling wretch is a proud and hopeful spirit ; this violent soldier is a vague dreamer ; this Othello who springs on Desdemona like a wild beast, loves her as tenderly as a mother does her child. Unliterary art, plastic or musical, is inexorable ; the man who grovels is no proud man ; the man who falls down to the right and left is no dreamer ; the man whose whole soul is wrath and destruction, is no lover ; the mood is the mood ; art can give only it ; and the general character, the connection between moods, the homogeneous something which pervades every phase of passion, however various, escapes the powers of all save the art which can speak and explain. How then obtain our Cherubino ? our shiftest and most fickle of pages ? How ? Why, by selecting just one of his very many moods, the one which is nearest allied to fickleness and volubility ; the mood which must most commonly be the underlying, the connecting one, the mood into which all his swagger and sentiment sooner or later resolve ; the tone of voice into which his sobs will quickest be lost, the attitude which will soonest replace the defiant strut ; the frame of mind which, though one and indivisible itself, is the nearest to instability—levity.

Let Cherubino sing words of tenderness and passion, of audacity and shyness, to only one sort of music, to light and careless music ; let the jackanapes be for ever before us, giggling and pirouetting in melody and rhythm ; it will not be Cherubino, the whole Cherubino ; it will be only a miserable fragmentary indication of him, but it will be the right indication ; the psychological powers of music do not go far, but thus far they can go. Analysis of the nature of musical expression has shown us how much it may accomplish ; the scientific investigation is at an end, the artistic judgment must begin. Chapelmaster Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, here are your means of musical expression, and here is the thing to be expressed ; on careful examination it appears distinctly that the only way in which, with your melodies, rhythms, and harmonies, you can give us, not a copy, but a faint indicative sketch, something approaching the original as much as four lines traced in the alley sand of your Schloss Mira-

bell Gardens at Salzburg resemble the general aspect of the Mirabell Palace ; that the only way in which you can give us such a distantly approximative . . .

Signor Maestro Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Vice-Chapelmaster of His Most Reverend Highness the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, has meanwhile sat down at his table near his thin-legged spinet, with the birdcage above and the half-emptied beer-glass at his side ; and his pen is going scratch, scratch, scratch as loud as possible.

"The only way in which you can possibly give us such a distantly approximative copy of the page Cherubino as shown" . . . (Scratch, scratch, scratch goes the pen on the rough music paper), "as shown in the words of Beaumarchais and of your librettist D'Aponte, is to compose music of the degree of levity required to express the temper *jackanapes*."

The Chapelmaster Mozart's pen gives an additional triumphant creak as its point bends in the final flourish of the word *finis* ; Chapelmaster Mozart looks up—

"What was that you were saying about jackanapes ? Oh, yes, to be sure, you were saying that literary folks who try to prescribe to musicians are jackanapes, weren't you ? Now, do me the favor, when you go out, just take this to the theatre copyist ; they are waiting in a hurry for Cherubino's song. . . . Yes, that was all very interesting about the jackanapes and all the things music can express. . . . Who would have thought that musical expression is all that ? Lord, Lord, what a fine thing it is to have a reasoning head and know all about the fundamental moods of people's characters ! My dear sir, why don't you print a treatise on the musical interpretation of the jackanapes and send it to the University of Vienna for a prize ? that would be a treatise for you ! Only do be a good creature and take this song at once to the copyist. . . . I assure you I consider you the finest musical philosopher in Christendom."

The blotted, still half wet sheet of note-paper is handed across by Chapelmaster Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. It is the manuscript of "*Voi che sapete*."

"But, dearest Chapelmaster Mozart, the air which you have just written ap-

pears to be not in the least degree light—it is even extremely sentimental. How can you, with such phrases, express the Cherubino of Beaumarchais?"

"And who, my dear Mr. Music Philosopher, who the deuce told you that I wanted to express the Cherubino of Beaumarchais?"

Chapelmaster Mozart, rising from his table, walks up and down the room with his hands crossed beneath his snuff-colored coat-tails, humming to himself,

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
Donne, vedete s' io l' ho nel cor,

and stops before the cage hanging in the window, and twitching the chickweed through the wires, says:

"Twee! twee! isn't that a fine air we have just composed, little canary-bird, eh?"

"Twee! twee!" answers the canary.

Mozart has willed it so; there is no possible appeal against his decision; his artistic sense would not listen to our logic; our arguments could not attain him, for he simply shook from off his feet the dust of logic land, and calmly laughed defiance from the region of artistic form, where he had it all his own way, and into which we poor wretches can never clamber. So here is the page's song irrevocably sentimental; and Mozart has been in his grave ninety years; and we know not why, but we do shrink from calling in Offenbach or Lecoq to rewrite that air in true jackanapsian style. What can be done? There still remains another hope.

For the composer, as we have seen, could give us—as could the painter or the sculptor—only one mood at a time; for he could give us only one homogeneous artistic form. But this artistic form exists so far only in the abstract, in the composer's brain or on the paper. To render it audible we require the performer; on the performer depends the real, absolute presence of the work; or, rather, to the performer is given the task of creating a second work, of applying on to the abstract composition the living inflexions and accentuations of the voice. And here, again, the powers of musical expression, of awaking association by means of sounds or manner of giving out sounds such as we recognize, automatically or consciously, to accompany the emotion that is to be convey-

ed, here again these powers are given to the artist to do therewith what he chooses. This second artist, this performer, is not so free indeed as the first artist, the composer; he can no longer choose among the large means of expression the forms of melody and rhythm, the concatenation of musical phrases; but there are still left to him the minor modes of expression, the particular manner of setting forth these musical forms, of treating this rhythm; the notes are there, and their general relations to one another, but on him depends the choice of the relative stress on the notes, of the tightening or slackening of their relations; of the degree of importance to be given to the various phrases. The great outline cartoon is there, but the cunning lights and shades, transitions, abrupt or insensible, from tint to tint, still remain to be filled up. A second choice of mood is left to the singer. And see! here arises a strange complication; the composer having in his work chosen one mood, and the singer another, we obtain in the fusion or juxtaposition of the two, works of the two moods, that very thing we desire, that very shimmer and oscillation of character which the poet could give, that dualism of nature required for Cherubino. What is Cherubino? A sentimental jackanapes. Mozart in his notes has given us the sentiment, and now we can get the levity from the performer—unthought-of combination, in which the very irrational, illogical choice made by the composer will help us. Here are Mozart's phrases, earnest, tender, noble—Mozart's love song fit for a Bellario or a Romeo; now let this be sung quickly, lightly, with perverse musical head-tossing and tripping and ogling, let this passion be gabbled out flippantly, impudently—and then, in this perfect mixture of the noble and ignoble, of emotion and levity, of poetry and prose, we shall have, at last, the page of Beaumarchais. A brilliant combination; a combination which, thus reasoned out, seems so difficult to conceive; yet one which the instinct of half, nay, of nearly all the performers in creation, would suggest. A page? A jackanapes? Sing the music as befits him; giggle and ogle and pirouette, and languish out Mozart's music; a universal

idea, now become part and parcel of tradition ; the only new version possible being to give more or less of the various elements of giggling, ogling, pirouetting, and languishing ; and slightly vary the style of jackanapes.

But no ; another version did remain possible : that strange version given by that strange solemn little Spanish singer, after whose singing of " *Voi che sapete* " we all felt dissatisfied, and asked each other " What has she done with the page ? " That wonderful reading of the piece in which every large outline was so grandly and delicately traced, every transition so subtly graduated or marked, every little ornament made to blossom out beneath the touch of the singular crisp, sweet voice : that reading which left out the page. Was it the blunder of an idealess vocal machine ? or the contradictory eccentricity of a seeker after impossible novelty ? Was it simply the dulness of a sullen, soulless little singer ? Surely not. She was neither an idealess vocal machine, nor a crotchety seeker for new readings, nor a soulless sullen little creature ; she was a power in art. A power, alas ! wasted forever, of little or no profit to others or herself ; a beautiful and delicate artistic plant uprooted just as it was bursting into blossom, and roughly thrown to wither in the sterile dust of common life, while all around the insolent weeds lift up their prosperous tawdry heads. Of this slender little dark creature, with the delicate stern face of the young Augustus, not a soul will ever remember the name. She will not even have enjoyed the cheap triumphs of her art, the applause which endures two seconds, and the stalkless flowers which wither in a day ; the clapping which interrupts the final flourish, the tight-packed nosegays which thump down before the feet, of every fiftieth-rate mediocrity. Yet the artistic power will have been there, though gone to waste in obscurity ; and the singer will have sung, though only for a day, and for that day unnoticed. Nothing can alter that. And nothing can alter the fact that, while the logical heads of all the critics, and the soulless throats of all the singers in Christendom have done their best, and ever will do

their best, to give us a real musical Cherubino, a real sentimental whipper-snapper of a page, this utterly unnoticed little singer did persist in leaving out the page most completely and entirely. Why ? Had you asked her, she would have been the last person in the world capable of answering the question. Did she consider the expression of such a person as Cherubino a prostitution of the art ? Had she some theory respecting the propriety of dramatic effects in music ? Not in the very least ; she considered nothing and theorized about nothing : she probably never had such a thing as a thought in the whole course of her existence. She had only an unswerving artistic instinct, a complete incapacity of conceiving the artistically wrong, an imperious unreasoning tendency to do the artistically right. She had read Mozart's air, understood its exquisite proportions, created it afresh in her appreciation, and she sang it in such a way as to make its beauty more real, more complete. She had unconsciously carried out the design of the composer, fulfilled all that could be fulfilled, perfected the mere music of Mozart's air. And as in Mozart's air there was and could be (inasmuch as it was purely beautiful) no page Cherubino, so also in her singing of the air there was none : Mozart had chosen, and she had abided by his choice.

Such is the little circle of fact and argument. We have seen what means the inherent nature of music afforded to composer and performer for the expression of Beaumarchais's Cherubino ; and we have seen the composer, and the performer who was true to the composer, both choose, instead of expressing an equivocal jackanapes, to produce and complete a beautiful work of art. Were they right or were they wrong ? Criticism, analysis, has said all it could, given all its explanations ; artistic feeling only remains to judge, to condemn, or to praise : this one fact remains, that in the work of the great composer we have found only certain lovely patterns made out of sounds ; but in them, or behind them, not a vestige of the page Cherubino.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE MIND'S MIRROR.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

IN very varied fashions has philosophy endeavored at various stages of its career to solve the problem of the face as the mind's mirror, and to gain some clue thereby to the ways and workings of the brain. Often when philosophy was at its worst and vainest, has the problem appeared most certain of solution. From classic ages, onward to the days of Lavater, Gall, and Spurzheim, the wise and occult have regarded their systems of mind-localization as adapted to answer perfectly all the conditions whereby an inquiring race could test their deductions. But as time passed and knowledge advanced, system after system of mind-philosophy has gone by the board, and has been consigned to the limbo of the extinct and non-existent. Now and then the shreds and patches of former years are sought out by the curious to illustrate by comparison the higher and better knowledge of to-day; and occasionally one may trace in the by-paths of latter-day philosophies, details which figured prominently as the sum and substance of forgotten systems and theories of matter and of mind. So that the student of the rise and decline of philosophies learns to recognize the transient in science as that which is rapidly lost and embodied in succeeding knowledge, and the permanent as that which through all succeeding time remains stamped by its own and original individuality. Especially do such remarks apply to the arts which have been employed to find "the mind's construction" in face or head. If Lavater's name and his long list of "temperaments" are things of the far-back past in science, no less dim are the outlines of the extinct science of brain-pans, over which Gall and Spurzheim labored so long and lovingly, but for the name of which the modern student looks in vain in the index of physiological works dealing with the subjects "phrenology" once called its own. Pursued together in out-of-the-way holes and corners, the systems of Lavater and Gall are represented among us to-day chiefly by devotees whose acquaintance with the anatomy

and physiology of the brain is not that of the scientific lecture-room, but that of the philosophers who deal in busts, and to whom a cranium represents an object only to be measured and mapped out into square inches of this quality and half-inches of that. Neglected because of their resting on no scientific basis, the doctrines of phrenology and physiognomy have died as peacefully as the "lunar hoax" or the opposition to the theory of gravitation. And the occasionally prominent revival of their tenets in some quarters, but represents the feeble scintillations which attend the decay and announce the transient survivals of movements whose days are numbered as parts of philosophical systems.

Whatever reasonable deductions and solid advances regarding the functions of brain and mind either "science" tended to evolve, have been long ago incorporated with the swelling tide of knowledge. Phrenology has vanished in the general advance of research regarding the functions of the brain; a region which, apparently without a cloud in the eyes of the confident phrenologist, is even yet unpenetrated in many of its parts by the light of recent experiment and past discoveries. Similarly the science of physiognomy has its modern outcome in the cant phrases and common knowledge with which we mark the face as the index to the emotions, and through which we learn to read the broader phases of the mind's construction. But the knowledge of the face—

as a book

Where men may read strange matters.

has been more fortunate than the science of brain-pans, in respect of its recent revival under new aspects and great authority. From Eusthenes, who "judged men by their features," to Lavater himself, the face was viewed as the mask which hid the mind, but which, as a general rule, corresponded also to the varying moods of that mind, and related itself, as Lavater held, to the general conformation and temperament of the

whole body. So that the acute observer might be supposed to detect the general character of the individual by the conformation of the facial lineaments—crediting a balance of goodness here or a soul of evil there, or sometimes placing his verdict in Colley Cibber's words, "That same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery." It argues powerfully in favor of the greater reasonableness of the science of faces, over its neighbor-science of crania, that we find even the vestiges of its substance enduring among us still. Of late years the face and its changes have become a new the subject of scientific study, although in a different aspect from that under which Lavater and his compeers regarded it. Now, the physiognomy is viewed, not so much in the light of what it is, as of how it came to assume its present features. Facial movements and "gestic lore" are studied to-day in the light of what they were once, and of their development and progress. Admitting, with Churchill, the broad fact that the face—

by nature's made

An index to the soul,

modern science attempts to show how that index came to be compiled. In a word, we endeavor, through our modern study of physiognomy, to account for how the face came to be the veritable "Dyall of the Affections" which the science of yesterday and that of to-day agree in stamping it.

Regarding the face as the chief centre wherein the emotions and feelings which constitute so much of the individual character are localized, common observation shows us, however, that the mind's index is not limited to the play of features alone. A shrug of the shoulders may speak as eloquently of disdain as the stereotyped curl of the upper lip and nose. The "attitude" of fear is as expressive as the scared look. The outstretched and extended palms of horror are not less typical than the widely opened eyes and the unclosed lips. Gesture language—the speech of the bodily muscles—is in truth almost as much a part of our habitual method of expression as the muscular play of the face; and the emotions displayed by the countenance gain immeasurably in intensity when aided by the appropriate gestures

which we have come tacitly to recognize as part and parcel of our waking lives. No better portrait of the part which muscular movements play in the enforcement of language and feelings has been drawn than that of Shakespeare's Wolsey. Here the picture teems with acts of gesture, each eloquent in its way, and testifying to the conflicting passions and emotions which surged through the busy brain of Henry's counsellor:—

Some strange commotion

Is in his brain; he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange

postures

We have seen him set himself.

We thus obtain, from the full consideration of the means which exist for the expression of the emotions, the knowledge that not the face alone, but the common movements of body and limbs, have to be taken into account in the new science of emotional expression which has thus arisen among us. Properly speaking, the modern physiognomy is one of the body as a whole, and not of face alone; and, above all, it is well to bear in mind that the newer aspect of the science deals not merely and casually with this gesture or that, but with the deeper problem of how the gesture came to acquire its meaning and how the "strange postures" of face and form were evolved.

By way of fit preface to such a subject as the expression of the emotions in a scientific sense, we may, firstly, glance at the emotions themselves and at their general relations to the bodily and mental mechanism of which they form the outward sign and symbol. It is well that, primarily, we should entertain some clear idea as to the exact place which the emotions occupy in the list of mental phases and states. Leaving metaphysical definitions as but little fitted to elucidate and aid a popular study, we may feasibly enough define an "emotion" as consisting of the particular changes which peculiar states of mind produce upon the mind and body. Such a definition, simple though it appear to be, really extends as far as any mere definition can in the endeavor to present a broad idea of what "emotions" imply

and mean. By some authors, the "emotion" is interpreted as the mental state which gives rise to the bodily disturbance. But such a mode of treating the term is simply equivalent to an attempt to define the shadow and ignore the substance. Says Dr. Tuke, whose authority in all matters relative to the relation betwixt mind and body we must gratefully acknowledge, "Everyone is conscious of a difference between a purely intellectual operation of the mind and that state of feeling or sentiment which, also internal and mental, is equally removed from (though generally involving) a bodily sensation, whether of pleasure or pain; and which, from its occasioning suffering, is often termed Passion; which likewise, because it moves our very depths, now with delight, now with anguish, is expressively called Emotion—a true commotion of the mind, and not of the mind only, but of the body." And in a footnote, Dr. Tuke is careful to remind us that "it is very certain, however, that our notion of what constitutes an emotion is largely derived from its physical accompaniments, both subjective and objective." That is to say, the nature of the mental act—which is by some authors exclusively named the emotion—may be, and generally is, imperfectly understood by us; and the name is given rather to the obvious effects of the mind's action on the face and body, than to the mental action which is the cause of these visible effects. Such a result is but to be looked for so long as the mental acts are contained and performed within a veritable arcanum of modern science. The emotion renders us conscious "subjectively," or within ourselves, of the mental states which cause the outward postures of body or phases of face. "The modern student," says Mr. Fiske, in a recent volume,* "has learned that consciousness has a background as well as a foreground, that a number of mental processes go on within us of which we cannot always render a full and satisfactory account." And while the source of the common emotions of everyday life is no doubt to be found in the ordinary sensations which originate from our contact with the outer world,

there are other emotions which arise from the "background of consciousness," and which are manifested in us as actively and typically as are the common feelings of the hour which we can plainly enough account for.

To descend from theory to example in this case is an easy task. The blush which has been called into the cheek by a remark made in our hearing, is as fair and simple an illustration of the objective source of emotions as could well be found. The production of the emotion in such a case depends upon the ordinary laws of sensation, through the operation of which we gain our knowledge of the world—nay, of ourselves also. Waves of sound set in vibration by the voice of the speaker, have impinged upon the drum of the ear. Thence converted into a nervous impression or impulse, these sound-waves have travelled along the auditory nerve to the brain. There received as a "sensation"—there appreciated and transformed into "consciousness"—the brain has shown its appreciation of the knowledge conveyed to it by the ear, in the production through the nerve-mechanism of the bloodvessels, of the suffused tint which soon overspreads the face. But this direct production of an emotion by mental action, and from the foreground of consciousness, is opposed in a manner by a second method which may be termed "subjective," by way of distinction from the objective sensation derived from the voice of the speaker, and giving rise to the blush. From the "background of consciousness," wherein Memory may be said to dwell, there may come the remembrance of the occasion which gives rise directly to the blush. Projected into the foreground of consciousness, the subjective sensation may be as vividly present with us in the spirit as when it was felt in the flesh. True to its wonted action, the brain may automatically influence the heart's action, and suffuse the countenance as thoroughly as if the original remark had that moment been made. Ringing in the ears of memory, the subjective sensation may be as powerful as when it was first received from the objective side of life. As has well been remarked, the import and effects of subjective sensations may not be lightly es-

* *Darwinism and other Essays*: Macmillan, 1879.

timated in the production of various phases of the mental life. "When an exceedingly painful event produces great sorrow, or a critical event great agitation, or an uncertain event great apprehension and anxiety, the mind is undergoing a passion or suffering; there is not an equilibrium between the internal state and the external circumstances; and until the mind is able to reach adequately, either in consequence of a fortunate lessening of the outward pressure, or by a recruiting of its own internal forces, the passion must continue; in other words, the wear and tear of nervous element must go on. Painful emotion is in truth *psychical pain*: and pain here, as elsewhere, is the outcry of suffering organic element—a prayer for deliverance and rest." And again, this author—Dr. Maudsley—speaking of the *rationale* of emotion, which in its graver exhibition may produce derangement of mind, says: "When any great passion causes all the physical and moral troubles which it will cause, what I conceive to happen is, that a physical impression made upon the sense of sight or of hearing is propagated along a physical path (namely, a nerve) to the brain, and arouses a physical commotion in its molecules; that from this centre of commotion the liberated energy is propagated by physical paths to other parts of the brain, and that it is finally discharged outwardly through proper physical paths, either in movements or in modifications of secretion or nutrition (*e.g.* the influencing of heart and blood-vessels as in blushing). The passion that is felt is the subjective side of the cerebral commotion—its *motion* out from the physical basis, as it were (*e-motion*), into consciousness—and it is only felt as it is felt by virtue of the constitution of the cerebral centres, into which have been wrought the social sympathies of successive ages of men; inheriting the accumulated results of the experiences of countless generations, the centres manifest the kind of function which is embodied in their structure. The molecular commotion of the structure is the liberation of the function; if forefathers have habitually felt, and thought, and done unwisely, the structure will be unstable and its function irregular." So much for the nature of emotion, for the

connection of the emotions with sensation, and for the part which the feelings may play in inducing aberration of mind. In the concluding words of the paragraph just quoted lies the explanation of the production of mind-derangements through a hereditary bias, namely, the perpetuated effects of ill-regulated mental acts. In the same idea, that of continued and transmitted habit, exists the key to the understanding of the origin of emotions. Above all other causes, habit has acted with extreme power and effect in inducing the association not merely of groups of actions expressive of emotions, but also in forming and stereotyping trains of thought and ideas in harmony therewith. On some such plain consideration, the real understanding of many problems of mind may be said to rest; and certainly in the subject before us it is one we cannot afford to lose sight of throughout the brief study in which we are engaged.

Any such study, however limited its range, must devote a few details to the question concerning the seat of the emotions in the chief centre of the nervous system. Of old, the peculiar system of nerves lying along the front of the spine, and called the "sympathetic system," was believed to possess the function of bringing one part of the body into relation with another part. To this system in modern physiology is assigned the chief command of those processes which constitute the "organic life" of higher animals, and which, including such functions as digestion, circulation, etc., proceed under normal circumstances independently of the direct operation of will and mind. Liable to be influenced and modified in many ways by the will and by the nervous acts which compose the waking existence of man, the sympathetic nerves may nevertheless be regarded as the chief and unconscious regulators of those processes on the due performance of which the continuity and safety of life depends. But in the physiology of past days these nerves were credited with the possession of a much more intimate relation to the play of emotions. By some authorities in a past decade of science, the seat of the emotions was referred exclusively to the nerves in question and to the processes which

they regulate. Under the influence of these nerves and of the emotions, argued these theorists, we see the functions of the body gravely affected; and in some 'epigastric centre,' as the chief nerve-mass of this system was termed, the emotions were declared to reside. But in such a theory of the emotions, results were simply mistaken for causes. On the ground that disturbance of the heart's action, or of digestion, occurred as a sign and symptom of emotion, the play of feelings was assigned to the bodily organs, whither in classic ages had been set the "passions" and "humors" residing in spleen, liver, and elsewhere. But in modern science *nous avons changé tout cela*. If we are not thoroughly agreed as to the exact location of the emotions in the brain itself, we at least by common consent regard the central organ of the nervous system as the seat of the feelings which play in divers ways upon the bodily mechanism. Most readers are conversant with the fact that all brains, from those of fishes to those of quadrupeds and man, are built up on one and the same broad type; exhibiting here and there, as we ascend in the scale, greater developments of parts which in lower life were either but feebly developed or otherwise unrepresented at all. To this plain fact, we may add two others which lead toward the understanding of the seat and *locale* of the emotions. In man and his nearest allies, two of the five or six parts of which a typical brain may be said to consist have become immensely developed as compared with the other regions. And it is on this latter account that we familiarly speak of man's brain as consisting of two chief portions—the big brain, or *cerebrum*, filling well-nigh the whole brain-case; and the little brain, or *cerebellum*, which lies toward the hinder part of the head. To these chief parts of the brain we may add—by way of comprehending the emotional localities—the "sensory ganglia," or, as they are collectively termed, the "sensorium." In these latter nerve-masses or ganglia the nerves of special sense—those of sight, hearing, smell, etc.—terminate. Impressions of sight, for instance, received by the eyes, are transferred to the appropriate ganglia in which the act of mind we term "see-

ing" is excited. And so also with hearing and the other senses; the organ of sense being merely the "gateway of knowledge," and the true consciousness in which knowledge resides being thus excited within the brain. Add to these primary details one fact more, namely, that the spinal cord, protected within the safe encasement formed by the backbone, possesses at its upper or brain end a large nervous mass known as the "medulla oblongata," and our anatomical details respecting the nerve-centres may be safely concluded. From the "medulla oblongata" the nerves which in large measure regulate or affect breathing, swallowing, and the heart's action, spring; so that whatever be the importance of the "medulla oblongata" as an independent centre of mind or brain, there can be no question of its high office as a controller of processes on which the very continuance of life itself depends.

In what part of the nerve-centres are the emotions situated—in big brain, little brain, sensorium, or medulla?—is a query which may now be relevantly asked. The ingenuous reader, imbued with a blind faith in the unity of scientific opinion on matters of importance, will be surprised to find that in the archives of physiology very varied replies may be afforded to this question. Opinions backed by the weight of great authority will tell us that "big brain" is the seat of the emotions, intelligence, the will, and of all those higher nerve functions which contribute to form the characteristic mental existence of man. Such a view, say its upholders, is supported more generally and fully by the facts of physiology and zoology, and by those of sanity and insanity, than any other theory of the exact situation of the "mental light." Authority of equally eminent character, however, is opposed to the foregoing view regarding the superiority of the big brain over all other parts of the nervous centres; and in this latter instance our attention is directed to the claims of the "sensorium" as already defined, and as distinguished from the big brain itself, to represent the seat of the emotions. The emotions of the lower animals, we are reminded, bear a relation to the development of these sensory ganglia, rather

than to that of the big brain. Dr. Carpenter, for instance, insists that "it is the *sensorium*, not the cerebrum, with which the will is in most direct relation." Big brain, in the opinion of Carpenter, "is not essential to consciousness;" it is insensible itself to stimuli—that is to say, the brain itself has no sensation or feeling—and it further "is *not* the part of the brain which ministers to what may be called the "outer life" of the animal, but is the instrument exclusively of its "inner life." Impressions of sight are received by the sensory ganglia or masses in relation with the eye; and, adds Carpenter, it would seem probable that *consciousness* of sight only happens when the impression sent from the sensory ganglia to the big brain has returned to these ganglia, and has *reacted* upon these latter as the centres of sight. Thus, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory, we may hold the *sensorium* to be the true seat of the emotions. Inasmuch as we only become conscious of a sight-impression when it has been transmitted back to the sensory ganglia from the big brain, in like manner we become cognizant of an emotion only when the impression has been returned to the *sensorium* after being modified in the big brain. The latter supplies the modifying effects, but it is left for the sensory masses of the brain to excite consciousness and to further distribute the emotions through the body. By way of fortifying his position, Dr. Carpenter gives the following case, quoted from Dr. Abercrombie's "Intellectual Powers:"—"In the church of St. Peter at Cologne, the altar-piece is a large and valuable picture by Rubens, representing the martyrdom of the apostle. This picture having been carried away by the French in 1805, to the great regret of the inhabitants, a painter of that city undertook to make a copy of it from recollection; and succeeded in doing so in such a manner, that the most delicate tints of the original are preserved with the most minute accuracy. The original painting has now been restored, but the copy is preserved along with it; and even when they are rigidly compared, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the one from the other." Dr. Abercrombie also relates that Niebuhr, the cele-

brated Danish traveller, when old, blind, and infirm, used to describe to his friends, with marvellous exactitude, the scenes amid which he had passed his early days, remarking "that as he lay in bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the past continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday." Thus, urges Dr. Carpenter, these instances, equally with Hamlet's declaration that he beholds his father in his "mind's eye," are only to be explained as ideational or internal representations of objects once seen. The "background of consciousness" has projected them forward, in other words, into the waking life in the form of subjective sensations.

The same "sensorial state" must have been produced in the case of the painter and in that of Niebuhr as was produced by the original objects each had gazed upon—"that state of the *sensorium*," says Carpenter, "which was *originally* excited by impressions conveyed to it by the nerves of the *external* senses, being *reproduced* by impressions brought down to it from the cerebrum (or big brain) by the nerves of the *internal* senses." Lastly, it may be added that by a third section of the physiological world the *medulla oblongata*, or in other words the upper segment of the spinal cord, is to be regarded as the seat of the feelings. The late Professor Laycock inclined strongly toward this latter opinion. He held that the changes connected with the receipt and transmission of impressions from the outside world finally ended in the medulla, and there resulted in the development of the higher feelings and sentiments; while ordinary and automatically adapted movements might take place entirely unaccompanied by sensation or consciousness. The medulla in this view is the seat "of all those corporeal actions—cries and facial movements—by which states of consciousness are manifested," and these movements "can be and are manifested automatically." Mr. Herbert Spencer's views refer "all feelings to this same centre, admitting also the co-operation of the other parts of the brain. By itself, the medulla cannot generate emotion," but, adds Mr. Spen-

cer, "it is that out of which emotion is evolved by the co-ordinating actions of the great centres above it." How, by way of conclusion, can we account for the diversity of views thus expressed, and to which side should we lean in our views regarding the seat of the emotions? Probably, as a tentative measure, we may rest most safely by assuming that the production of emotion is a compound act in which not merely the big brain but the sensorium is likewise concerned, as implied by Dr. Carpenter; and further, that through the medulla the effects of the emotions—or the emotions as we behold them in the body—are ultimately evolved. "Much may be said on both sides of the argument," to use Sir Roger de Coverley's phrase. The difficulty has nowhere been more fairly summarized than in Dr. Tuke's declaration that "there are objections to the attempt to dissect and separately localize the intellectual and the emotional elements, mental states in which they are combined; and yet I cannot but think that such a special relationship between the emotional element and the medulla must be admitted, as shall explain why the passions act upon the muscles and upon the organic functions in a way universally felt to be different from that in which a purely intellectual process acts upon them. On the hypothesis which refers the emotional and intellectual elements equally to the hemispheres (big brain), or which does not at least recognize that the power of expressing emotions is dependent upon the medulla oblongata, it seems to me more difficult to account physiologically for the popular belief of the feelings being located in the heart or breast, and for the sensations at the pit of the stomach; while the recognition, in some form or other, of an anatomical or physiological connection between the medulla oblongata and the emotions, brings the latter into close relation with the ganglionic cells of the pneumogastric (a nerve in part controlling the movements of the heart, of breathing, and swallowing) and with the alleged origin of the sympathetic."

Thus far we have been engaged in the study of the physiology of the emotions, and in the endeavor to comprehend the nature of the feelings from the

nervous side. Our next duty lies in the direction of endeavoring to understand the development of the outward signs of the emotions as displayed not merely in the mind's mirror—the face itself—but in the body at large also. As the emotions are expressed through muscular movements of various kinds—blushing itself being no exception to this rule—our first inquiries may be directed toward ascertaining the exact nature of the relationship between mind and muscle. The ultimate question which awaits solution will resolve itself into the query, "How has this relationship been developed and perfected?" The emotion, as we have seen, may be said to include in its production the outward and visible expression of an idea, and in this light emotional movements not merely express each its particular thought, but correspond to the well-defined mental state which gave origin to the thought. Emotional movements in others are thus capable of exciting similar and corresponding thoughts in ourselves. Nay, even words and language fall into their definite place in the expression of the emotions, simply when viewed as corresponding to ideas. "Speak the word," says Dr. Maudsley, "and the idea of which it is the expression is aroused, though it was not in the mind previously; or put other muscles than those of speech into an attitude which is the normal expression of a certain mental state, and the latter is excited."

Turning to the emotions, we see the marked correspondence between ideas and muscular expression. Language expresses our meaning through "audible muscular expression;" and through "visible muscular expression" the passions hold their outward sway. Bacon's idea of the importance of the study of the expression of the emotions is well known—"the lineaments of the body do disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in general: but the motion of the countenance and parts do not only so, but do further disclose the present humor and state of the mind or will." It is no mystery, but the plainest of inferences, that the play of prominent and oft-repeated emotions may thus come to determine a special configuration of face, which may reappear in after generations in the "types" to

which Lavater and his contemporaries directed so much attention.

For evil passions, cherish'd long,

Had plough'd them with impressions strong, says Sir Walter Scott, in describing the features of Bertram; and the poet in such a case but repeats in æsthetic phrase the plain inferences and facts of the science of life.

The muscular acts involved in the production of the most common emotions are not difficult to comprehend, and merely involve an easy anatomical study. My friend Professor Cleland of Glasgow has in a recent paper given an excellent example of this mechanism, and has incidentally shown how attitudes and gestures of body express correlated workings of mind. In the expression of movements of receiving and rejecting—of welcome and repulse—the chief muscles are concerned. The *pectoralis major*, or chief muscle, on each side of the breast, is chiefly concerned in the act of embrace and welcome; a second (the *latissimus dorsi*) being employed in the act of rejection—this latter muscle might in fact, as Dr. Cleland remarks, "be called the muscle of rejection," a name which would express its action more accurately as well as more becomingly than that given to it by old anatomists. The two conditions of muscle—contraction and relaxation—under varying circumstances and combinations in different groups of muscles, may be held to be capable of expressing the entire play of human feelings. The explanation of the mechanism of expression consists merely in a knowledge—not as yet possessed by us in perfect fashion—of the various relations which may persist at one and the same moment between separate muscles in a given region, or between groups of these muscles. Look at an anatomical plate—such as may be found in Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy of Expression," enhanced for our present purpose by the addition of a text which has become of classic nature—and mark off therein the eyebrow muscles, called the *orbicularis palpebrarum* and *pyramidalis nasi*. When we speak of the lowering expression foreboding rage and anger, the lineaments are placed in the expressive phase just indicated, by the contraction of the muscles in question. It is the

occipito-frontalis muscle which contracts in the peering look of inquisitiveness or in the hopeful aspect of joy. And when the space betwixt the eyebrows becomes wrinkled, as in the frown of displeasure or in the act of solving a knotty problem, it is the *corrugator* which produces the well-known sign of the mind's trouble. The "grief muscles" of Mr. Darwin are the orbiculars, corrugators, and the pyramidalis of the nose, which act together so as to lower and contract the eyebrows, and which are partially checked in their action by the more powerful action of the central parts of the frontal muscles. These muscles induce an oblique position of the eyebrows, characteristic of grief, and associated with a depression of the corners of the mouth. So, also, we witness correlated muscular action in that most characteristic of expressions, whether seen in man or in lower animals, the action of snarling or defiance, wherein the canine or eye tooth is uncovered by the angle or corner of the mouth being "drawn a little backward, and at the same time a muscle which runs parallel to and near the nose draws up the outer part of the upper lip, and exposes the canine tooth, as in sneering, on this side of the face. The contraction of this muscle," adds Mr. Darwin, "makes a distinct furrow on the cheek, and produces strong wrinkles under the eye, especially at its inner corner." The *orbicularis palpebrarum* above mentioned closes the eyelids in sleep, and in the act of winking it is the upper fibres of this muscle which alone act. On the other hand, in executing the "knowing wink," when the lower eyelid comes into play, the lower fibres of this muscle are put in action. The distension of the nostrils (seen equally well in an over-driven horse and in an offended man) is effected by *levator* and other muscles, while one of these muscles, sending a little slip down to the upper lip, aids us, as just mentioned, in giving labial expression to a sneer.

The mouth, like the eye, is encircled by the fibres of a special muscle (the *orbicularis oris*), which closes the mouth and presses the lips against the teeth, and this expresses the idea of "firm set determination." The mouth is opened by other muscles (*levators* and *depressors*

of the lips), and it is transversely widened by the *zygomatic* muscles, and by the *risorius* muscles, which latter derive their name from the part they play in the expression of laughter. It is interesting, lastly, to note that in man's muscular system we find the remains and rudiments of many muscles of the utmost importance to, and which have a high development in, lower animals. For instance, our ear has at least three small muscles connected with it. These are rarely capable of moving the ear in man, but in such an animal as the horse they attain a great development, and effect those characteristic movements of the ears that constitute such a large part of equine expression. So also with the muscles which close the nostrils in lower animals, these latter being rudimentary in man but very highly developed in such animals as the seals, where necessity arises for closing the nostrils' apertures against the admission of water.

Although it is impossible to lay down any fixed rules on the subject, it may be affirmed as a general result that relaxation of the muscles is as a rule associated with pleasurable states of mind, while violent contraction generally accompanies the painful phases of mental action. The state of dreamy contentment, for instance, best illustrates such a general relaxation of the muscles as accompanies pleasurable emotions. Even in active joy, as in laughing, additional relaxation takes place, accompanied however by contraction of the "*zygomatic muscles*" which draw the corners of the mouth upward and backward.

The mere mechanism of muscular acts is thus not difficult of comprehension, and in connection with this part of our subject it may not be amiss to deal briefly with modes of expression subsidiary to those of the "*mind's index*," such as the movements of the hand and of other regions of the body liable to be affected in a very definite manner in the play of the passions. In the seventeenth century a certain John Bulwer published a curious volume entitled "*Chirologia, or the Natural Language of the Hand*." As the face was named the "*Dyall of the Affections*," so Bulwer applies to the hand "*the Manuall text of Utterance*." "*The gesture of the hand*," according to Bulwer, "many

times gives a hint of our intention, and speaks out a good part of our meaning, before our words, which accompany or follow it, can put themselves into a vocal posture to be understood." Again, this quaint-spoken author remarks that "the lineaments of the body doe disclose the disposition and inclination of the mind in generall, but the motions doe not only so, but doe further disclose the present humour and state of the minde and will, for as the tongue speaketh to the ears, so Gesture speaketh to the eye, and therefore a number of such persons whose eyes doe dwell upon the faces and fashions of men, doe well know the advantage of this observation, as being most part of their ability; neither can it bee denied but that it is a great discoverer of dissimulation and great direction of businesse. For, after one manner almost we clappe our hands in joy, wring them in sorrow, advance them in prayer and admiration: shake our head in disdain, wrinkle our forehead in dislike, criske our nose in anger, blush in shame, and so for the most part of the most subtile motions."

In some subsequent advice given in his "*Philocophus* ; or the Deafe and Dumbe Man's Friend," Bulwer asks of his readers, "What though you cannot express your mindes in these verball contrivances of man's invention;" (Bulwer really anticipated the most modern view of the origin of language; "yet you want not speech who have your *whole body* for a Tongue: having a language more naturall and significant, which is common to you with us, to wit, Gesture, the general and universall language of Humane Nature, which, when we would have our speech to have life and efficacy, wee joyne in commission with our wordes, and when wee would speak with most state and gravity, we renounce wordes and use *Nods* and other naturall signes alone." Thus does Bulwer vindicate the eloquence of silent sign-speech, which in its earliest development probably aided very largely in the formation and development of language itself. As the infant's gesture precedes its speech, so in the early phases of man's development the sign-speech probably served as a means of communication ere the principle of imitating natural sounds led to the first be-

ginning of language. Besides the play of the hands, the movements of breathing may be ranked as among the means for the due expression of the emotions. Sir Charles Bell speaks of the "respiratory" group of nerves as highly distinctive of man, and maintains that they were developed to adapt the process and organs of breathing to man's intellectual nature. Such an explanation would, of course, be utterly rejected by the evolutionist, who maintains that the means possessed by man for the expression of the emotions are explicable on utilitarian and allied grounds as having been generated by outward favoring circumstances and perpetuated by habit, or as having arisen from the perpetuation of traits of expression found in lower forms of life. The altered movements of breathing seen in the paroxysms of terror or grief, are more or less secondary effects of the emotions; they are seen equally well in the fear of many quadrupeds; and they hardly fall into the category of direct effects illustrated so markedly by the fitting shadows of the face or by the gesture language of the hands and body. Not the least interesting feature of the present subject exists in the obvious connection between the formation of words expressive of certain strong emotions, and the physical or bodily expression by the face of similar feelings. Reference has already been made to this correspondence, but the topic will bear an additional mention before we pass to consider the probable origin of the modes of emotional expression, by way of summing up the present paper. As already quoted from Dr. Maudsley, the fact of a spoken word relating itself to the idea of which it is the expression, is a well-known feature of our everyday mental existence. Many of our most primitive emotional traits bear to the words whereby we express them the relation of cause to effect. Take as an example the expression "Pooh!" What better explanation of this otherwise meaningless but at the same time expressive term can be afforded, than that it arises from the natural expiratory effort produced by, or at least naturally associated with, the protrusion of the lips in the act of rejecting some undesirable substance. The labial movement of expression gives rise to a

sound which becomes convertible into the term for disgust. The "hiss" of contempt is explicable on similar grounds; and the word "ugly" is by no means the unlikely offspring of that "ugh" which is so plainly associated with the expression of contempt and disgust.

These observations regarding the nature and mechanism of the emotions have already extended to a considerable length, and it now behoves us to summarize them shortly in the question of their development. The subject of the emotions and the origin of the means whereby we express them, like so many other subjects of physiological inquiry, received a decided impetus from the publication of Mr. Darwin's works. His "Expression of the Emotions" has already become well-nigh as classic a work as Sir Charles Bell's treatise; and the query how far Mr. Darwin's views assist us in explaining the origin of the expressions, may best be answered by showing the chief grounds upon which Mr. Darwin's explanations are based. That his views do not overtake all the difficulties of the subject, Mr. Darwin would be the first to admit; but it is equally undeniable that he makes out a strong case for the reception of his views, namely, that inheritance of traits from lower forms of life, together with modifying circumstances—such as the perpetuation of useful habits—acting upon human existence, have been the main causes of the development of expression. On three principles, according to Mr. Darwin, we may account for most of man's gestures and expressions. The first, he terms that of "serviceable associated habits." Under this first head, Mr. Darwin remarks the influence of habit and custom in perpetuating acquired movements, illustrated in the peculiar "step" of horses, and the "setting" and "pointing" of dogs. Even gestures of the most unusual type have been known to be perpetuated in human history. "A boy had the singular habit," says Mr. Darwin, "when pleased, of rapidly moving his fingers parallel to each other; and, when much excited, of raising both hands, with the fingers still moving, to the sides of his face on a level with the eyes; this boy, when almost an old man, could still hardly

resist this trick when much pleased, but from its absurdity concealed it. He had eight children. Of these, a girl, when pleased, at the age of four-and-a-half years, moved her fingers in exactly the same way, and what is still odder, when much excited, she raised both her hands, with her fingers still moving, to the sides of her face, in exactly the same manner as her father had done, and sometimes even still continued to do when alone. I never heard," concludes Mr. Darwin, "of any one excepting this one man and his little daughter who had this strange habit; and certainly imitation was in this instance out of the question." Again, during sound sleep, three generations of a particular family have been known to raise the right arm up to the forehead and then allow it to drop "with a jerk, so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of the nose." Such an act—altogether without known cause—might sometimes be "repeated incessantly for an hour or more," and the person's nose, as was naturally to be expected, gave palpable evidence of the treatment to which it had been subjected. The son of this person married a lady who had never heard of this incident, but in her husband she chronicled the same history as did her mother-in-law. One of this gentleman's daughters has inherited the same peculiarity, modifying the action, so that the palm and not the wrist strikes the nose. In lower animals many such illustrations of truly serviceable habits might be given. The perpetuation of such habits is simply a matter of "reflex nervous action"—as much, indeed, as the unconscious act of drawing back the hand from a burning surface, or of closing the eyes in a sudden flash of light. On this first principle, then, we may explain many forms of expression, as depending upon sensations of varying nature which first led to voluntary movements; and these latter, in turn, and through the ordinary laws of nervous action, have become fixed habits, notwithstanding that they may be perfectly useless to the animal form. In their most typical development, such expressions appear before us as the results of inheritance. No better illustrations of such inherited habits in man could be found than in the numerous acts which accompany furious rage

and vexation, or the fighting attitude in which an opponent is defied without any intention of attack. And on some such principle as the foregoing may we reasonably enough explain the act of uncovering the eye-tooth before alluded to, in the act of snarling or defiance. "This act in man reveals," says Mr. Darwin, "his animal descent; for no one, even if rolling on the ground in a deadly grapple with an enemy, and attempting to bite him, would try to use his canine teeth more than his other teeth. We may readily believe," adds our author, "from our affinity to the anthropomorphous apes, that our male semi-human progenitors possessed great canine teeth, and men are now occasionally born having them of unusually large size, with interspaces in the opposite jaw for their reception."

Mr. Darwin's second principle on which the expression of the emotions and their origin may be accounted for, he terms that of "antithesis." By this term he means to indicate the fact that certain mental states lead to certain definite acts, which, as just explained by the first principle, may be serviceable to the animal—or which may in time lose both their serviceable tendency and their original meaning, as we have also seen. Now, if we suppose that a directly opposite phase of mind to these first mental states is produced, actions may follow which will express the latter and not the original states. These antithetical and antagonistic actions are of no use, but at the same time they may be expressive enough. The dog who approaches an intruder with irate growl, erect head and tail, stiff ears, and a general attitude of attack, on discovering that he has been menacing a friend, at once changes his expression. He fawns upon the supposed antagonist, becomes servile to a degree, and completely reverses his former attitude. Such is an example of the antagonistic nature of certain modes of expression, which are explicable, Mr. Darwin holds, only on the supposition of their antithetical nature. The servile or affectionate movements of the dog are of no direct service to the animal, but represent the mere revulsion of feeling which represents nerve-force or emotion speeding into channels of opposite nature from those

into which in the angry condition they had been directed. The shrugging of man's shoulders may be selected as the best example of the antagonistic methods of expression. Here we confess by sign language our inability to perform an action, or as often exhibit a total indifference to the matter in hand—the polite *comme il vous plaira!* accompanied by this gesture, placing the latter before us in its true significance. As to the origin of the expression, it may perhaps be most clearly explained, as Mr. Darwin holds, by regarding it as the antithetical and passive phase of actions and expressions which had for their object some very active and direct piece of business—most probably that of attack.

The third and last principle used to explain the origin of the emotions is more strictly a matter of pure physiology than the preceding conditions. Mr. Darwin terms this last a principle involving "the direct action of the nervous system." It acts independently of the will from the first, and is independent to a certain extent of habit likewise. A strong impulse or steady impression sent through the brain causes a correspondingly large expenditure or liberation of nerve force, which escapes by those channels which are first opened for its reception, and thus produces very varied and marked expressions. In such a category we might place the remarkable changes which grief is known to effect in the color of the hair; as for instance where, in a man led forth to execution in India, the hair was seen to undergo a change of color as the culprit walked. Muscular tremor and the quaking of limbs—paralleled by the more severe convulsions from fright of hysterical persons and young children—are forms of expression which cannot be explained save on the idea of nerve-force speeding along the channels, which, through some unknown condition of the nervous system, have been opened for its reception in preference to others. So also the phenomena of blushing illustrate Mr. Darwin's third principle, which might well be termed the diffusion of nerve force, modified by habit, by inheritance, and by personal peculiarities. Here a mental emotion is transferred to the skin-surface, and especially—but not in-

variably—to the face, producing the well-known tinge which Wilkinson, in his "Human Body and its connection with Man," describes as the "celestial rosy red," and which he defines as the "proper hue" of love; while "lively Shame blushes and mean Shame looks Earthly." Carried to an extreme degree, as in the case of the Belgian "stigmatics," the same emotion produces the bleeding points of the religious devotees, of whom St. Francis himself is the type. The earlier writers on expression contended that blushing was specially designed from the beginning, that—according to one author—"the soul might have sovereign power of displaying in the cheeks the various internal emotions of the moral feelings." To explain blushing on more reasonable grounds, it is necessary to have recourse to the idea that a sensitive regard for the opinions of others acts primarily on the mind—inducing a play of emotion which, coursing through the nerves regulating the circulation of the face especially, results in the dilatation of the minute blood vessels of the part to which attention has been directed. Concentration of attention on the face lies at the root of the mental act involved in blushing, and that such attention has not escaped the effects of habit and inheritance is the safest of conclusions founded on the common experience of our race.

It remains, finally, to direct attention to the general proofs which the evolution theory, resting the origin of human emotions chiefly upon the idea of our derivation and descent from lower stages of existence, is entitled to produce by way of supporting the latter conclusion. It is very noticeable that the will has, at the most, but little share in the development of the emotions, just as in many cases (*e.g.*, the phenomena of blushing) it is powerless to hinder their expression. Nor have most of the typical modes of expression been newly acquired—that is, they do not appear as our own and original acts—since many traits are exhibited from our earliest years, and may then be as typically represented as in later life. Equally valuable is the evidence which the observation of abnormal phases of the human mind reveals in support of the inherited nature of our chief emotions.

The blind display the typical emotions (*e.g.*, blushing) equally with those who see. Laura Bridgman, the trained deaf-mute, laughed, clapped her hands, and blushed truly by instinct and nature, and not from imitation or instruction. 'This girl likewise shrugged her shoulders as naturally as her seeing and hearing neighbors, and nodded her head affirmatively and shook it negatively by a similar instinct. Not less remarkable, as testifying to the inherent nature of human expressions, is the experience of the physician who labors among the insane. The idiot will cackle like a goose as his only language, or give vent to monosyllables which are little above the simple cries of the animal world in complexity or meaning. Every act and expression is not originally of the man but of the truly animal. "Whence come the animal traits and instincts in man! . . . Whence come the savage snarl, the destructive disposition, the obscene language, the wild howl, the offensive habits, displayed by some of the insane?" "Are these traits," asks Dr. Maudsley, "really the reappearance of a primitive instinct of animal nature—a faint echo from a far-distant past, testifying to a kinship which man has almost outgrown, or has grown too proud to acknowledge?

No doubt such animal traits are marks of extreme human degeneracy, but it is no explanation to call them so; degenerations come by law, and are as natural as law can make them. . . . Why should a human being deprived of his reason ever become so brutal in character as some do, unless he has the brute nature within him?" "We may," concludes this eminent authority, "without much difficulty trace savagery in civilization, as we can trace animalism in savagery; and in the degeneration of insanity, in the *unkinding*, so to say, of the human kind, there are exhibited marks denoting the elementary instincts of its composition." These are weighty words; but the grounds on which they are uttered amply justify their conclusions. Turn in which direction we will, we meet with evidences of man's lowly origin—now in a plain proof of his kinship with lower forms, now in a mere suggestion presented in some by-path of nature, showing us a possible connection with humbler grades—and even in the passing flash of emotion which, sweeping across the mirror of the mind, reveals the workings of the soul within, we may find, as in a random thought, a clue to the origin of our race.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

HOW TO EAT BREAD.

BY LOUISA S. BEVINGTON.

AGITATION is the order of the present day. From a number of causes average Englishmen and women show an increasing readiness to rush into public with their convictions. The age has, indeed, been called one of "loud discussion and weak conviction;" but most of the social, sanitary, and other agitations now rife in this country evidence the former characteristic far more clearly than the latter. Hubbub is loud, just because the freedom of the press, together with a certain modern alertness, and liking for information, renders the swift circulation through society of individual enthusiasms an easy matter; but the enthusiasms exist, and there is at bottom a real increase of genuine public-spiritedness animating class on behalf of class, and inciting individuals to devote them-

selves, more and more frequently and heartily, to the help of the community at large.

True, some of the convictions thus ready or even loud of utterance give signs of being weak and tentative at heart; but by far the larger part of them are strong even to dogmatism. Weak or strong, however, the habit of the day is to put conviction to the test of public opinion and public ordeal; to ride one's hobby up and down the Queen's highway, crying its merits, and inviting to follow in its footsteps any one who will. Not a question but has its literature, its meetings, its headquarters, its committee and secretary, and its list of distinguished, or quasi-distinguished, patrons. All this paraphernalia goes far to make the veriest trifle look im-

portant; and among the numberless leagues, societies, and alliances fanned into flower by our modern talkativeness, many are trifling and yield no fruit. On the other hand, some of the questions thus agitated are momentous enough; their bearings are vital and permanent, and their roots, whether for good or ill, are profoundly buried in the very life of the community.

Whatever be the drawbacks of the advertising and agitating habit of modern reform, there is certainly this advantage about it:—The many speedily get the benefit of the thoughts of the few touching the rights, wrongs, or duties of all; and their share of responsibility is thus thrust upon lazy or ignorant souls who had otherwise existed as opinionless dead weights. Experiment gets thus a better chance of fair trial, public or private, as the case may be; and, as the law of fit survival holds good in regard to agitations as everywhere else, we may hope that the good secured by the survival and the solidification into permanent social institutions of fit reforms, outweighs the harm incidentally worked by the waste of energy expended in promotion of ephemeral and foolish fusses that have for their end something nobody needs to attain. We do not always know what we want—it does not always occur to us that a good thing to which we have a right lies at our door, waiting for us to take possession of it—until some agitator tells us about it.

The object of the present paper is to draw attention to one such thing.

Among the societies which have sprung into existence, and made rapid way within the past twelve months, is a *League* that believes in brown bread, properly made, and that agitates for its making and baking, and pressing, by example and precept, upon the acceptance of the children of the poor.

The society calls itself the *Bread Reform League*; and its members energetically labor to bring home to the mind of the public the conviction that our ordinary English disposal of bread material is wasteful, and dietetically foolish, owing to the rejection as human food of certain nutritious parts of the wheat.

The contention of bread reformers against bread as at present made is twofold—indeed threefold. They object to

white bread. They object to *ordinary brown bread*. They object, though in less degree, to the "*whole*" *meal brown bread* which has of late years been the nearest approach to the right thing we, in England, have been able to procure.

What the right thing is, it is my purpose to show. But before describing it, and enlarging upon its merits, let us notice the grounds of objection to that wrong thing which, in one of its three forms, was probably upon the reader's breakfast table this morning.

To understand these objections we must have before our mind's eye a notion of what a grain of wheat really is, and its relation to ourselves as an article of food.

I have before me the picture of a magnified section of the grain. I see that all the central and by far the larger part of this section is composed of the cells from which alone white flour is made. Analysts tell us that these cells contain a very large proportion of starch, and a small percentage of the nourishing substance known as gluten. Surrounding this white central portion of each grain of wheat are five layers of other cells. And outside all is the hard skin or "*cortex*"—a woody, fibrous, and even flinty covering, which contains nothing valuable as human food.

But the layers of cells *lying between this hard skin and the central white portion* are rich in materials which go to support life. The inmost layer—that next to the starchy centre—is composed of large cells, chiefly formed of gluten. The remaining layers are full of useful mineral matters.

Properly to sustain human life and health, it is needful that a due proportion of all the materials which exist in each of these parts of the grain respectively, should be taken in food. There are but few articles of diet which contain them all, and in the right proportions; among these are milk, and eggs, and bread made from the whole of the wheaten grain.

The office of each of the constituents of the wheat is definitely known in regard to the support of life. The starch is valuable as a heat producer. The gluten goes to form flesh. The phosphatic salts and other mineral matters go to the formation of bone and teeth, and to the

nourishment of brain and nerves. And bread reformers tell us that the cheapest, the most convenient, and most universally wholesome way of getting the required proportions of these various necessities of life into the system, is to take them in the shape of properly made wheaten bread.

(a) The objection to white bread may now be readily guessed. It contains but a *part* of the needful nutriment, and that part in *too large a proportion*. And the whiter it is, the worse it is in these two respects. Any one who had to live upon it, and upon nothing else, would starve his bones and his brains, and would speedily lapse into ill health. Too large a proportion of starch is retained in the preparing of white flour; a large proportion of muscle- and tissue-formers, and almost all the material for formation of bone and nourishment of nerves and brain, being rejected, and put to other purposes. For some reason or other, we have been for generations wasting a great deal of precious human food. What that reason is we will inquire later.

In the absence of sufficient bone-forming material children become liable to "rickets." The children of our English poor are singularly subject to bone-disorder of this kind, and the fact is largely attributable to the custom of eating bread made exclusively from that white flour which is so deficient in lime and phosphates. For in the case of the poor, the missing requisites of diet are not supplied by the meat, milk, and eggs which, being readily obtainable by the wealthier classes, prevent the insufficiency of white bread from becoming, in their case, obvious. "A very small proportion of phosphate of lime introduced into the dietary of a growing child is capable of making the difference between deformity and development."

(b) Next, what are the objections to ordinary brown bread.

What *is* brown bread as commonly made? Generally nothing more nor less than white flour, with some of the outer husk—the hard, innutritious coatings of the grain—coarsely ground, and mixed with the flour. It is, as an article of diet, even worse than the pure white bread; for it adds to the negative disadvantages of the latter its own posi-

tive disadvantage. This disadvantage consists in its irritating property, which is owing to the presence of the rough, hard, indigestible husk. Its behavior when eaten is, by its mechanical action, to irritate the alimentary canal, so that the food does not actually remain long enough in the body for what nourishment it contains to be duly absorbed and assimilated. Such bread is thus not only wasteful of its own material, but also of the human life-force and machinery that has to do with it.

(c) The objection to *whole-meal* bread is less than to either of the former kinds. Nothing said against *white* bread applies to it at all. We have in it the precious phosphatic salts in sufficiency, and also gluten and albumen in the full proportion. But the drawbacks of the *brown* bread remain. The *whole-meal* bread contains the flinty cortex, or skin; and, as commonly ground between stones, the harder parts of the grain (including this hardest of all) are left in coarse angular bits. This bread is, though intrinsically richer in nourishing matters, no less irritating than common brown bread; and the nutriment is, therefore, not fully extracted from it by the eater, because its irritating property shortens the time of its digestion, and does not allow the system time enough properly to assimilate it.

This objection to brown bread—whether of the ordinary innutritious kind, or the more modern whole-meal bread—is felt strongly by the working classes, who, without reasoning on the matter, find their way to the right practical conclusion in regard to it. Such persons, never having had the chance of getting a brown bread which is not irritating, and possibly associating this drawback with the *brownness* of the bread, continue to prefer and to buy white bread. And the whiter it is, the more they believe in its excellence as an article of food. Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., in a letter to the secretary of the Society of Arts, demurs to the introduction of bread made from the whole of the meal partly on this ground. He draws attention to the fact above noted, remarking that navvies and other members of the hard-working class invariably prefer white bread to brown; and he attributes this to the experience of the men,

who find themselves less nourished by brown bread on account of its stimulating quality. There is, of course, further to be considered the comparative unpalatableness of most brown bread. The brown breads hitherto within reach of the poor have been unsatisfactory. The "right thing" in bread has as yet had no fair trial.

Let us now definitely describe what that "right thing" is. We are prepared to demand of it that it should combine the digestibility of white bread with the nutritive quality of whole meal bread, while sharing the disadvantages of neither. First as to its nourishing properties.

The wheat-meal bread that we desire to see substituted for the only semi-nutritious article now in vogue among the poor is stated to be of such efficiency as food that a shilling's-worth of it will provide an ample meal for nine grown-up persons. Nothing is discarded in preparation of the wheat-meal except the innutritious outmost skin of the grain. The five layers of cells containing the valuable mineral matters before named are all retained.

Next, as to its digestibility. Wheat-meal bread, in common with whole-meal bread, contains not only all the elements necessary for nutrition, but also "cere-*aline*," a substance which operates as a ferment, promoting digestion. Dr. H. C. Bartlett tells us that "within the cellular formation of these skins (or layers) a curious fermentative, albuminous principle is found, which in itself not only affords a most valuable nutritive quality, but has also the effect of rendering the flour of the kernel more easy of conversion into a digestible condition, and materially assists in a rude *panification*, or bread-making, which, however primitive, affords strong and healthy food staple." The superior digestibility, however, of wheat-meal bread over other whole-meal bread depends upon two further characteristics special to itself;—1st, *its freedom from the hard, objectionable, and useless outer skin*; 2d, *the fineness to which the meal composing it is ground*. These two characteristics distinguish it from all other brown breads made in England, and insure its complete wholesomeness. In ordinary brown bread, as in whole-meal bread,

there exist "split chaff, awns, and other bristly processes, besides, in some cases, *débris* of various kinds, and bran-flakes." These matters are what cause the unsuitability of such bread for the ordinary diet of the majority. Wheat-meal bread is made from meal freed from these irritants; the grain having been subjected to a process of scraping, called *decortication*, before being ground.

The other result—the fineness of the ground meal—is obtained by the use of suitable *steel* mills. Only in a steel mill is the fine grinding of the harder parts of the grain possible without damage to the quality of the grain.* Ground in the ordinary way between stones, the branny portions of the grain are necessarily delivered in those large, angular flakes which are the cause of the irritating and indigestible properties alike of common and of whole-meal brown bread. By the use of a well-adapted steel mill the grain is cut or chopped into minute fragments of a granular form. Besides avoiding the evil just noted, this process has a further advantage—the nutritive properties of the grain so treated undergo none of the deterioration which always accompanies the fine crushing of meal between stones. Such fine crushing develops much heat; which heat, in technical phrase, "kills the quality" of the meal, so that it is impossible to make really light bread from it.

Besides this fine, steel-mill grinding, it is especially important that the meal be passed through an 18-mesh sieve, as further security against the retention of any large or angular particles. What will not pass the first time should then be re-ground. This simple but perfect process completely remedies the irritating quality of the meal.

Miss Yates, the earliest agitator in the matter, observed two years ago, when traveling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily, and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindoos of the

* We have even heard of several instances in which housekeepers have been in the habit of buying the grain whole, and grinding it at home for bread-making in an ordinary coffee-mill. But a steel mill it must be.

North-western Province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than "chapatties" made of the whole meal, with a little "ghee" or Galam butter." Turkish and Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from 400 to 600 pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheaten meal. In northern as well as southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere, the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole meal—wheat, oats, or rye—and the peasantry of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat-food, starve, if not to death, at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer.*

White bread *alone* will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, if fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the (scarcely yet forgotten) forty days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of

strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would *not*; and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.

Still, it is not a bread diet, as compared with a mixed diet of bread and other nourishing things, that we are here considering, or that the League is advocating. The comparison lies between a diet consisting mainly of white bread and one consisting mainly of wheat-meal bread.

For here lies the only choice in the case of a large number of our countrymen. The poor who inhabit the crowded alleys of our English cities cannot afford good milk, meat, or eggs. They *must* live principally on bread. And whether they know it or not, the question comes nearer to being a matter of life or death to them, what manner of bread it is they eat. Meanwhile, their wan, stunted children, frequent deformity, and early toothlessness witness directly to hardship in the particular form of deficient bone nourishment. In the interests of such, and on the part of those who concern themselves in their life-struggles, the question deserves consideration—Can we, or can we not, expect human beings to live in health and to work—can we, or can we not, expect children to grow and to develop properly—upon diet that starves a dog? The innutrition which causes a dog fed only on white bread to die in six weeks must go some way *toward* killing a human being, similarly fed, in the same period. For canine life is not so fundamentally unlike human life in the matter of physical requirement, that we can rationally expect an identical condition of food to issue in two such opposite effects as death in the one case, and unimpaired vitality in the other.

But not only do bones and teeth indubitably suffer if the mineral matters needed to form them be wanting in the food taken; the nerves and brain suffer likewise. This is to say that the character suffers; the whole universe is at each moment differently presented to consciousness; the whole experience of

* "The yeomen of Elizabeth's who drew their bowstrings to their ears and sent a cloth-yard shaft whistling through a barn door at eighty yards, ate meat about once a week, and lived the rest of the time on whole-meal bread and cheese."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

an individual is from moment to moment hurtfully modified, and reacts in proportionally degenerate tastes, feelings, and conduct, if the conditions of nerve-life be unfavorable. "*No phosphorus, no thought*," said a celebrated German; and, harshly materialistic as the saying appears, there is no escaping that fact of which it is a one-sided expression. Phosphorus is not a synonym for thought—is not thought; nor does thought depend only on phosphorus in the brain for its existence; but thinking does depend in various ways on the healthy condition of the nervous system; and the condition of the nervous system is healthiest when it can absorb a certain due measure of phosphorus. And where *no* phosphorus is supplied, the brain ceases activity entirely. Thought in our estimation will be degraded, or phosphorus elevated, by this indirect relationship, according to the view we take of one or the other; according, that is, to whether our habitual conception of things in such that thought seems to have the dignity of mystery *taken out of* it, or whether phosphorus seems to have the dignity of mystery *put into* it, by the roundabout connection between the two. For my own part, vividly realizing the supreme office of thought in the human world—nay, recognizing in thought the awakening of this unfathomable universe to a sense of its own being—I cannot conceive of its degradation through any association whatever. On the contrary, association with thought (for me) takes all the prose, all the commonplaceness, all the *lifelessness* out of that easily syllabled but evasive "matter," concerning which, *unspiritually accepting the senses as sole masters of the situation*, we commonly cheat ourselves by speaking so knowingly. Such association, more deeply considered, should immeasurably enhance the value, interest, and wonder of any and every simpler condition, constituent, and process that contributes, in whatever manner or degree, to the support of consciousness. But, metaphysics apart, the stubborn truth remains. An ill-nourished brain cannot perform its functions efficiently; and its possessor is for the time being so much the less a thinking being. I cannot at this moment, for instance, be thinking that

phosphorus is a mean thing (and the bread reform agitation "a storm in a tea-cup"); but by the help of that mean thing itself, taken into my nervous system in my food (*e.g.* in the wheat-meal bread I ate an hour ago) thus to enable me to decry its dignity. Bread reformers contend that the cheapest way of getting possession of the phosphates our bones and brains thus ask for in spite of us, is to get them in the shape of the best bread we can make—bread which contains them in due and digestible proportions, and which is palatable enough to be accepted, and eventually preferred by all who have once seen its other merits.

At this point a chemical objector puts in the remark—"Granted that all the essential constituents of food, all the materials required for building up human bodies, are present in wheat-meal, it yet remains open to question whether they are present in the right condition for assimilation." We are rightly reminded that it is not enough that bread should be made of the right *stuff*, but that it should, further, be the right *stuff* in the right *state*. Dr. Gilbert, whose letter I have already quoted above, remarks that only "from two-thirds to three-fourths [of the nitrogenous matters in the commonly excluded parts of the meal] exist in the albuminoid condition; and it is as yet *not settled* whether or in what degree the non-albuminoid nitrogenous bodies are of nutritive value." Further, that "it is *quite a question* whether (in bread prepared as the League endeavors to prepare it) the excess of earthy phosphates would not be injurious." Dr. Gilbert does not advance any data to support this misgiving, while he frankly admits that everything is not yet known concerning the chemistry of organic processes. The only arguments in opposition to the attempted reform which we have met with are in this tone of vague demurrer; *à priori* misgivings are made to do duty in absence of observed results disfavoring the reform. Meanwhile all authorities on food and diet are unanimous in its favor. It is chemists alone who treat its desirability as an open question. But a question of physiology cannot fitly be judged from a merely chemical point of view. The facts of life must be taken in evidence,

not merely the suggestions of the laboratory. And, in reply to the supposition of Dr. Gilbert respecting "earthy phosphates," it may be here repeated that in Government institutions where a whole-meal bread has long been used, no injuries from these hypothetical mineral concretions have been experienced.

Meanwhile, it is not a "question," but a fact, that rickets, decay and crumbling of teeth, and the flagging vitality (which so constantly results in excessive demand for alcoholic stimulant) are prevalent exactly when and where, on the bread reformers' theory, we should expect to find them so. It is remarkable that the dental profession, with its large manufacturing interest, has sprung into existence only since the bread in common use has been deprived of lime and phosphatic salts.

It is, indeed, suggested that there are other ways of rendering bread fully nutritious than by utilizing the whole meal in its preparation. In America the plan has been tried of adding phosphoric acid to the white flour. Dr. Graham suggests the introduction of precipitated bone phosphate, and salt. But the substitution of any such artificial mixtures for Nature's own, must necessarily complicate the process of bread-making; besides rendering it more expensive. Added to which, artificial combinations have never the dietetic excellence of natural ones. A writer in the *Lancet* expresses his conviction that no "artificial combinations of the supposed elements of a normal whole meal in arbitrary relations can compare with the natural food of man." The same writer proceeds to say:

There should not be any persistent obstacle to the supply of the complete flour required for making economic bread. The clumsy mills in use will not probably do the work required of them,* but it cannot be impossible to devise a crushing apparatus that shall answer the purpose. In fact, there are many such employed in the trituration of other substances. . . . The people will be only too glad to get whole-meal bread when they can be furnished with an article which does not offend the sight by its needlessly dirty color, and the stomach by its mechanically irritating constituents.

* There may seem at first sight some inconsistency in the joint insistance text: first, that the whole-meal breads in use now, and formerly in various parts of the world, are satisfactory food; and, secondly, that hitherto the modes

of milling have been clumsy and ill-fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, *relatively to white flour*, whole-meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain by improving the system of grinding.

It is at this point that we touch upon another and by far the most pronounced objection advanced against the reformed bread. The prediction just quoted concerning the popular welcome awaiting wheat meal bread rightly ground and made, is prospectively denied by many. It is said that the delicacy of its appearance and its supposed superior palatableness will keep for *white* bread its place in the preferences of our poorer classes.

Let us weigh this opinion. The poor undoubtedly now do buy white bread pretty invariably. I was told the other day that a baker had made experiment, and found that such poor persons as he knew would not take whole-meal bread "at a gift." So it is. But surely it need not continue to be. Prejudice is a tough thing to deal with when once it is established; and in this case it has some uneducated common sense as well as custom to back it. Bad brown breads have been justly repudiated; and prejudice, once formed, knows not how to discriminate. Yet the ancestors of these repudiators of nourishing loaves felt no disgust for wheaten meal. Nor, if the people will only try the experiment, will they find their children object to it. Children (whose tastes are no ill criterion of the excellence of diet) generally like the wheat-meal bread very much. The existing class of adult poor are, in this matter, victims of habit, ignorance, and even *fashion*. The question, as one of prejudice, has for an observer of human nature its own interest; and for a believer in the complex development of custom and opinion it affords an apt illustration of the indirect path along which social advance is made. Numerous considerations secondary to the actual fitness of a thing to men's wants influence their appreciation alike of the thing and of their own requirements. The primary office of food is to nourish, as of fire to warm. Yet in England the anomalous fact that deficiently warming and chilly-draught-

of milling have been clumsy and ill-fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, *relatively to white flour*, whole-meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain by improving the system of grinding.

producing fireplaces are clung to because they "look so pretty" is paralleled by the further fact that a deficiently nourishing bread is clung to, sometimes even by the half-starved, for the same reason! Although we can hardly expect even the most perfect of wheat-meal bread to look as pretty on the breakfast table as the most perfect of white loaves, still the reformed bread is a great improvement, even in appearance, on the dark, heavy-looking "whole-meal" loaves hitherto made. For the rest, while not wholly disregarding the appearance of a loaf where the other advantages are equal, such a consideration should obviously come last, rather than first, in the reckoning of its merits, since we neither eat nor digest with our eyes.

The stress that is laid on the superior palatableness of white bread, though not quite so far-fetched, is scarcely less ill-considered. Other bread, as I have said, is palatable elsewhere—used to be palatable in England once. White bread came into general use in South Britain, and was changed in the scale of public opinion from the luxury it had hitherto been into a necessary of life *less than a century and a half ago*. It had its opponents at the outset. An essay exists in the British Museum, written by a gentleman of last century, in which the writer goes so far as to say that white bread kills more than the sword! That essayist had strong opinions as to the dietetic foolishness of white bread; but he wrote in vain for his generation. White bread was to have its day. It was not originally adopted, of course, on its dietetic merits, but on account of its delicacy of appearance and flavor.

The palatableness of an article of food is, however, more largely modifiable than many realize. As many things indirectly affect it as can be brought by mental action to bear upon that most direct agency in its formation—habit. Taste can be voluntarily acquired for sympathy's sake, for health's sake, for fashion's sake. It is often involuntarily induced by such habit as was originally enforced by mere necessity. Last year, when in Munich, I observed that the bread always eaten by the Bavarian working classes, and depended upon as the principal household bread of all

classes alike, is a dark-colored, sour, and (to my palate) very nauseous bread, made from rye and flavored with aniseed. Yet several English persons who had been for some years resident in Munich assured me that they had grown thoroughly to like this "black bread," and to eat it by preference. If these loaves tasted to Germans as they tasted to me—or, rather, if the German consciousness stood related to the flavor as mine does—"black bread" would soon cease to be either made or bought unless some advantage about it largely overbalanced its disagreeable appearance and flavor.

A liking is rapidly acquired for an article of food *believed in* as good, pure, and wholesome. Just as the eye may be educated to different appreciation of color or form, and the ear to different taste in music, so can the palate be educated if a sufficient inducement be presented to the mind. A ten-year-old fashion in women's dress is commonly felt to be repulsively ugly, chiefly because the eye has lost the habit of liking it, and the fashion is past for the sake of which the eye originally got into the habit of liking it. Again, people cheerfully go through some suffering in order to acquire a superfluous liking for smoking, olives, the sound of bagpipes, and a variety of other things intrinsically foreign to the uninitiated taste. Inferior reasons, among which mere imitateness is one, are potent in such cases. But in the case of wholesome bread there exist many *good* reasons for exerting all personal influence toward bringing into play the imitative propensity of average human nature by the institution of a "fashion" for the eating of wheat-meal bread. Thus will be increasingly counterbalanced the deficient palatableness which some allege to be a characteristic of such bread.

The working-classes *will* be difficult to reform in this particular. So much is certain. Quite apart from any conviction of the desirability of a thing, they are essentially prone to run in grooves and to stick to preferences with a blind dogmatism in all matters affecting the habits of daily life. Experiment, as such, has no interest for them. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks that, "on contrasting different classes in the same

society, it is observable that the least (socially) developed are the most averse to change. Among [such] an improved method is difficult to introduce; and even *a new kind of food is usually disliked.*" Taste, however instituted, naturally operates single-handed in the choice of food where there exists no intelligently based desire to alter the habit, and so to educate the taste.

Added to which, the working-classes of England have hitherto had no reason for questioning their own liking for white bread. They see white bread to be eaten by those to whom the price of a loaf is a small concern. They assume that the richer classes, who can eat what they please, eat what is nicest. White bread, though as cheap as brown, is eaten by the eaters of many good things that are not cheap. Something like this constitutes, I suspect, one of the unconscious arguments lying in the white-bread scale of a poor man's preferences.

No one desires wholly to disregard the testimony of the palate. But one need not look far for evidence that it is often worse than a blind guide; prone to vitiation, and easily taught bad habits. To win its plastic co-operation in the cause of a good habit is worth an effort.

Meanwhile, it is by no means universally admitted by persons who have adopted it, that wheat-meal bread *is* unpalatable. Many prefer it to the most excellent of white bread. Its palatableness depends greatly on its making. Of course, it varies in quality just as other bread does; and one baker's wheat-meal bread is better than another's, just as one baker's white bread is better than another's, just because he is a better baker.*

There remains an argument to be considered which is sometimes carelessly advanced against the appropriation for bread-making purposes of those parts of the grain now used for other purposes. The facts are these: The fine flour required for white bread exists in the

wheat to the extent of 70 to 75 per cent; 25 or, far more commonly, 30 per cent of the strongest nourishment being set aside for the fattening of pigs and the foddering of cattle. In comment on these facts it is loosely said, "What does it matter whether we take a given kind of nourishment in the form of wheat, or whether we take it in the form of meat made from animals that have been fed on the wheat?"

The answer to this is twofold. First, to quote the words of Dr. H. C. Bartlett: "If we saved [that 25 per cent of nutriment in the grain which we commonly throw to our cattle] not only should we be in pocket ourselves, but we should save sufficient to pay for one half the staple food consumed by the whole of the paupers of this kingdom." "This," Dr. Bartlett adds, "is an important socio-economical consideration." Secondly: From our present point of view—that is, concerning ourselves chiefly with the interests of the poor—this turning of wheat into meat which some economists seem disposed to admire, is further wasteful, because it is a roundabout and costly way of achieving an end near at hand. Meat is expensive, to begin with. It wastes enormously in cooking. It contains a very large percentage of mere water, for which one pays in buying it. Sometimes, too, cattle are a dead loss through disease. And, even setting aside all these considerations, the fact remains that the poorest classes, for whom and for whose children we chiefly desire to see the adoption of wheat-meal bread, are precisely the classes who ultimately derive none of this compensating nourishment from the animals fed on the wheat they lose.

To sum up. The *Bread Reform League* has been instituted, and its operations are conducted, mainly with a view to providing the classes who live chiefly on bread with a more nutritive kind of food than they can at present obtain. The reformers maintain, and facts of various orders bear them out in maintaining, that such an article of diet as is required to render children of the poor stronger, and better able to cope with the difficulties of their existence, is found in wheat-meal bread made of the *decorticated and finely ground whole grain.*

* A Winchester farmer, who for years had used and firmly believed in bread made from whole meal, suggested some time since, in a letter to the *Standard*, that, in order to make the meal thoroughly palatable, the wheat grain should be more carefully selected than is commonly done at present. All "heads" and no "tails," he said, should be used: and the faulty grains should be rejected.

They declare that such bread contains a larger number of nutrients, and these in wholesomer proportions, than white bread does, and that more hardship can be sustained, and more labor performed, upon wheat-meal bread alone, than upon white bread alone. No denial is forthcoming from any quarter which invalidates the inference drawn from the fact that the working classes of other countries who live on whole-meal breads, and who require no meat at all, compare favorably with the English bread-feeding class. No one has been able to point out a diseased state of human life corresponding with a whole-meal or wheat-meal eating section of any community, as the prevalence of rickets and of crumbly teeth corresponds with the white-bread-eating section.

1. As to the feebly uttered objections from the laboratory: In the hitherto almost entire absence of consistent dietetic experiment, chemists are obliged to speak in the potential or the subjunctive mood. They consider the question at worst an open one. Meanwhile, no reason is put forward, even by chemists, that fairly favors the eating of unreformed starchy white bread by persons who can get little or nothing *but* bread to eat. Nor are chemists even agreed among themselves in looking coldly upon the especial line reform has taken in the recent efforts at bread reformation; while *physiologists* are unanimous in their approval alike of those efforts and their direction. Against the few scientific voices raised in hypothetical dissent, are heard the firmer tones of our most eminent chemists and physiologists cordially advocating the introduction of wheat-meal bread made as the reformers aim at making it. Professor Huxley has lately given his assent to the principles of the League. Professor Frankland, Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Church, Sir Thomas Watson, Professor Erasmus Wilson, and Dr. Pavey may also be named as among its warm supporters.

2. We have seen that, in order to prevail upon the needy classes to make experiment of this bread even when brought within easy and general reach, a prejudice has to be overcome, founded partly on the actual objections to common brown bread, and on the prac-

tical identification in the public mind of wheat-meal bread with other breads of a similar color. There being no sound dietetic reasons for the popularity of white bread, example may be brought to bear in the overcoming of this prejudice. One thing is certain. No such forces were at work in the original adoption of white bread as a general article of food among English poor as are now at work to get rid of it as such. Neither a scientific nor a philanthropic impulse caused the crowding out of the old-fashioned meal by white flour. People liked the "look and taste" of white bread; if they could get plenty of milk, meat, and eggs, they missed nothing by its adoption; and be it remembered that milk and meat were much less expensive then than they are now. Such people as did miss anything of health or vitality through being unable, even then, to afford meat and milk, were yet ignorant as to what it was they missed, and as to how cheaply to supply the need. In our day, not only has the use of white bread become among all classes a rooted habit to which the palate gives allegiance, but there is the argument of laziness: "We like very well what we have got, and it saves trouble to go on as we are." A present preference always coaxes the judgment to find it in the right. Taste and habit, however, appear in this case to be alike in the wrong, and the duty is urged upon us of acquiring a new preference and of creating a new fashion by the persevering trial of a new kind of bread.

3. Lastly, as to the economists' argument, that by giving our rejected bran to cattle it is elaborated into a superior human food, we have seen, first, that meat is dear, and is subject to disease, and so that not all the food thus elaborated reaches human eaters after all; while next to none of it reaches the class for whom specially we here concern ourselves. Secondly, that so to argue is like telling a rich man to pay money in travelling fare, in order to go fifty miles round instead of five miles across; which proceeding, though on various accounts it may be worth the rich man's while, does not help the poor man to reach his destination at all, but, on the contrary, condemns him to stay where he is.

The whole matter discussed in this

paper is a practical and perhaps a very prosy one. Yet, for those who believe in health as one of the chiefest props both of virtue and of gladness, the putting of as stout a staff of health in the hand of the poor man as may be, seems no trifling object to aim at. Were the children of the English poor a healthier set of little mortals than those of others, we might let their food alone. But observation refutes the supposition. Sanitary arrangements in general are better in English cities than elsewhere, yet the poor of our alleys are sicklier than those of cities where, with even less regard paid to the purification of air and water, richer breads are in common use.

Argument alone will not settle a practical point of this kind. There must be an array of facts derived from persevering and intelligent experiment, and it is maintained that as yet the bread experiment has not been, in England, sufficiently tried.

I have refrained from giving any of the detailed chemical analyses of wheat; and this on two accounts. The results of analysis are very variously given. Added to which, being myself no chemist, my selection of an authority would be without significance. One point seems, nevertheless, beyond question. The whole meal of the wheat contains 119 grains in the pound of the mineral matters valuable as nourishment, while a pound of white flour contains only 49 grains. The testimony of chemical analysis must, however, not be taken by itself, apart from the observed physiological results in the cases of populations respectively fed on bread of this kind or of that.

If the personal testimony of a "social

unit" be of any value whatever, I may say that I find wheat-meal bread both wholesome and palatable, and that since I have taken it I find it possible comfortably to dispense with meat more than once in the day. I began the use of the bread on the mere ground of giving a struggling reform fair personal trial; and I continue it on grounds of acquired preference.

The present organized attempt at bread-reformation must, like all other agitation movements, prove its fitness to meet an existing requirement, by survival until its task be completed. If rapid growth be any test of vigor and vitality, we may augur well for the future of its cause; for one year ago it had no existence except in the consciousness and conscience of Miss Yates and a few of her friends; whereas now it is a busy and recognized body of activity, having secured the adherence of numerous leading millers and bakers, who are willing to forward its aim by grinding the meal and by selling the bread it recommends.

A writer in the *Corn Trade Journal* remarks that it was not by mere agitation, by conferences and article-writing, that white bread obtained its firm footing in the public favor, but that commercial enterprise mainly effected its adoption; and he suggests that to the same agency the reformers should look for the general introduction of the rival bread. This may be true enough; yet, since the office of the league is purely uncommercial, it devolves upon all who sympathize with its object to endeavor, by use of influence and example to create that demand which shall direct trade interests into the desired channel.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A FALSE START: A MORAL COMEDY.

Harry. I am hungry. Can I live another half-hour on a cup of coffee? Half an hour! I'll stand it somehow. I'll starve myself every morning for Nora's sake. I'll sacrifice myself every hour of the day for Nora's sake. I'll—I wonder where she got this notion of breakfasting in the foreign fashion; as if I hadn't had enough of foreigners and their fashions! I did

think that when I married I should leave all that nonsense with my mother in Paris, and come home and live like a Briton; and eat ham and eggs at nine o'clock, and a muffin—a muffin! Oh, but Nora wishes it, and she shall never know that I don't delight in waiting for my breakfast till twelve o'clock. Clara Roedale would never believe it of me. I always knew that marriage would bring

out the finer parts of my character. I am married, and the finer parts of my character are brought out. Muffin! There's nothing eatable about here! One can't eat coal. A paper-knife! No. By George, there was a biscuit somewhere—yesterday! Yes—there certainly was a biscuit in my greatcoat pocket. I can be cheerful with a biscuit; and Nora shall never know what I suffer for her sake.

(*Harry goes in search of the biscuit; and Nora comes in search of her husband.*)

Nora. Harry! Harry! Where can he be? Oh, I am famished, and I am glad of it! Harry, it is for your sake that I endure these torments. You shall never have reason to say that you resigned the easy habits of Continental life for the sake of a little girl like me. Your friend Lady Roedale—dear Lady Roedale—shall never be able to say that I put a stop to a single one of your delightful bachelor amusements. You shall smoke everywhere. I will beg and implore you to go to your horrid club. I will teach myself to dote upon your absence. I will learn to like tobacco. I will starve myself every day till noon. I will— Oh, if I could only find the smallest morsel of bread! Half an hour more! no; only six-and-twenty minutes! Courage! That's Harry's step. With him I could go without breakfast forever. Always meet your husband with a smile. That's Clara Roedale's golden rule. I will smile, if I die for it.

H. (*as he comes in.*) Ah, Nora! Why, what's the matter, dear? What an odd smile you've got!

N. Have I, dear? I was thinking of you.

H. Thanks, Nora; you don't know what an awfully clever dog your Moppet is.

N. Isn't he clever?

H. Fancy his getting a biscuit out of my greatcoat-pocket!

N. Did he really? The clever darling! Are you quite sure?

H. I saw the crumbs on the floor.

N. You speak quite sentimentally about it.

H. Oh yes, it's quite pathetic—this sagacity of dumb animals. Isn't it a lovely morning? I've been round the garden and the meadow.

N. To get an appetite for breakfast?

H. No—that is, I'm hungry enough—I'm not *very* hungry.

N. Of course not. Nineteen minutes and a half!

H. What, dear?

N. Nothing. Is there anything in the paper?

H. I don't know.

N. Haven't you read the paper? I thought that every man began the day by reading the paper.

H. Began the day!

N. Don't you read the papers?

H. I always read my paper after breakfast.

(*Here is a pause full of emotion.*)

N. Did you remember to order the carriage?

H. Yes, dear.

N. Isn't it a lovely day for the picnic! I am so glad! I do so love tea on the rocks!

H. Tea! Oh! And a muffin!

N. What's the matter, Harry?

H. Nothing, dear. I think I feel it less if I keep moving.

N. You *do* like picnics, don't you, Harry?

H. I'm awfully fond of picnics. (*Walking up and down he murmurs to himself*)—Clara Roedale wouldn't believe it of me. Picnics! Fancy anybody liking a picnic!

N. I think it seems better if I walk about. (*Walking up and down she murmurs to herself*)—He shan't be shut up at home with his dull little wife; he shall have all the social pleasures to which he is accustomed. Harry, dear, were you what they call an ornament of society?

H. I don't know. Was I? Nora!

N. What?

H. Why are we walking up and down like two tigers at the Zoo?

N. Is it a riddle, dear? I will try to guess it later—after breakfast.

H. Breakfast? Breakfast? Yes, that reminds me; it must be nearly breakfast time.

N. Not quite. Are you ready for breakfast?

H. Oh yes—I think so, if you are.

N. You are sure it's not too early for you?

H. Not a bit. But you? Would you like to have it now if it's ready?

N. I really think I should—if you

are quite sure that you would not like it later.

H. I don't think so.

N. (*heroically*). Harry, shall I put it off for half an hour?

H. As you please, dear. (*He sinks into a chair.*)

(*Here is a pause full of emotion.*)

N. If breakfast is ready, it may be spoiled by being kept; and then you wouldn't like it. Shall I go and see if it's ready?

H. Perhaps you like it spoiled.

N. What an idea! (*At the door*)—Oh, how delicious!

H. (*as he joins her*). Isn't it good? Let me go and see if breakfast's ready. (*He goes out.*)

N. He was an ornament of society. I know it. Shall I be so wickedly selfish as to deprive society of its most brilliant ornament? The more I dote on a quiet life with Harry, and nobody else, the more I hate outside people, and dressing up, and dancing about; the more I hate those odious picnics with spiders—oh, how afraid I am of a spider!—the more certain I am that it is my duty to pretend to like them all, to dissemble for Harry's sake, and for the sake of society. Yes, Harry, you shall go to a picnic every day, if I die for it. I think I am dying. I feel thin—very, very thin. I think I am going to faint.

(*Here Harry appears leaning in the doorway, pale and faint.*)

H. Nora! the cook wants to speak to you.

N. Oh, Harry, is anything the matter?

H. I don't know.

(*She goes out; he sinks into a chair.*)

If I could get something to eat, some breakfast, I could face this picnic. I would go cheerfully to a picnic, even to a picnic. How I used to long for rest! When I chose a little girl in the country, I fancied a sort of ballet life—all cream and roses, and jam, and a cigar under a tree, with sheep about, and—and rest. It was like my abominable selfishness. Nora has never had any fun. Of course Nora would like to have some fun. Of course Nora shall have some fun; and I'll pretend to like it. Fun! Turning round and round in a crowd, and being kicked on the ankles! Eating lobster-

salad and ices at three o'clock in the morning! Talking to a girl about another girl's eyes, and staring into hers! Fun!—the treadmill's a joke to it. And yet all this and more will I go through for the sake of my little Nora—all except that eye business. Nora shall taste the pleasures of society; and I'll pretend to enjoy them; by George, I will enjoy them!

(*When his voice has sunk to the depth of tragic gloom, Nora runs in.*)

N. Breakfast is ready.

H. Ah!

(*They go away lovingly to breakfast.*)

After a while Lady Roedale is shown in by the footman.)

Lady Roedale. At breakfast, are they? Don't tell them I am here. I can wait. (*The footman goes away.*) It is always easy to wait. Perhaps it will amuse me to take the young couple by surprise. There really is something funny in young married people. They are so delightfully important. I sometimes fancy that I've got what clever people call a sense of humor. I am sure I smile at all these flutterings, and billings and cooings, and solemn calculations about the expense of a nest. The theme's old as Adam, but the variations are endless. I like to see little mistress adjusting her fads to young master's hobbies; I like this much ado about a brace of nothings; I like young couples. One must go in for something. Susan Lorimer breaks her poor head over cracked china: I should puzzle my brain, if I had one, over young couples; they are quite as interesting to the dilettante. Certainly I have no reason to like the married state. Ugh! but that's all over long ago. I like to view it from outside. I become absurdly interested in the marriages of Tom, Dick, and Harry—especially Harry. Harry was a very nice boy—devoted to me. There's nothing so good for that sort of boy as a devotion to a steady, sensible woman—a good, solid, middle-aged person. There's no knowing what might have become of Harry if Susan Lorimer had got hold of him before I did. Susan is so theatrical—always in the fourth act of the last French comedy—on the razor's edge. It's fun for her; but it might have been death to Harry. Now I studied him. I understood him. I

saw what he was fit for. I just put him into shape a little; and I married him to the best little girl in the world. I haven't done anything which pleased me so much since I married Claud Huntley to that dear little thing in Rome. Nothing could have turned out better than that. She spoils him, and he is not so amusing since his temper improved; but still it's a great success; and he owes it all to me. I have half a mind to open an office. It's quite interesting to make matches. It's so experimental; there's something quite grand about it: it's patriarchal and biblical; it's like the ark, or fancy poultry.

H. (as he comes in.) Clara! Lady Roedale!

Lady R. Harry, as you horrid boys say, how goes it?

H. As we horrid boys say, it simply walks in. And what on earth brings you here?

Lady R. Reasons are tiresome. You ought to say that you are glad.

H. I'm awfully glad.

Lady R. My doctor recommends the society of young people. I suppose you know that I am antediluvian, and ushered the animals into the ark.

H. How pleased Nora will be! Come and have some breakfast.

Lady R. Thank you. I breakfast in the morning.

H. H'm. I don't.

Lady R. You used to be an absurdly early creature—up with the foolish lark.

P. Ah, yes. But you see Nora likes to breakfast at twelve, and so of course I—

Lady R. Of course you! Oh, Harry, this is profoundly interesting. Do you do just what Nora likes in everything?

H. Yes. You didn't think it of me, did you? You thought all men were selfish, didn't you? Don't you remember telling me that all the men you ever knew—all your admirers, you know—were all selfish—dark and fair, fat and thin, comic and gloomy, the whole lot of 'em—all alike in being selfish?

Lady R. Very likely.

H. Well? Look at me. Whatever turns up, I simply look at it in one way. I ask, What will Nora like? Then I pretend that what she likes is what I like.

Lady R. H'm. You tell fibs?

H. One must, you know.

Lady R. Must one?

H. Little, unselfish sort of fibs, you know. I was in agony for two hours before breakfast, and I enjoyed it. I remembered where there was a biscuit, and Nora's infernal little beast of a dog had eaten it—and I enjoyed that! Now we are off to a picnic—and I mean to enjoy that!

Lady R. My dear Harry, even you must have passed the picnic age—ants and indigestion. But of course you don't mean to say that you are going off to a picnic when I have come to see you?

H. You must come too. You know her. It's your friend Mrs. Lorimer.

Lady R. Susan Lorimer?

H. She is a friend of yours, isn't she?

Lady R. Oh yes. I've known her for ever. She's a most dangerous woman. You must throw her over.

H. But Nora? Nora's wild about this picnic.

Lady R. She's wilder about me. Call her, and we'll see.

(Harry calls her, and she presently comes in.)

N. Lady Roedale! Oh, I am glad. Have you come to stay with us?

Lady R. No, dear; only to spend the day.

N. Oh, I am sorry. How unlucky! Has Harry told you about our engagement?

H. Yes, and I want her to come too—you'd like that, wouldn't you, Nora? I thought I was sure you'd like it.

Lady R. It's impossible. I couldn't go in these things.

H. Why, you look stunning.

N. I am sure that that gown will do perfectly.

Lady R. Thanks, dear. I have passed the age of gowns that "will do perfectly." Don't you think you could throw over Susan Lorimer for me! I am sure nobody can like her better than me.

N. Lady Roedale!

Lady R. Am I too old to be called Clara? Your husband always calls me Clara.

N. Does he?

Lady R. He always was an impertinent boy. Come, my dear, you need

not mind offending Susan Lorimer; she is sure to abuse you, any way. You can write a line and say that an aged friend has come unexpectedly, and you can't leave her; and you can stay at home and give the aged friend some luncheon.

N. Well, you see, dear, Harry—the fact is, I am so afraid that he should give up going out and seeing his friends. I should like to stay at home with you, but Harry—

H. Oh, I don't care to go! I mean—if you *really mean*, Nora, that you'd like to stay at home, I shouldn't mind. I should be awfully glad to stay at home with Clara.

N. Oh, Harry, I thought you were *so* eager to go!

H. Oh yes, yes—of course—I know I said so—but—but, you see—

N. But what, Harry?

H. Why, you see Clara's coming makes all the difference. But look here; are you *quite* sure that you don't care to go? Of course if you care to go—if you care the least bit—

N. Oh no. Why should I? Pray don't consider me.

H. Not consider you! Why, Nora—

N. (to *Lady Roedale*.) Won't you come up to my room and take your things off?

Lady R. Then it's all settled. You stay with me. I am sure I am doing you both a very good turn—by saving you from one of Susan Lorimer's picnics.

(*She goes away with Nora; Harry is left alone and in perplexity.*)

H. What on earth is the matter with Nora?—"Pray don't consider me." Doesn't she know that I spend every hour of the day in considering her; that the only thing that I care for is to do everything to please her—to give up everything to her? doesn't she know—no, by George! of course she doesn't know. That would spoil it all. I go on the principle of doing everything she likes, and making her think it's what I like: that's my cunning. Perhaps she really wants to go on this infernal chicken-feed. (*He goes to Nora as she comes in.*) Look here, Nora! are you sure you'd rather stay at home?

N. I am quite content. And you? Your conversion was a little sudden.

H. My conversion!

N. Just before breakfast you were dying to go on this picnic.

H. Was I? Oh yes, but—but you see, Clara—

N. Yes, I see, Clara. Just because *she* comes, you care for nothing but staying at home with her; you couldn't bear the idea of staying at home with me.

(*Here Lady Roedale comes in; but they don't see her.*)

H. Nora! By George! Here! I say! What shall I say? I didn't want to go. I never wanted to go on the infernal picnic. I hate 'em.

N. Then you were deceiving me.

H. I pretended to want to go, because you wanted to go.

N. I didn't think I should be deceived so soon.

H. Nora.

N. How can I tell when you are speaking the truth? No: I believe you are deceiving me now. You did want to go till *she* came, and now you pretend you didn't.

H. Nora, don't; I say, Nora, don't. On my honor I hate picnics. I was going solely for your sake.

N. That can't be true; for I was going solely for your sake.

H. Well then, by George, you were deceiving me!

N. Oh, it's too much! Oh that I should be accused of deceiving my husband! Stay at home since you prefer it; stay at home with her—and be agreeable to her;—don't stop me! my heart is broken: oh! oh! oh!

H. Where are you going? Nora! Where are you going?

N. To the picnic.

(*She goes away without seeing Lady Roedale; but now Harry sees her.*)

H. Good heavens! Clara! What's this?

Lady R. Nothing.

H. Nothing?

Lady R. I don't think you understand women.

H. I thought I did.

Lady R. Poor boy! you never will.

H. What shall I do?

Lady R. Never tell fibs to your wife.

H. Oh!

Lady R. You have been playing the Jesuit.

H. By George, it's all my fault! I see it all. Nora's quite right; she's

the best and sweetest-tempered—but oh, Lady Roedale, I never thought I should see her in a rage. It's awful!

Lady R. Awful! I only wish I could be in a rage with anybody.

H. What?

Lady R. Let me see. It must be at least ten years since I lost my temper. I should like to be angry, just for once.

H. I suppose I don't understand women.

Lady R. And never will.

H. But what am I to do? I must do something. Oh, Clara, don't you see that the happiness of my life is at stake?

Lady R. Oh dear me, you must have been reading novels. Men ought not to read novels; they take them too seriously. Sit down like a good boy and read the paper. Yes, I am going to exert myself for your sake. I shall be back in a few minutes. Now this is almost exciting. It is certainly better than china—or chickens.

(She goes out and leaves Harry alone.)

H. On the next few minutes may depend the happiness of my life. What an awful thing this marriage is! And I went into it as if I were taking a girl down to supper. It's awful! I thought I knew all about Nora; I suppose I knew nothing at all. Good heavens! I wonder what she is! Good heavens! Fancy me wondering what sort of a woman my wife is—my own wife! It's awful! I wonder if any man ever went through such an experience before! I have married a what d'-ye-call-it—a Phoenix—a Pelican; no—those are insurance offices; a sphinx—that's it—a sphinx. Nora is a sphinx! Why did not Clara tell me? She knows all about marriages and such things. She might have told me it wasn't all cake and satin slippers. Is that a gown on the stairs? How my heart beats! I must be a man! I must nerve myself for a terrible scene.

(He nerves himself; the ladies come in chatting and smiling: but Nora's eyes are red.)

M. Then you really think olive-green would be best?

Lady R. Much the best.

N. Harry, dear, Clara thinks olive-green for the dining room. I told her you thought a Japanese sort of blue.

H. Did I, dear? Blue? Yes, dear—of course; you are so fond of blue, and I—

Lady R. Harry, did you say blue because it is Nora's favorite color? No fibs!

H. Yes.

Lady R. Nora! Is blue your favorite color?

N. I am very fond of a nice blue.

Lady R. Was it your favorite color before you married?

N. Oh yes, really and truly, before that.

Lady R. Before you saw Harry?

N. I—I—I don't remember; I think not.

Lady R. Harry, turn to the light. I thought so. Blue necktie! A Japanese sort of blue! He always wears blue neckties. Oh, you young people, how profoundly wicked you both are! I can't preach without food. Won't you give me some luncheon?

N. Oh, yes, Clara. Why, you poor dear, I forgot; I never thought of it; we've only just breakfasted.

Lady R. Oh dear! And you breakfast at this preposterous hour to please Harry?

N. I don't mind it; I don't really mind it—much. You see Harry has lived so much abroad, and—

Lady R. That is enough. Harry, do you starve yourself for hours in the morning for Nora's sake?

H. You know; I told you; yes. I thought Nora liked it.

Lady R. Really it's an interesting study. I suppose I ought to print a "royal road to connubial felicity." I wonder if these young people are very good or very bad? They were making a great mess of it till I came.

H. Nora, you are not very angry with me?

N. Oh, Harry dear, I will never tell you anything but the whole truth. It was all my fault.

H. No, no; it was all mine.

Lady R. They are both telling fibs again. May I ask about that luncheon?

N. Oh, I beg your pardon; I am so sorry! Will you have it here?

H. Why, there's the carriage; I never countermanded it. What was I thinking about?

Lady R. Thinking about? You were

probably thinking that the happiness of your life was at stake. Since the carriage is here, suppose we make Harry drive us out of the glare. I should like to have luncheon somewhere in the wood.

N. Oh yes; that will be nice.

H. A picnic!

Lady R. No, no; no picnic! Nora shall send a little note to Susan Lorimer. No picnic, only luncheon in the open air.

H. I don't understand women.

Lady R. And never will. But we have had enough of that little comedy.

H. Comedy! It wasn't very funny to me.

Lady R. It amused me. But enough is as good as a feast—a great deal better than one of Susan Lorimer's picnics.

N. What little comedy do you mean, Clara?

Lady R. Never mind, dear; it's finished, and that's always something. I ring down the curtain on that little comedy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WORRY.

BY DR. J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

WHEN a strong and active mind breaks down suddenly, in the midst of business, it is worn out by worry rather than over-work. Brain-labor may be too severe, or ordinary exercise prolonged until it produces serious exhaustion; but the mere draining of resources, however inexpedient, is not disease, and seldom inflicts permanent injury. A temporary collapse of the mental powers may be caused by excessive or too continuous exertion, just as a surface well may be emptied by pumping it out more rapidly than it is refilled, but the apparatus is not thereby disorganized, and time will remedy the defect. When rest is not followed by recovery, the recuperative faculty itself, an integral part of the intellectual organism, must be impaired or disabled. This is not unfrequently the case when the possessor of a worried and weakened brain in vain seeks refuge from the supposed effects of "over-work" in simple idleness. Something more than exhaustion has occurred, and rest alone will not cure the evil. The faculty of repair is not in a condition to restore the equilibrium between potential energy and kinetic force. Divers hypotheses have been suggested to explain this state of matters. The mind has been compared to a muscle overstrained by a too violent effort, or paralyzed by excessive exertion. The two phenomena have little similarity, and no new light is thrown on the nature of mental collapse, by the comparison. Perhaps a closer parallel might be found in the state

which ensues when the tension of a muscular contraction is so high that spasm passes into rigidity, and molecular disorganization ensues. Meanwhile, however interesting these speculations may prove to the physiologist, they bring no relief to the sufferer. It is easy to see that a worse evil than simply using up his strength too rapidly has befallen him, but no one knows precisely *what* has happened. To cover the enigma, without solving it, "over-work" is taken to mean more than work *over* the normal, in quantity, quality, and time, but no attempt is made to determine how excess, in either or all of these particulars, can bring about the disability and decrepitude we bewail. It is to the investigation of this mystery attention needs to be directed. If it should be possible to ascertain why a mind previously healthy, and still apparently intact, breaks down instantly and thoroughly under a strain not exceptionally great, and, collapse having once occurred, recovery follows tardily and is rarely complete, it will probably be within the scope of common sense to draw some practical conclusions as to the prevention and it may be the cure, of what is in truth becoming a scourge of mental industry, already almost decimating the ranks of the army of progress, in every field of intellectual enterprise at home and abroad.

A certain degree of tension is indispensable to the easy and healthful discharge of mental functions. Like the national instrument of Scotland, the

mind drones wofully and will discourse most dolorous music, unless an expansive and resilient force within supplies the basis of quickly responsive action. No good, great, or enduring work can be safely accomplished by brain-force without a reserve of strength sufficient to give buoyancy to the exercise, and, if I may so say, rhythm to the operations of the mind. Working at high-pressure may be bad, but working at low-pressure is incomparably worse. As a matter of experience, a sense of weariness commonly precedes collapse from "over-work;" not mere bodily or nervous fatigue, but a more or less conscious distaste for the business in hand, or perhaps for some other subject of thought or anxiety which obtrudes itself. It is the offensive or irritating burden that breaks the back. Thoroughly agreeable employment, however engrossing, stimulates the recuperative faculty while it taxes the strength, and the supply of nerve-force seldom falls short of the demand. When a feeling of disgust or weariness is not experienced, this may be because the compelling sense of duty has crushed self out of thought. Nevertheless, if the will is not pleasantly excited, if it rules like a martinet without affection or interest, there is no *verve*, and like a complex piece of machinery working with friction and heated bearings, the mind wears itself away and a break-down ensues. Let us look a little closely at this matter.

The part which "a stock of energy" plays in brain-work can scarcely be exaggerated. Reserves are of high moment everywhere in the animal economy, and the reserve of mental force is in a practical sense more important than any other. It may happen that mere strength of mind carries a body with scarcely a vestige of power in reserve through some crisis of extraordinary difficulty, but the mental exploit is full of danger. The residual air in a lung is the basis of the respiratory process; the sustained tension of the smaller arteries transforms the pulsating current of blood thrown into the system by the heart to a continuous circulation; the equilibrated tonicity of opposing muscles gives stability to the apparatus of motion, and renders specific combinations of movement possible. What is true of the phys-

ical is also true of the mental constitution; the residual force, the tension, the tonicity, of mind, form the basis of intellectual action. It is not necessary to discuss the relations of mind and matter; even if the mental being is no more than a formulated expression of the physical organism, the continuity is so complete that the same laws govern both. For the purposes of the present argument it is sufficient to assert that, without a reserve of energy, healthy brain-work is impossible. Pain, hunger, anxiety, and a sense of mind-weariness, are the warning tokens of exhaustion extending to the reserves. When these indications are disregarded, or destroyed, as they may be, by stupefying drugs, an inordinate use of stimulants, a strong effort of the will, or the anæsthetic effect of excessive exhaustion, the consumption of energy goes on unobserved. The feats of intellectual or physical strength, the surprising exploits of special sensation and mind-power performed by individuals under the influence of any condition which suspends the sense of pain, weakness, or fatigue, are explained by the circumstance that unsuspected reserves of power and endurance are placed at the disposal of the will. These resources were there before, but jealously guarded by the sensations. Martyrdom is possible under the influence of an overpowering abstraction. Passion may produce a similar immunity from pain, and give ability to endure even self-inflicted injury. The daily experience of lunatic asylums will abundantly attest the truth of this last assertion.

How does all this bear upon the subject? It seems rather to strengthen the position assailed, by showing that "over-work" may exhaust the reserves, thereby arresting the function, and possibly destroying the integrity, of the mental organism! That is undoubtedly the surface view of the case, and it is the popular explanation of what occurs. To controvert the received hypothesis is the object of the present paper. The argument, opposed to the theory of work itself exhausting the stock of energy, may be simply stated thus: the reserves, physical and mental, are too closely guarded to be invaded by *direct* encroachment. Pain is not suspended by the persistent infliction of injury un-

less the mechanism of sensation is disabled or destroyed. Hunger does not cease until starvation has assailed the seat of nutrition. The sense of extreme weariness is not allayed by increased activity, but the longing for rest may subside, because it has been stifled by some overwhelming influence. The natural safeguards are so well fitted for their task that neither body nor mind is exposed to the peril of serious exhaustion so long as their functions are duly performed. In brief, over-work is *impossible* so long as the effort made is natural. When energy, of any kind, takes a morbid form of action, some force outside itself must be reacting upon it injuriously; and the seat of the injury, so far as the sinister influence on energy is concerned, will be found in close proximity to the sensation which under normal conditions guards the reserve. The use of stimulants in aid of work is, perhaps, one of the commonest forms of collateral influence suspending the warning sense of exhaustion. When the laborious worker, overcome with fatigue, "rouses" himself with alcohol, coffee, tea, or any other agent which may chance to suit him, he does not add a unit of force to his stock of energy, he simply narcotizes the sense of weariness, and, the guard being drugged, he appropriates the reserve. In like manner, when the dreamer and night-watcher, worn out by sleeplessness, employs opium, chloral, or some other poison to produce the semblance of repose, he stupefies the consciousness of unrest, but, except in cases where it is only a *habit* of sleeplessness which has been contracted, and, being interrupted, may be broken by temporary recourse to a perilous artifice, the condition is unrelieved. Not unfrequently the warning sense is stifled by the very intensity of the motive power or impulse. Ambition, zeal, love, sometimes fear, will carry a man beyond the bounds set by nature. No matter what suspends the functions of the guard set at the threshold of the reserve, if the residual stock is touched, two consequences ensue—waste and depreciation. It is important to recognize both of these evils. The former is generally perceived, the latter is commonly overlooked. The reserve, as we have seen, plays a double part in the economy; it

is a stock in abeyance, and it is the base of every present act. Without a reserve of mental energy the mind can no more continue the healthful exercise of its functions, than a flabby muscle without tonicity can respond to the stimulus of strong volition, and lift a heavy weight or strike a heavy blow.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is *worry*. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; in fact, a series of vibrations. Mental energy doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obtrusion of some independent source of anxiety, or if, out of the business in hand, the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and for the time being harmonious action ceases. Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great, and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and, too often sudden collapse occurs. The point to be made clear is this; over-work is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution, and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the

mind is like an engine with the safety valve locked, the steam-gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a break-down may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by on-lookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry," or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.

The first practical inference to be deduced from these considerations is that brain-work in the midst of mental worry is carried on in the face of ceaseless peril. Unfortunately work and worry are so closely connected in daily experience that they cannot be wholly separated. Meanwhile the worry of work—that which grows out of the business in hand—is generally a needless, though not always an avoidable, evil. In a large proportion of instances this description of disorder is due to the lack of education in brain-work. Men and women, with minds capacious and powerful enough, but untrained, attempt feats for which

training is indispensable, and, being unprepared, they fail. The utilitarian policy of the age is gradually eliminating from the educational system many of the special processes by which minds used to be developed. This is, in part at least, why cases of sudden collapse are more numerous now than in years gone by. It is not, as vanity suggests, that the brain-work of to-day is so much greater than that exacted from our predecessors, but we are less well prepared for its performance. The treatment of this form of affection, the break-down from the worry of work, must be preventive; the sole remedy is the reversal of a policy which substitutes results for processes, knowledge for education. It is a serious cause of discomfiture and sorrow in work that so much of the brain-power expended is necessarily devoted to the removal of extraneous causes of worry. Labor is so fatal to life, because it is so difficult to live. The deadly peril of work in the midst of worry must be confronted, because the disturbing cause can only be got rid of by persistent labor. This is the crux of the difficulty, and in the attempt to cure the evil the struggling mind finds its fate involved in a vicious circle of morbid reactions. Nevertheless, it is the fact that work in the teeth of worry is fraught with peril, and whenever it can be avoided it should be, let the sacrifice cost what it may.

The second deduction must be, that there is no excuse for idleness in the presence of fear of "over-work." There is some reason to apprehend that the attention recently directed to this alleged cause of mental unsoundness has not been free from a mischievous influence on minds only too ready to take refuge in any excuse for inactivity. If the private asylums of the country were searched for the victims of "over-work," they would nearly all be found to have fallen a prey to "worry," or to that degeneracy which results from lack of purpose in life and steady employment. This is a grave assertion, but it points to an evil it is especially needful to expose. Weak minds drift into dementia with wondrous celerity when they are not carried forward to some goal, it matters little what, by the impulse of a strong motive. The bugbear of "over-

work" is, it may be feared, deterring parents and friends from enforcing the need of sedulous industry on the young. The pernicious system of "cram" slays its thousands, because *uneducated*, undeveloped, inelastic intellects are burdened and strained with information adroitly deposited in the memory, as an expert valet packs a portmanteau, with the articles likely to be first wanted on the top. Desultory occupation, mere play with objects of which the true interest is not appreciated, ruins a still larger number; while worry, that bane of brain-work and mental energy, counts its victims by tens of thousands, a holocaust of minds sacrificed to the demon of discord, the foe of happiness, of morality, of success. The enemy takes many shapes and assumes bewildering disguises. Sometimes he comes in like a flood, hurrying everything before him; with heaps of work to be done in less than adequate time. Now the victim is hurried from task to task with a celerity fatal to sanity. Then he is chained like a galley-slave to some uncongenial labor without respite. Again, a buzz of distracting and irritating mental annoyances seem let loose to distress and distract him. Under each

and all of these guises it is *worry* that molests, and, unless he be rescued, will ruin him. Meanwhile, the miseries of "over-work," pure and simple, are few and comparatively insignificant. Those who bewail their infliction most loudly are weak of mind or torpid of brain. Of such lame and maimed mortals we are not now thinking. Their lot may be humiliating or pitiable, as their condition is due to neglect or misfortune; but our concern is with the multitude of strong and able-minded workers who fail at their task. These are the victims not of over-work but of worry, a foe more treacherous and merciless than all besides. The mind-cure for the malady to which "worry" gives rise, and from which so many suffer, is not idleness, or "rest," in the ordinary sense of that term, but orderly and persistent work. The work by which they have been injured has not been excessive, but bad of its kind and badly done. The palsied faculties must be strengthened and incited to healthy nutrition by new activity, at first, perhaps, administered in the form of passive mental movement, and then induced by appropriate stimuli applied to the mind.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S NEW POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI's love of allegory and symbol is, even in these days, a noticeable feature of her poetry. A subtle indirectness is the characteristic of most of our recent verse. We do not quarrel with this—we merely state the fact; for assuredly the allegorical is essentially a poetic mood; indeed, so much so that allegory may easily grow too poetic for prose treatment, as we see, for instance, in Landor's allegory of Love, Sleep, and Death in the "Pentameron," where the very exquisiteness and ravishing loveliness of both matter and form arouse in the reader a certain sense that Prose is attempting work whose requirements are, after all, beyond her. Yet it must be always remembered that in poetic art, as, indeed, in every other art, there are two opposite and mutually antagonistic ways of viewing Nature and

human life—the simply representative or dramatic (the method of Chaucer and Shakespeare), and the subtle or allegoric (the method of Spenser and Shelley). And in most literatures, perhaps, it will be found that one or other of these methods has had its day in turn, and then, after succumbing for a time to its adversary, has revived again.

One of the many proofs of Shakespeare's supreme power, as evidenced by his sonnets, is the way in which he, finding the allegorical fashions of his day antagonistic to his genius, set his foot upon allegory. Compare, for instance, Shakespeare's sonnets with those of Barnfield and others. While the very idea of the sonnet—save, perhaps, in the single instance of Drayton's great sonnet—was almost inseparable from the idea of allegory, Shakespeare's sonnets, rich as they are in figurative language, are for the most part as free from allegorical subtlety of intent—are, indeed,

* A Pageant, and other Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. (Macmillan & Co.)

as direct and purely passionate—as though they were written by Byron, with whom the purely direct method vitalized by Shakespeare, after surviving through the whole of the eighteenth century, culminated perhaps.

In Shelley, however, there appeared a poet as symbolical in his methods, as subtle in intent if not in achievement, and as mystical in temper as though he had been the countryman of Jami instead of the countryman of Shakespeare. Though the Shelleyites, like the Wordsworthians, are all agreed that their "greatest poet of the age" is the only true and genuine "greatest poet of the age," they are all disagreed as to what are the peculiar teaching and temper which cause him to be the greatest poet of the age, and consequently the critical expositions of Shelley are as various of complexion as are the theological and philosophical tenets of the critics. Yet perhaps they have all "missed the word" that unlocks the door. This word is, we think, "Sufism." It is the beautiful allegorical intent underlying all the "shows of things" which Shelley reads in Nature's face whether she smiles or frowns. While Shelley lived, however, his Sufism seems to have influenced no one. And afterward Keats's Shakespearean method of giving direct objective representation, and yet giving it "stained in the dyes" of figurative language, found in Mr. Tennyson a worker as rarely endowed almost as Keats himself; and it was from America, perhaps, that Shelley's allegorical method was brought back to England, for we must never forget Edgar Poe's enormous influence upon our more recent poetry. With the sole exception of Mr. William Morris, it would be difficult to point to any prominent poet later than Mr. Browning on whom the witchery of Poe's methods has not had more or less influence; and this again, joined to the figurativeness of another kind of which Mr. Dante Rossetti's sonnets are so full, has given a character to our later poetry which marks it off very sharply from English poetry of any other period, whether the period be allegorical in temper or realistic. Yet, as we have said, Miss Rossetti in her strong leaning toward the allegorical view of nature and human life is a prominent figure,

even at a time when allegory has taken a place in poetic art such as would have astonished writers like Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron.

This being so, the reader will be prepared to find that the principal poem in this volume is a personification of the months. January, March, July, August, October, December, are supposed to be represented in a half humorous masque by boys; February, April, May, June, September, November, by girls; while the subordinate characters are robin redbreasts, lambs and sheep, nightingale and nestlings. The scene is a large and comfortable room in a cottage with a fire burning on the hearth. January is discovered sitting by the fire, and to him enter in succession all the other months of the year, each one making his or her own appropriate speech. This is how the poem opens:

JAN. Cold the day and cold the drifted snow,
Dim the day until the cold dark night.

[Stirs the fire.

Crackle, sparkle, faggot; embers glow:
Some one may be plodding through the snow
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.
If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:
Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my hunch of bread,
And sugar for your crumb;
Here's room upon the hearthrug,
If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and fetch your crumb
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come

[Two Robin Redbreasts are seen tapping with their beaks at the lattice, which January opens. The birds flutter in, hop about the floor, and peck up the crumbs and sugar thrown to them. They have scarcely finished their meal, when a knock is heard at the door. January hangs a guard in front of the fire, and opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.

JAN. Good-morrow, sister.

FEB.

Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew
And for the pale sun's sake.

[She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who retires into the background. While February stands arranging the remaining snowdrops in a glass of water on the window-sill, a soft butting and bleating are heard outside. She opens the door, and sees one foremost lamb, with other sheep and lambs bleating and crowding toward her.

FEB. O you, you little wonder, come—come in,
 You wonderful, you woolly soft white lamb :
 You panting mother ewe, come too,
 And lead that tottering twin
 Safe in :
 Bring all your bleating kith and kin,
 Except the horny ram.

[February opens a second door in the background, and the little flock files through into a warm and sheltered compartment out of sight.

The lambkin tottering in its walk
 With just a fleece to wear ;
 The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
 So slender,—
 Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
 Braving the cold for our delight,
 Both white,
 Both tender.

[A rattling of doors and windows branches seen without, tossing violently to and fro.

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway :
 Here's brother March comes whirling on his way
 With winds that eddy and sing :

[She turns the handle of the door, which bursts open, and discloses March hastening up, both hands full of violets and anemones.

FEB. Come, show me what you bring :
 For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,
 And must away.

MARCH (stopping short on the threshold).

I blow an arouse
 Through the world's wide house
 To quicken the torpid earth :
 Grappling I fling
 Each feeble thing,
 But bring strong life to the birth.
 I wrestle and frown,
 And topple down ;
 I wrench, I rend, I uproot ;
 Yet the violet
 Is born where I set
 The sole of my flying foot,

[Hands violets and anemones to February, who retires into the background.

And in my wake
 Frail wind-flowers quake,
 And the catkins promise fruit.
 I drive ocean ashore
 With rush and roar,
 And he cannot say me nay :
 My harpstrings all
 Are the forests tall,
 Making music when I play.

And as others perforce,
 So I on my course
 Run and needs must run,
 With sap on the mount
 And buds past count
 And rivers and clouds and sun,
 With seasons and breath
 And time and death
 And all that has yet begun.

[Before March has done speaking, a voice is heard approaching accompanied by a twittering of birds. April comes along singing, and stands outside and out of sight to finish her song.

APRIL (outside).

Pretty little three
 Sparrows in a tree,
 Light upon the wing ;
 Though you cannot sing
 You can chirp of Spring :
 Chirp of Spring to me,
 Sparrows, from your tree.

The above extract will show that Miss Rossetti's poetry has lost none of those characteristics which to all readers are pleasing and to some are, no doubt, a source of peculiar and special delight. Her fancy (not cold, like most people's fancy, but warm as the snug cottage room in which the dramatic action takes place), her playfulness, her music (apparently lawless as a bird's song, yet, like the bird's song, obeying a law too subtle to be recognized)—these are all to be found, we think, in the lines given above. Unlike her other allegories, however, this poem seeks to inculcate no distinct moral lesson. As graceful and bewitching as the children for whom it is written, it is also as unconscious as they. All the lesson to be drawn from it is that Nature is beautiful in her every mood and that God is good. Like all beautiful things, in short, it teaches, without any effort and without knowing it, the only lesson of life that is worth learning.

"A Ballad of Boding" is an allegory of the terrible kind to which poems such as Miss Rossetti's "Amor Mundi" belong. The power of allegorical construction is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the allegorical attitude of the mind, resulting in that allegorical material of which most recent poetry is composed, at which we have glanced above. Indeed, it seems to be given to but very few English poets. And it is not a little curious that, although an allegorical conception, based as it is upon an abstract thought, would seem to be

an intellectual rather than a purely poetic movement, we find that poets in whom intellect is, perhaps, the most noticeable characteristic will often fail in allegory. For instance, Mr. James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," which, as we have before remarked, displayed as much intellectual vigor as any poem that has appeared for some time, failed entirely as an allegorical structure; while Miss Rossetti, in whom the gift of pure song is far more noticeable than any other quality, can embody an idea in an allegory with the most absolute ease and success. Of English allegorical poems it may mostly be said that they are either too coarse in the display of the intellectual intent, or there is no distinct and rational intellectual intent to display. From this we may perhaps be driven to infer—first, that the power of rendering allegorically and at the same time beautifully such a moral conception as is embodied in some of Miss Rossetti's poems—such, for instance, as "An Apple Gathering"—is a gift quite peculiar to certain poetic natures, and is quite apart from intellectual strength; and, secondly, that this gift is, in a certain sense, at war with some well-known characteristics of the English mind. Either, as in the case of Phineas Fletcher, the allegory is so ingenious as to be nothing but an idle pedantic game, or, as in Spenser's case, the intellectual core of the allegory is hidden away entirely by that love of detail which is Teutonic rather than Latin. In her sonnets, however, Miss Rossetti is less figurative than in her other poems.

There are some charming sonnets in the volume. As a sonnet writer Miss Rossetti takes a place entirely her own. Yet between her and Mr. Matthew Arnold there is, to be sure, some affinity as regards metrical methods. The quest of each of these sonnet writers seems to be simplicity of diction, and a directness and simplicity of syntax counterbalancing that complexity of rhyme-arrangement which is the characteristic of the contemporary English sonnet as based on the Italian type. Under the heading of "Monna Innominata," Miss Rossetti has given us here a group of sonnets which, although written in the regular form of octave and sestet, run

as fluently and are as free from artificial constriction as though they consisted, like Shakespeare's sonnets, of a simple succession of three quatrains clenched by a couplet. The great virtue of the regular sonnet of octave and sestet is a certain sonority—a potential loftiness and dignity such as no other English rhyme-form can achieve or even approach; while, on the other hand, it is apt to fail in the very quality which is so fascinating in the form adopted by Shakespeare and Drayton—the quality of sweetness. Yet Miss Rossetti has been able in this series to import into the regular form more of the Shakespearean sweetness than can perhaps be found in any other poet, not even excepting Hartley Coleridge. Here is a sonnet whose cadences seem to recall a beloved nightingale note, which will ring in every English ear as long as there are English ears to listen:

"Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona."—DANTE.

"Amor vien nel bel viso di costei."—PETRARCA.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to
grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I
weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight.
But since the heart is yours that was mine
own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

The sonnet as a poetic form for the monumentalizing of a single thought or phrase of emotion (a form at once brief, determined, symmetrical, and in good hands musical beyond almost any other) is already high in favor among contemporary poets, judging from the excellent sonnet work which is appearing on all hands just now. The impulse to select for the rendering of single phases of feeling a certain recognized and apparently arbitrary form is born of a natural instinct. This is evidenced by the fact that, even when the rhyme-arrangement, as in the case of the Shakespearean sonnet, discloses no structural law demanding a prescriptive number of lines, the

poet nevertheless chooses to restrict himself to a prearranged number. Moreover, as we saw a week or two ago, even the uneducated peasantry of Italy systematically keep to a recognized form in their simple *rispetti* and *stornelli*. Until, therefore, a more convenient form than the sonnet shall be invented for brief reflective poetry, or for the po-

etry of passion when passion has passed into the non-lyrical stage, there can be no doubt that the English sonnet will grow more and more into favor among poets themselves. But the difficulty is to make the sonnet a popular form; and to this end we cannot do better than recommend poets to study the sonnets of Miss Rossetti.—*The Athenæum*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BACHELOR BLUFF: HIS OPINIONS, SENTIMENTS, AND DISPUTATIONS. By Oliver Bell Bunce. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those books which one takes up from a curiosity aroused by the title, reads straight through because of the entertainment afforded by the contents, and lays down at the end with a more than half-formed suspicion that there are things in it which will often recur to the memory in serious and meditative moments. In other words, it is a book which, while professedly aiming to amuse, and affording in fact a very rare and delightful kind of amusement, insinuates into the crevices of the receptive mind thoughts and sentiments that are sure to fructify and perpetuate themselves. Before describing the contents of the book, it may be well to explain that its author, Mr. O. B. Bunce, has been for several years past editor of *Appletons' Journal*; and that in the well-known "Editor's Table," which has long been a distinctive feature of that periodical, many of the sentiments and opinions now ascribed to "Bachelor Bluff" have found expression in one or another form. Pointing this out in a brief prefatory note, Mr. Bunce observes truly that, while "there are indisputably numerous old pieces in the patchwork, the fresh combinations make the patterns almost new," and that with a very few exceptions "the material has been rearranged, extended, newly combined, and otherwise considerably altered." To be more specific, that which had previously found utterance in the shape of disconnected and necessarily brief comments upon current events and transient topics of discussion, is here systematized, correlated, and adjusted to an organized and consistent body of opinion.

As introduced to the reader, Bachelor Bluff (sometimes known as Mr. Oracle Bluff, and among scoffers as Old Chatter Bluff) is "a gentleman indisputably fond of talking, and very much inclined to believe that his opinions cover all the law and the facts." Ready to pronounce *ex cathedra* upon any subject that may be broached, his opinions are usually the product of "at least a half-hour's meditation," and he regards it as his special mission "to

expose sophistries, put shams to rout, and establish everything on a level basis of sane reason." Unfortunately, as his creator admits, he is a little deficient in humor; but his greatest fault is a determination always to do the greater part of the talking. "He is the worst listener at his club, or in any circle where he chances to be; but fortunately his listeners are generally good-natured, and gracefully permit him to ramble on, contenting themselves with stimulating his utterances by throwing in remarks whenever there is indication that the conversation will flag."

This latter sentence defines with exactness the plan and structure of the book, which is for the most part a series of dialogues in which Bachelor Bluff does most of the talking, while his interlocutors only interpose sufficiently to "draw him out," or to start him off afresh on a new vein of argument and illustration. The dialogues cover a wide range of topics, and are conducted with a strict regard to the proprieties of time and place. Thus, in his bachelor apartments, Mr. Bluff discusses Domestic Bliss with Mr. Carriway ("who had a weakness for sentiment") and Mr. Auger ("a grave doctor of laws"); in the library, he discusses with a Poet (Mr. Edgar Fawcett) the Theory of Poetry; at the club, he and a Dreamer define their respective Ideals of a House; in the drawing-room, he lectures Miranda on Feminine Tact and Intuitions; on the lawn, of a summer afternoon, he discusses Realism in Art with an Artist; in a country lane, to an impersonal Listener, he discourses of the Country and kindred themes; on the promenade, with a lady, he utters a series of monologues on the Privileges of Women; in the library again, with a Critic, he discusses Modern Fiction; on the train, he exchanges Political Notions with an itinerant Politician; in the laboratory, he displays his quality as an Arithmetician by showing what is involved in the homœopathic theory of Infinitesimal Doses; on a yacht, on a moonlit evening, he denounces Melancholy to Miranda and Oscar; over wine and walnuts, he holds forth on Morals in Literature and Nudity in Art to Mr. Quiver (poet, novelist, essayist, translator of

Baudelaire, and disciple of Swinburne); on the veranda, he discloses to Miranda his views on Dress; at the club, upon a summer evening, lingering over a claret-cup, he discusses Sunday Topics; and finally he reveals to the Chronicler his somewhat contradictory Experiences of Holidays.

Which of these several chapters will be liked best will depend a good deal upon the individual reader's taste and predilections; but they all exhibit in a remarkable degree keenness of insight, breadth of observation, independence of mind, and a style which is at once vivacious and forcible. To our mind, however, their most distinctive characteristic is their dramatic power—the author is always at his best in direct and rapid dialogue. For example, "Meditations in an Art Gallery" are not meditations—have no single attribute or quality of meditations—but take them as rejoinders to an imaginary and possibly dissentient interlocutor, and they are admirable. Judging his faculty by "Bachelor Bluff," we are inclined to suggest that Mr. Bunce should proceed at once to supply us with those bright comedies of character and society for which American literature and the American stage have been waiting so long.

One of the opinions which Bachelor Bluff reiterates most frequently is that art and literature have no possible mission but to increase the pleasures and enhance the joyousness of life—that they should redress the balance of sorrow and sadness that actual life may bring; and certainly, in his own work, the creator of Bachelor Bluff complies with this requirement. To read it gives one a more buoyant feeling, and a greater willingness to fix the attention upon the genial and attractive aspects of human life.

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS AND THOSE WHO MADE THEM. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Into this generous and handsomely printed volume, Mrs. Johnson has gathered upward of three hundred of the standard songs of the English-speaking race, classifying them under such heads as "Songs of Reminiscence," "Songs of Home," "Songs of Exile," "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of Nature," "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of Hopeless Love," "Songs of Happy Love," "Songs of Pleasantry," "Convivial Songs," "Political Songs," "Martial and Patriotic Songs," and "Moral and Religious Songs." In her strikingly graceful preface she says of these songs: "They need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have encouraged them to drop in all together. They are not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various

times, on almost every theme of human interest. They are the songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mother crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king, made presidents, and marked historical epochs." Each song is arranged with piano accompaniment, and preceded by a sketch of the writer and a history of the song itself. The sketches are pleasantly written, embodying much fresh and useful information that could not be easily gotten from the ordinary dictionaries and cyclopædias; and, quite properly, they are more detailed in the cases of the less known authors. In fact too much praise could hardly be bestowed upon either the taste displayed in selecting the songs or upon the discrimination with which they have been arranged and edited. The volume is a large quarto, comprising 663 pages, and in its mechanical features exhibits the customary good taste of its publishers.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A notice of this story in a recent number of the London *Academy* contains some acute and discriminating observations, which it may be worth while to reproduce: "'A Gentleman of Leisure' is a sketch of New York society, written by an American for Americans. . . . It is intended to describe the habits and customs of the wealthiest, most fashionable, and most exclusive set in New York, especially such members of it as import and imitate English ways. It is very like a book which appeared many years ago, named 'The Upper Ten Thousand,' but gives us details of a much later day. The writer is apparently a sincere nationalist, who deprecates mere exotic fashions, but desires to emphasize a truth, much ignored or doubted in this country, that distinctions of rank and of society are just as prevalent in the United States as in England, if not so sharply defined by any formal or official tables of precedence. There are, of course, many ignorant Englishmen of position who cannot realize this fact, nor understand how such distinctions can exist apart from nobiliary titles and in a commercial society; never remembering that the proudest aristocracy of Europe, apart from the few Roman families which claim consular descent, was that of the untitled and trading Venetian magnificoes; while Berne, Florence, and Genoa point a similar moral; and that, in fact, there is no such enemy of an aristocracy of birth as a peerage is, which can and does give to men

of obscure origin precedence over untitled patricians of the most illustrious descent—such, for example, as the late Charles Waterton, who was of royal lineage by several distinct chains. But when Mr. Fawcett wishes to impress on his readers the great superiority of American women in tone, training, and wit over their British sisters, he would do well not to make his heroine tell a young gentleman at their very first interview how ill her married sister uses her, and how misunderstood she is by inferior surroundings; nor yet give us, as the leading specimen of her 'lightsome drollery, actual wit, and playful felicity,' her following reply to the hero, who asks her to give him only one lump of sugar in his tea: 'Yes, I like a great deal of sugar, so my excess will counteract your deficiency.'

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. J. MEADOWS COWPER has undertaken to compile a Concordance to the Revised New Testament. The book will be published as soon as possible.

It is stated that Tourgenieff, the great Russian novelist, has tried his hand at writing some children's stories, which may be expected to appear by Christmas.

THE Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have asked Lieut. Conder to get a cast of the Siloam inscription, in plaster of paris, made and sent to England as quickly as possible.

A MEMBER of the Browning Society estimates the total number of lines written by Mr. Browning at about 97,000, something like a fourth less than Shakespeare is calculated to have written.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO. are about to issue an Illustrated Universal History, which has been in preparation for some years past. It will be published in serial form, and the first part will very shortly appear.

MR. R. H. SHEPHERD has in the press an entirely new edition (being the fifth), revised and enlarged throughout, of his Bibliography of Ruskin. Only 250 copies of this edition will be printed, and each copy will be numbered.

THE diocesan synod of New South Wales have passed a resolution that the Revised Version of the New Testament be not used until sanctioned by the bishop; but several of the clergy have already adopted its use on their own responsibility.

THE translation by M. Golenischeff of a most interesting Egyptian hieratic papyrus, relating romantic adventures in Punt or Somali, probably in the thirteenth dynasty, will appear shortly. They are as curious as those known

as the "Adventures of Saneha and the Predestined Prince."

THERE has recently been sold in Manchester, for the sum of 6*l.* 15*s.*, a copy of "Three Ways of spending Sunday," by Timothy Sparks," which is one of the earliest and rarest of Dickens's writings. It was purchased by the bookseller who sold it for threepence! It has been resold for 8*l.* 8*s.*

MR. FURNIVALL proposes to follow up his Bibliography of Robert Browning for the Browning Society with a Subject Index to Browning's Works, showing the range of subjects treated, and the opinions expressed on them, in the poet's words. After this will probably be put forth a short Statement of the Story and Purpose of each of Browning's Dramas and Poems.

A FINE example of Spanish patriotism has reached us from a private source. Señor Fernandez Guerra, whose important work on the Ancient Geography of Spain we have already announced as in the press, received from the German Government an offer to purchase it; but, though he is very far from being a rich man, he preferred to present the result of the labor of his life to his own Government, at whose expense the work is now being printed.

PERSIA, it is said, is making considerable progress in the direction of education. Hitherto education in that country has been mostly confined to religious learning; now, however, the nucleus of a university is being formed at Ispahan, colleges being in the course of erection there for the teaching of languages, European as well as Asiatic, and the arts and sciences, mostly under European Supervision.

MISS JANE LEE, the learned daughter of the Archdeacon of Dublin, was charged by her old teacher, Prof. Benfey, before his death, to English the whole of the great Sanskrit epic, the "Māhābhārata, 80,000 lines, as only fragments of it had been translated before. Miss Lee has begun her task. She is also to help Prof. Atkinson in his Old-Irish Dictionary for the Royal Irish Academy; and she will probably contribute papers to the New Shakespeare and the Browning Societies during the ensuing session.

FOR the benefit of autograph collectors, we extract the following prices from a catalogue just issued by the art-publishing firm of Otto August Schultz, of Leipzig. The sums are in marks, of which twenty approximately equal one pound sterling. Martin Luther (600), Lessing (500), Schiller (350), Goethe (250), Melancthon (225), Oliver Cromwell (220), Goethe's mother and Friedrich August der Starke (200), Kant and Count Egmont (175), Klopstock and Wallenstein (150), Kepler (145)

Byron, Fichte, Poniatowsky, and the Earl of Essex (100), Voltaire (90), Peter the Great and Körner (75), Blücher and Kosciuszko (60), Bürger (50).

A LETTER from the Norwegian dramatist Henrik Ibsen, which has been recently published in a Christiania paper, is exciting much attention in Norway. It suggests that the early "stipendium" allotted by the Government to Ibsen and his brother poet Björnson should be increased, on the ground that they both lose greatly by the absence of a copyright convention between Norway and the other European countries, especially Germany. Their plays can be translated and published or represented by any one who chooses, to their evident pecuniary disadvantage. A copyright convention, he says, is not to be thought of, because, Norway being a poor country, it would simply exclude foreign literature altogether, and so put a sad check upon popular enlightenment. But it is only fair, he argues, that he and his brother dramatist, who thus suffer for their country's good, should be in a measure compensated by the said grateful country. Their present subsidy is 400 dollars a year, which certainly does not seem princely.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.—It is not unusual to hear the expressions, "quick as thought" and "quick as lightning," used as if they were synonymous; but there is a vast difference, comparatively speaking, between them. The electric impulse is practically instantaneous over, say, a mile of wire; but, if we may trust the experiments of Helmholtz and others, the wave of thought requires about a minute to traverse a mile of nerve. An electric shock is felt simultaneously in every part of the body, but the sensations of touch and of pain occupy an appreciable time in making their impressions on the sensorium. The interval between the reception of an impression by the brain, and its perception by that organ, is doubtless, inexpressibly short; but as we can only test the speed of thought by noting the time elapsing between the application of the cause of the thought and the exhibition of some indication of its reception, we find that the time occupied can be measured. Thus Hirsch, by means of a suitable apparatus, found that a touch upon the face was recognized and responded to by a predetermined signal operated by hand in one seventh of a second. There is no doubt some loss in the purely mechanical operation of making the signal; but when the different senses are tested in this manner, and a mean taken of all the experiments, we find not only that the act of thinking is not so rapid as was

imagined, but that the speed varies with different senses. Thus the sense of touch was found to respond in one seventh of a second, that of hearing required one sixth of a second to respond, and when the eye was tested, one fifth of a second was occupied in recognizing the signal. The distances travelled by the nervous impulses in each of these cases, was as nearly as possible the same, and it follows therefore that the recognition of them required more time in some cases than in others. Simple as it may seem, a number of operations must be performed by the brain in receiving and recording the reception of the impression. There is the transmission of the sensation to the brain, its recognition, and then the determining to make the signal, the transmission of the determination to the muscles, and the movement of those muscles. Hirsch showed, as explained above, that less time was required to recognize a touch than a sound, and that it took more time to see than to hear, but the question still remained as to what part of the time occupied was consumed in the act of recognition. Donders, by means of some very ingeniously constructed apparatus, solved the question. He found that the double act of recognizing a sound and giving the response, occupied seventy-five thousandths of a second, of which forty thousandths were occupied in simple recognition, leaving thirty-five thousandths for the act of volition. One twenty-fifth of a second was occupied in judging which was first of two irritants acting upon the same sense; but a slightly longer time was necessary to determine the priority of signals sent by different senses, as those of hearing and seeing. These results were obtained from a man of middle age, the young were slightly quicker; but the average of many experiments showed that the time required for a simple thought was never less than the fortieth of a second. From these experiments we learn that the mind cannot perform more than twenty-four hundred simple acts in a minute, and that the stories we have heard from persons rescued from drowning are simply exaggerations.

SPIDERS OBSTRUCTING THE TELEGRAPH.—

One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators, and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dews they become good conductors, and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users the difficulty remains always a serious one.

SOME EFFECTS OF HEAT AND LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—A curious modification of the normal structure of plant stems has been observed by M. Prillieux on making the temperature of the ground about the plant higher than that of the air above. Beans and pumpkins gave the best results. The seeds were placed in earth in a large dish, in which was inserted part of a brass rod bent at a right angle and having a gas flame applied to its horizontal end. The chamber was moist and cold. The seeds germinated well; but on coming above ground the plants acquired a peculiar shape, they grew but little in length and became unusually thick, the latter growth involving much tension in the surface layers, so that deep rifts before long appeared (mostly transverse) and made further growth impossible. M. Prillieux found the enlargement traceable mainly to an increase, not of the number, but of the volume of cells in the interior (cells of the cortical tissue and the pith). The excessive growth of these cells occurred not only in the cell wall, but in the nucleus, which was often multiplied. The excess of temperature of the ground over the air was about 10 deg. Again, the view adopted by the older botanists that light is either without effect on germination, or has an adverse effect, fails to harmonize with some results lately arrived at by Herr Stebler. In the case of many seeds of agricultural importance, such as varieties of meadow grass (*Poa*), the germination of which he finds to be favored considerably more by light than by heat. Thus, with two groups of 400 seeds each of *Poa memorialis*, in one experiment, there germinated in light 62 per cent., and in darkness 3 per cent. Similarly with *Poa pratensis*—in light 59 per cent., in darkness 7 per cent., and so on. Sunlight being a very variable force difficult of determination, experiments were further made with gaslight, and with the same result—that light favors the germination of certain seeds, especially grasses, and that these germinate either not at all, or very scantily in darkness. The fact was verified by Herr Stebler in quite a series of seeds, *Festuca*, *Cynosurus*, *Alopecurus*, etc. In the case of seeds that germinate quickly and easily, such as clover, beans, or peas, he thinks light is probably not advantageous.

THE INVERTED RETINAL IMAGE.—Any image formed by light-rays focussed by a single convex lens is necessarily inverted, whether in the eye of an animal or in any artificial optical instrument; that this is so in the former case may be proved by the examination of the eye of an albino or pink-eyed animal, through the choroid of which, from the absence of pigment-cells, light can freely travel. If the eye be fixed in the path of a beam of light, and ex-

amined with a lens from behind (the cellular tissue having been stripped from the choroid), the image of external objects will be seen inverted on the retina. To explain the reinversion of the retinal picture by which we are enabled to see things as they really are, is a matter of some difficulty. Some physiologists have attempted to find a solution in the decussation (crossing) of the nerve fibres of the optic commissure, so that the lower part of the image is communicated to the brain as though it were the uppermost, and *vice versa*. Others, more reasonably perhaps, assume that the inverted picture is set right by some unconscious effort at adjustment derived from associated ideas. But, as a matter of fact, it remains to be proved that any process of the kind is necessary—that the inverted image will not do perfectly well for correct vision without any reinversion. For the facts of the case are not that we *look at* an inverted picture of upright objects; it is true that a real image is formed on the retina, but in no sense of the word can we be said to *see* this. It simply excites or stimulates in some way the optic nerve, with the result of setting up molecular disturbance in some parts of the brain, of which molecular disturbance we are conscious, the consciousness taking the form of a *mental* image of the real retinal one. Regarded in this light the difficulty of inverted images very nearly vanishes. At any rate there can be little doubt that its explanation must be sought in some such hypothesis, and not in any special anatomical arrangement of nerve fibres.—*The Oracle*.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF GLACIERS.—MM. Koch and Klocke, who have continued during the summer of 1880 their interesting observations on the motion of the Mürteratsch glacier, publish their results in the eighth volume of the Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Freiburg. They have measured each half-hour during a fortnight the motion of a point on the glacier, and this year, as well as during the foregoing year, their results are almost negative, *i.e.*, the motion was so slow, and the advance of their signal-stick was so small and often even negative, that nothing can be inferred until now as to the motion of this glacier. Thus observing, for instance, the advance of their signal each half-hour, on September 11th, from midday to six o'clock in the evening, they find the following figures, in millimètres: 0.5, -0.5, -0.5, 0.5, 0.0, 0.2, -0.2, 0.2, -1.0, 1.3, -1.5, -1.5, the negative figures showing a back movement of the signal. Therefore MM. Koch and Klocke have undertaken a thorough verification of their instruments, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the motion observed cannot be attributed to errors of observation. Besides they

have devised a special arrangement for keeping their signal motionless in the ice; they sink into the ice of the glacier a large copper tube which is filled with ice and salt, and covered by a small hill of ice, and only then they adjust their scale on the tube. This signal remaining firm throughout the day in the ice, the theodolite being also motionless, and the probable errors of observation not exceeding 0.3 millimètre, the small observed motions must be attributed, they suppose, to some cause yet unknown.

BRAIN DEVELOPMENT AND MORAL CHARACTER.—It is not surprising to find the unlearned in things medical unable to understand that brain development, which of course is generally a matter of heredity, determines character. Such, however, is, and must needs be, the fact. Whether the mind is something outside matter which acts through or by the brain, as a musician may use a musical instrument, or whether, as some think, what we call mind is simply brain function, it should be manifest on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and, consequently, also his characteristics, both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialties of development as excuses for conduct, because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will-power, the individual is clearly responsible for his actions; but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the faculty of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed. The mind is in a large sense the character of a man, and as directly dependent on the physical growth of his brain as the speed of a racehorse is dependent on its muscular development. This is not sufficiently recognized, and because it is not we every now and again find silly remarks in print such as the following: "The convolutions of the brain may have something to do with the difference between mediocrity and genius, but at present they are not recognized in the law courts, and it is difficult to see how they can be;" with such weak and wide moral reflections as that "it would be scarcely satisfactory to a pickpocket to have his brains (*sic*) examined, in order to prove to those he left behind that he really could not help being a thief!" And yet the facts are sufficiently plain and simple, so plain and simple that any one should be able to understand them.—*Lancet*.

PERSISTENT SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Naylor, of Edinburgh, Scotland, gives as an explanation of the persistency with which sea-sickness continues in some cases, that the sickness weakens the heart's action, thus keeping up the cerebral anæmia, and this in turn again pro-

duces the sickness—so that prolonged sickness is due to a circuit of causes, the one producing the other, namely: the visional irritation, cerebral anæmia, sickness, weak heart's action. Dr. Naylor says that amyl nitrite usually does good in this ailment, if used at once, because, being an anti-spasmodic, it relieves the spasm of the cerebral vessels, and thus the brain is refilled with blood; but if it fails, then the persistent sickness, by its effect on the contractions of the heart, prevents the brain from getting a sufficient supply of blood, and thus the brain becomes anæmic, not from a spasm of the capillaries, but from an insufficient power of the heart.

A NEW SUBMARINE VESSEL.—A young Roumanian engineer, Trajan Theodoresco, has succeeded in constructing a submarine vessel which puts everything that has gone before in submarine navigation completely in the shade. This boat, up to a certain maximum size and corresponding tonnage, it is said, may be navigated under water for twelve hours at a stretch, at a depth of 100 feet; she may, however, according to the inventor, be lowered to over 300 feet below the surface of the water, and without coming into contact with the atmosphere. On the surface of the water the vessel may be manœuvred under the same conditions as an ordinary steamboat. Her speed, however, is not so great as that of steamers, but greater than that of sailing vessels. The submersion is effected by screws and vertically, either suddenly or successively, and the vessel is raised in the same way. If once under water, sufficient light is supplied to enable those on board to see all obstacles at distances up to 130 feet, and the movements of the boat may be so regulated as to avoid them. The air supplied for the crew is said to last for from twelve to fourteen hours. In case of need, the reservoir containing the air may be refilled, while under water, for another twelve hours, pipes telescoping into each other being directed to the surface for that purpose. The propulsion of the vessel and its submersion are stated to cause no noise. Should all these particulars prove correct, the novel boat will be the most formidable vessel for torpedo warfare. But she may also be turned to more useful purposes. In the Matchin Canal, near Braila, there has lain, since May, 1877, the Lutfi Djelit, which had on board the war chest of the Turkish Danube flotilla, amounting, so report says, to several million piastres. It might be possible to recover that sum by means of the new submarine boat, and if the experiment should prove successful, it would at the same time be profitable.—*Iron*.

THE CAUSE OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—An interesting experiment was lately tried at Pius-

burg, Pa., by Mr. D. T. Lawson, with a view to testing a certain theory as to the cause of boiler explosions; and for this purpose, a boiler of first-rate material and construction was erected. At the time of the experiment, the boiler was three parts full of water, and the dial indicated a pressure of about one half that which the metal was proved to sustain. When all was ready, a full head of steam was turned into the cylinder, with the result that the boiler and all its belongings were blown to fragments. It need hardly be said that the spectators and operators engaged in this curious experiment were safely ensconced in bomb-proof sheds. Mr. Lawson claims that his hypothesis as to the cause of explosions is by this experiment proved to be correct. He argues that the only dangerous element contained within a boiler is superheated water. On a sudden reduction of pressure, such as that which must occur when steam is suddenly let off to the cylinder, a certain quantity of this water is instantaneously converted into steam, taking up seventeen hundred times the space occupied by the water. This sudden expansion operates in precisely the same manner as fired gunpowder; and the boiler, however strong, is bound to give way. Mr. Lawson suggests the construction of a boiler having a central partition to separate the water from the steam. This partition should be furnished with valves, somewhat smaller in the aggregate than the port for admittance of steam to the cylinder, and in this way the release of pressure would be gradual. A boiler built on this principle is shortly to be submitted to the same test as that which burst the one already experimented upon.

A FASTER KIND OF SHIP.—Prof. Raoul Pictet, of Geneva, who has been giving his attention of late to marine architecture, announces, according to the *Times* correspondent, a discovery which, if his anticipations be realized, will effect a revolution in the art of shipbuilding and greatly augment the speed of sea-going and other ships. The discovery consists in a new method of construction and such an arrangement of the keel as will diminish the resistance of the water to the lowest possible point. Vessels built in the fashion devised by Professor Pictet, instead of sinking their prows in the water as their speed increases, will rise out of the water the faster they go, in such a way that the only parts exposed to the friction of the water will be the sides of the hull and the neighborhood of the wheel. In other words, ships thus constructed, instead of pushing their way through the water, will glide over it. According to the professor's calculations, in the accuracy of which he has the fullest confidence, steamers built after his design will attain a speed of from fifty to sixty kilomètres the

hour. A model steamer on the principle he has discovered is in course of construction at Geneva. The machinery has been ordered at Winterthur, and when ready the new vessel will make her trial trip on Lake Leman.

MISCELLANY.

THE PAPAL INCOME.—Speaking politically, and without reference to such purely spiritual functions as a pauper Bishop may unquestionably exercise, as well as a Prince Bishop (though even these can hardly by any possibility be in this age of the world exercised by a universal Bishop), it may be said that the Pope cannot live and perform his functions as such without an income of considerably more than that named by the Italian law. During the years which have elapsed since the Papacy was deprived of its temporal dominion the Pope has been in the receipt of such an income from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. During the pontificate of Pius IX. the sums thus received were very largely in excess of the amount required for the purposes of the Holy See. And there is reason to believe that the See now possesses a certain amount of revenue from funds saved and invested during the period of abundance. But the sums contributed for the same purpose under Leo XIII. have been very much more scanty. It is easy to understand why on many accounts this should have been so. But the general reader will be probably considerably surprised to hear that to these readily understood causes is to be added one far more ominous of future difficulty and danger to the Church—the intentional and plotted action of the Jesuits, with a view to cutting off the supplies from a Pope to whose ideas and policy they are opposed. It is no secret to those who have the means of looking a little behind the scenes, that the great falling off in the amount of Peter's pence since the accession of Leo XIII. has been greatly due to this cause. All this, however, only shows the more clearly that the economic condition of the Papacy is, as things at present stand, in a very high degree precarious. And it does not need any great amount of experience in such matters to be perfectly convinced that the voluntary contributions of the Catholics throughout the world, great as their devotion to the supreme head of their Church may be, do not offer any sufficient guarantee for the economic existence of the hierarchy as at present constituted. Such a guarantee, then, is the condition of the "independence" which the Papacy is demanding with so much not unreasonable, or at least not unintelligible, insistency. But it is right, while pointing out that this money question is the real knot and nucleus of the matter, to guard the reader against supposing

that it is meant to charge the present rulers of the Vatican, and least of all the Holy Father himself, with anything of the nature of grasping avidity or the lust of wealth. Leo XIII. has introduced the strictest economy into every branch of the administration of his household, save the very heavy item of charitable assistance to hardly pressed individuals and churches. The other day his eldest nephew, the son of his brother, was to be married, and the young man applied to his uncle, asking him what he could do for him under the circumstances. The Pope borrowed £1000, which he gave him, telling him that it was absolutely out of his power to do more. Shortly subsequently he made over to his family property to the amount of about £3000, being the entire share of the patrimony which he had inherited from his father, telling them at the same time that they must look for nothing further at his death, for that he possessed nothing! To those who live in a city every part of which is decorated with the magnificence of Borghese, Barberini, Ludovisi, Altieri, Rospigliosi, Corsini, and many other enormous palaces, all built from the spoils of Papal nepotism, the change of times must be striking.—*British Quarterly Review*.

PRESERVING AUTUMN LEAVES.—One of the great fancies of this season has been for autumn leaves, which are used in various methods, the most popular being, perhaps, to dry them flatly and carefully, and take great care to preserve their stalks. When thoroughly dry, they are varnished with "Canada balsam varnish," which gives them a pretty gloss, and also acts as a preservative to them from all insects and moths. After this, they are carefully laid aside for the decoration of the winter dinner-table, and may be most safely preserved in a tin box, with a well-fitting cover. Grasses added to them are very effective, and when dry they may be dyed at home with Judson's dyes. They may be also frosted when dry, by dipping each stalk into a solution of alum, and leaving them to dry upright. With the grasses and leaves may be used the dried everlasting flowers and the prepared moss, but I must warn my readers that no little taste is needed in their arrangement to avoid the least heaviness of effect. I have found that glass vases and stands are the most effective for their arrangement, as the transparency of these increases the wished for lightness and grace. Another way of using the dried leaves is for the ornamentation of tables, blotting-books, or boxes. Old cigar boxes, when painted black, are very favorite articles for decoration; but now we know the value of varnished un-

painted wood, I fancy that many people will prefer the effect of the cigar boxes unpainted, with the unvarnished leaves gummed on, and the box and leaves varnished afterward. If, however, a black ground be especially desired, use "Brunswick black" to stain the wood, or "Brunswick black" and turpentine mixed, to make a rich-looking brown grounding. Then gum on the leaves in a central group, being careful to cut away, with a sharp pair of scissors, all the under parts of the leaves, which will be hidden by others above, as too many thicknesses of leaf will make an uneven surface, and give an ugly appearance to the work when finished.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.

"THE ART OF LIFE."—We quite agree with a contemporary that "the art of life is very backward." The truth of this remark is illustrated in the, at first sight, curious fact that the great world spends summer in London and winter in the country, that "society" forsakes the Park in the evening at the precise moment when it is becoming delightful, and betakes itself, in quest of enjoyment, to crowded and heated rooms and assemblies, where heat and light and food and close quarters combine to make the most distressing inferno known to the civilized world. There is no room to doubt the accuracy of this reasoning. We fly in the face of Nature in too many of our customs, and, speaking generally, lead lives of flagrant offence against common sense. We all know and feel in our inner consciences that the majority of the maxims and "principles" which govern the usages of life in society are either unreal or fallacious, but we cling to them and affect to obey or act upon them. Nothing short of a politico-social revolution would induce the Legislature to assemble in the dark winter months, or to sit by day instead of night. It would be easier to change the calendar than to put a stop to the giving of dinners and balls and indoor entertainments in the evening. It goes for nothing that men would live longer and lead healthier and happier lives if the entire code of conventional proprieties was revised, and its unwritten but inexorable statutes recast on a rational and natural basis. The physician has the errors and incongruities of social life daily forced on his attention. He does his best to reason his patients out of their most urgently mischievous follies; but for the most part, the words of wisdom falling from his lips light on stony hearts and barren brains. Society has plenty of courage in the main, but its members lack the most virtuous form of valor, the courage to be sensible.—*Lancet*.

IN MEMORIAM—W. H. BIDWELL.

AT Saratoga Springs, on the 11th of September, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, there died WALTER HILLIARD BIDWELL, whose name has so long been associated with this magazine. Such incidents of his life as the public is likely to feel interested in may be briefly outlined. He was born at Farmington, Conn., on the 21st of June, 1798. Of sturdy North of England and Scotch stock, his paternal ancestor emigrated to the Hartford colony many years before the American Revolution; and about the same time his maternal ancestor, Ithamer Pelton, a native of France, came over and settled at Saybrook. His father, William Bidwell, was a farmer. After the usual preparatory studies, the subject of this sketch entered Yale College in 1824, graduating in 1827; but having determined to become a minister, he afterward took a course in theology at the Yale Theological Seminary. In the spring of 1833 he received his license to preach, and in the autumn of the same year was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational church in Medfield, Mass. After a pastorate of four years, the failure of his voice compelled him to abandon the ministry, and for the sake of a milder climate he removed to Philadelphia.

In 1841 he began his long and varied career as an editor with the *American National Preacher*, a monthly publication, which he conducted for about nineteen years in all, and into which he gathered an immense number of sermons by nearly five hundred ministers of all evangelical denominations. In 1843 he became the proprietor and editor of the *New York Evangelist*, a weekly religious journal, which has served and is still serving its generation with ability and zeal, and which he conducted for twelve years. In 1846 he became the proprietor of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, and also about the same time proprietor and conductor of the *American Biblical Repository*, one of the oldest and most celebrated of our religious quarterlies. In 1860 he became publisher and proprietor of the *American Theological Review*, the editorial department being in charge of the late Prof. Henry B. Smith. Two years afterward this work was incorporated with the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, and passed into the hands of the Rev. J. M. Sherwood. Finally, between 1848 and 1854, he published a series of seven valuable missionary maps, of which his brother, the Rev. O. B. Bidwell, was the author.

Next to his labors as editor and publisher,

his visits to foreign lands must necessarily fill the largest space in any record of Mr. Bidwell's life. His first visit was made about 1830, when, on account of the feeble health of his wife, he spent a year in England and France. His next visit was not made until 1849, when he spent four months in travelling through England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Two years later, in the summer of 1851, the year of the first great International Exhibition, he again went abroad, visiting London, Holland, various cities of Germany, and Vienna; returning through Bohemia and Saxon Switzerland, and home by way of Paris and London. In 1853 he made a still more extended tour, including Southern France, many of the historic cities of Spain, Portugal, and a brief excursion to Tangiers. During the next ten years he was completely absorbed in his various literary and business schemes; but in the winter of 1863-64 overwork caused a violent inflammation of the brain which nearly cost him his life, and by the orders of his physicians he again sought relaxation in foreign travel. This time he travelled through England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, Finland, Sweden, and Denmark, returning to New York in restored health to resume his labors, which were now confined to the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*. In 1867 he was appointed by Secretary Seward as Special Commissioner of the United States to visit various points in Western Asia, and spent eight months of continuous travel in Greece, Egypt and Palestine, Syria and Turkey, returning from Constantinople by way of the Black Sea and the Danube.

Toward the close of 1868 Mr. Bidwell withdrew from active editorial work and business responsibility, spending most of his time in alternate travel and repose. Several additional visits were made to England and other parts of Europe, but these were not important enough to require separate or special mention. The closing years of his life were mostly spent with relatives and friends in Ohio, his visits to New York being very brief and infrequent. His death was sudden and unexpected, for, in spite of his patriarchal age, he maintained his remarkable physical vigor almost to the last.

It may be well to state here that Mr. Bidwell's death will make no difference in the conduct of this Magazine, which will remain under the charge of the gentleman who has edited it during the past twelve years.

LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC.

HIGHEST MEDALS AT LEADING EXPOSITIONS.

THE VERDICT OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IRRESPECTIVE OF SCHOOL.

[From the N. Y. Medical Journal.]

"The medical profession is naturally, and very properly so, conservative in its acceptance of new theories, and especially so when extravagant claims are made in behalf of unknown or comparatively unknown remedies. Especially reluctant have many been with reference to the Coca. The powers claimed for it have seemed quite incredible, and no doubt it would have been dismissed without so much as a second thought, had not such men as Humboldt, Christison and other equally eminent scientists, travellers, and physicians, lent their names to it. The Liebig Company now offer it to the profession in a form which presents many advantages. Thus it is, for instance, well understood that the active principle of the coca leaf is extremely volatile, and that it is, in consequence, quite or wholly worthless when it reaches us. The Liebig Company overcome this by using in their Coca Beef Tonic only the fluid extract, prepared directly from the freshly-picked leaf (which grows on their plantations in South America). The beef contained in the tonic is from carefully-selected healthy bullocks and contains a much larger per centum of albuminoid and nutritive elements than is to be found in other beef tonics and extracts. The Coca and Beef are dissolved in a choice quality of Sherry Wine. The endorsements of numerous medical men of prominence, who have used it, which the Liebig Company display in their offices, also indicate that it has merits."

"It is far superior to the fashionable and filseive preparations of beef wine and iron," says Professor F. W. HUNT, M.D., LL.D., of N. Y., Honorary Member of the Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, etc., etc.

"The profession ought to bear in mind that the Liebig Company prepare a Genuine Extract of Witch Hazel (the importance of which cannot be over-appreciated), and in ordering the remedy be sure to designate the preparation desired, otherwise a worthless article may be obtained."

"The same firm also prepares a most useful and convenient nutrient tonic—Coca Beef Tonic—which has justly received the highest commendation. We have used both of these preparations with the most satisfactory results."—[Editorial in *Homoeopathic Times*, edited by Professor Egbert Guernsey, A. K. Hillis, and J. B. Gilbert.]

"The Liebig Company are supplying the profession with a number of very useful preparations, among which we mention with special favor their Coca Beef Tonic, as well adapted to low states of the system where a nutritive, stimulating and tonic agent is required."—[Editorial in *Southern Medical Record*, Atlanta, Ga., by Professor R. C. Word, M.D., LL.D., Dean Southern Medical College.]

"The Liebig Laboratory preparations should not be confounded with any patent nostrums. They are legit-

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imate pharmaceutical products and worthy of the recommendations given to them by both homoeopathic and allopathic journals."—[Editorial in the *American Homoeopathic Observer*, by Professor E. A. Lodge, M.D., Detroit, Mich.]

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DR. WM. S. SEARLE, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "The effect of the Coca upon the human system borders upon the marvellous, and if not clearly authenticated by writers of undoubted veracity would be altogether beyond belief."

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PROFESSOR J. J. VAN TSHUDI ("Travels in Peru") says: "Setting aside all extravagant and visionary notices, I am clearly of the opinion that the use of Coca is very conducive to health and longevity. In support of this conclusion, I may refer to the numerous examples of longevity among Indians, who, from boyhood, have been in the habit of masticating Coca three times a day. Cases are not unfrequent of Indians attaining the great age of 130 years, and these men, at the ordinary rate of consumption, must, in the course of their lives, have chewed not less than 2700 lbs. of the leaf, and retained the most perfect health and vigor."

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